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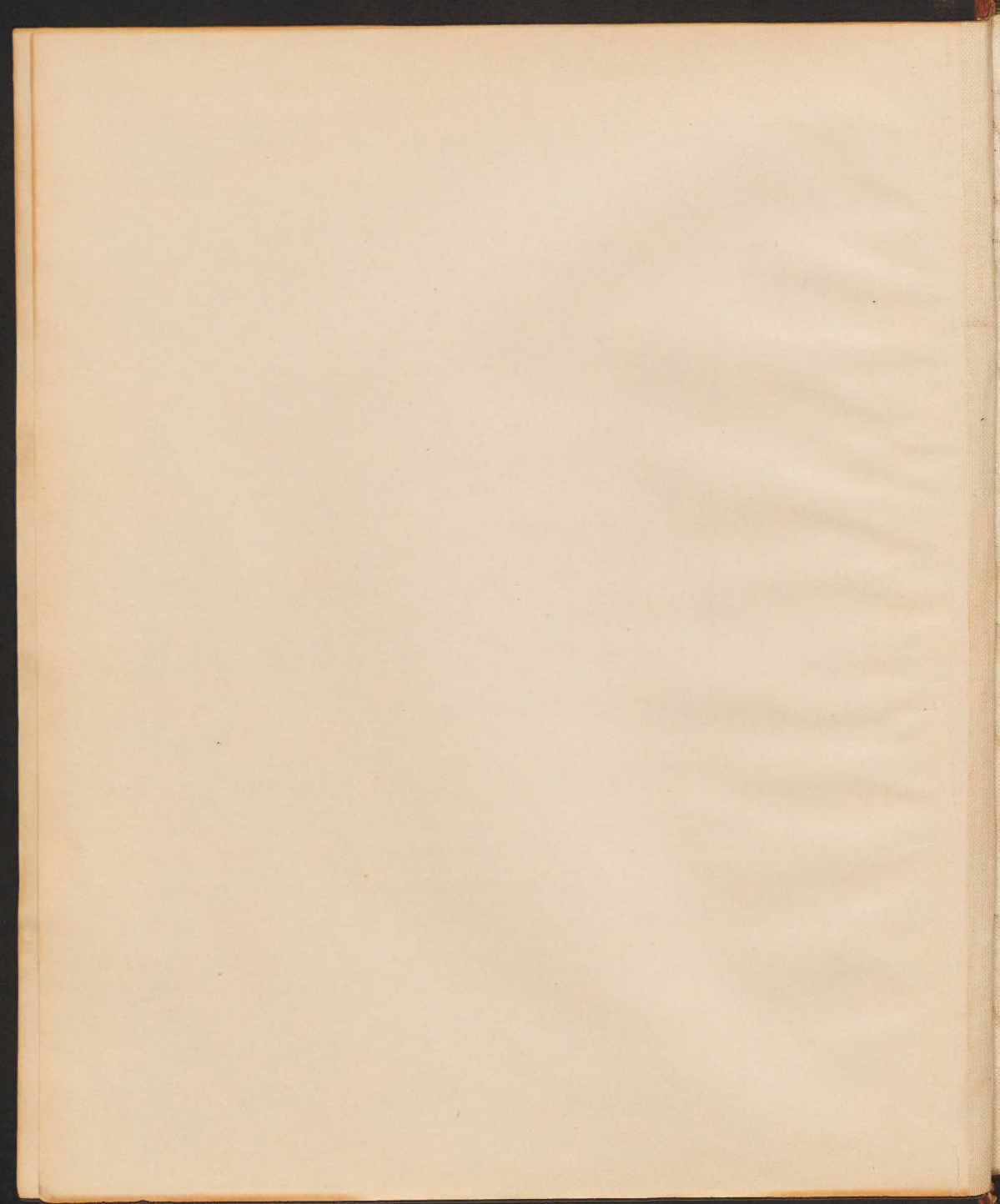
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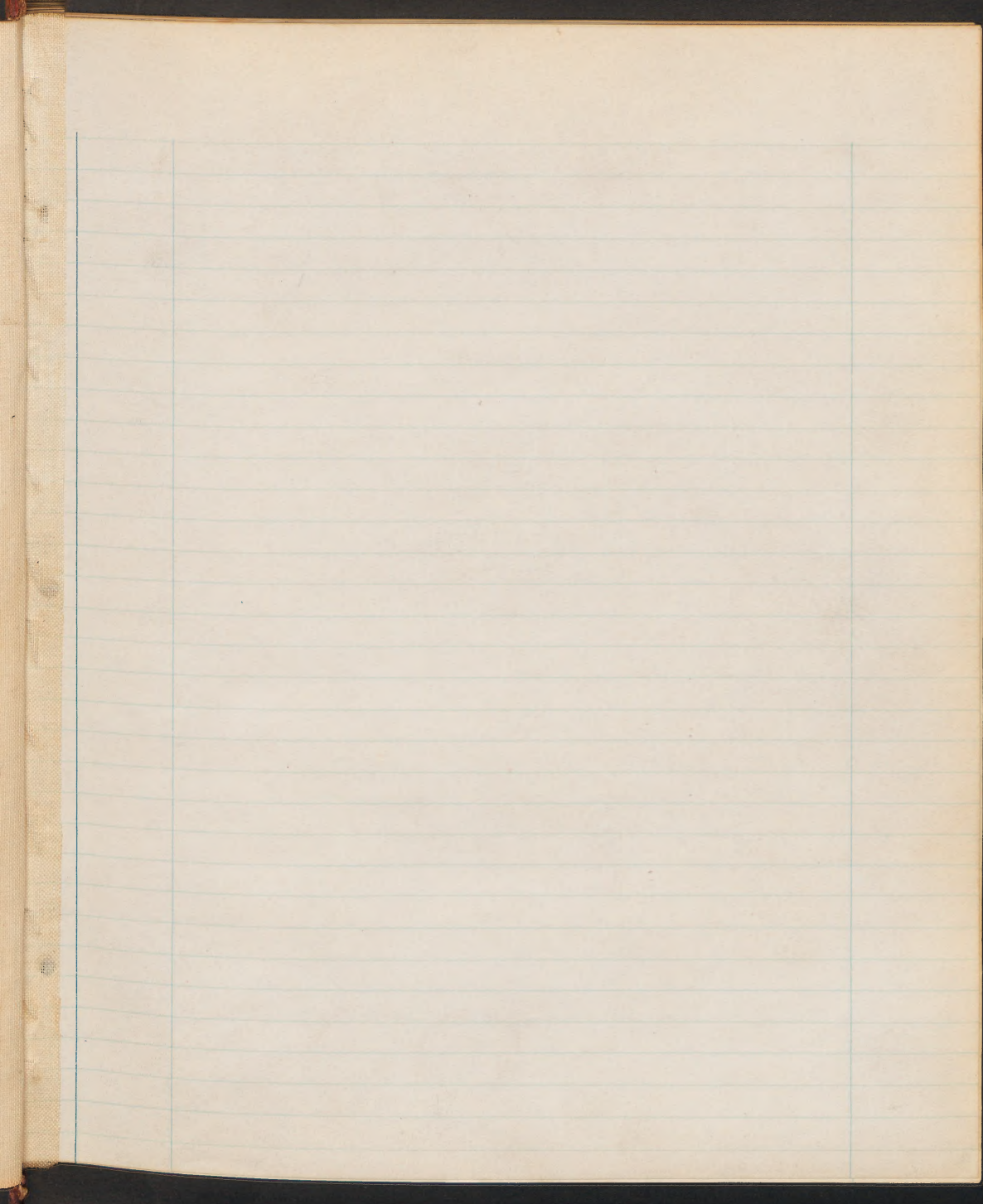
WILLIAM BREWSTER

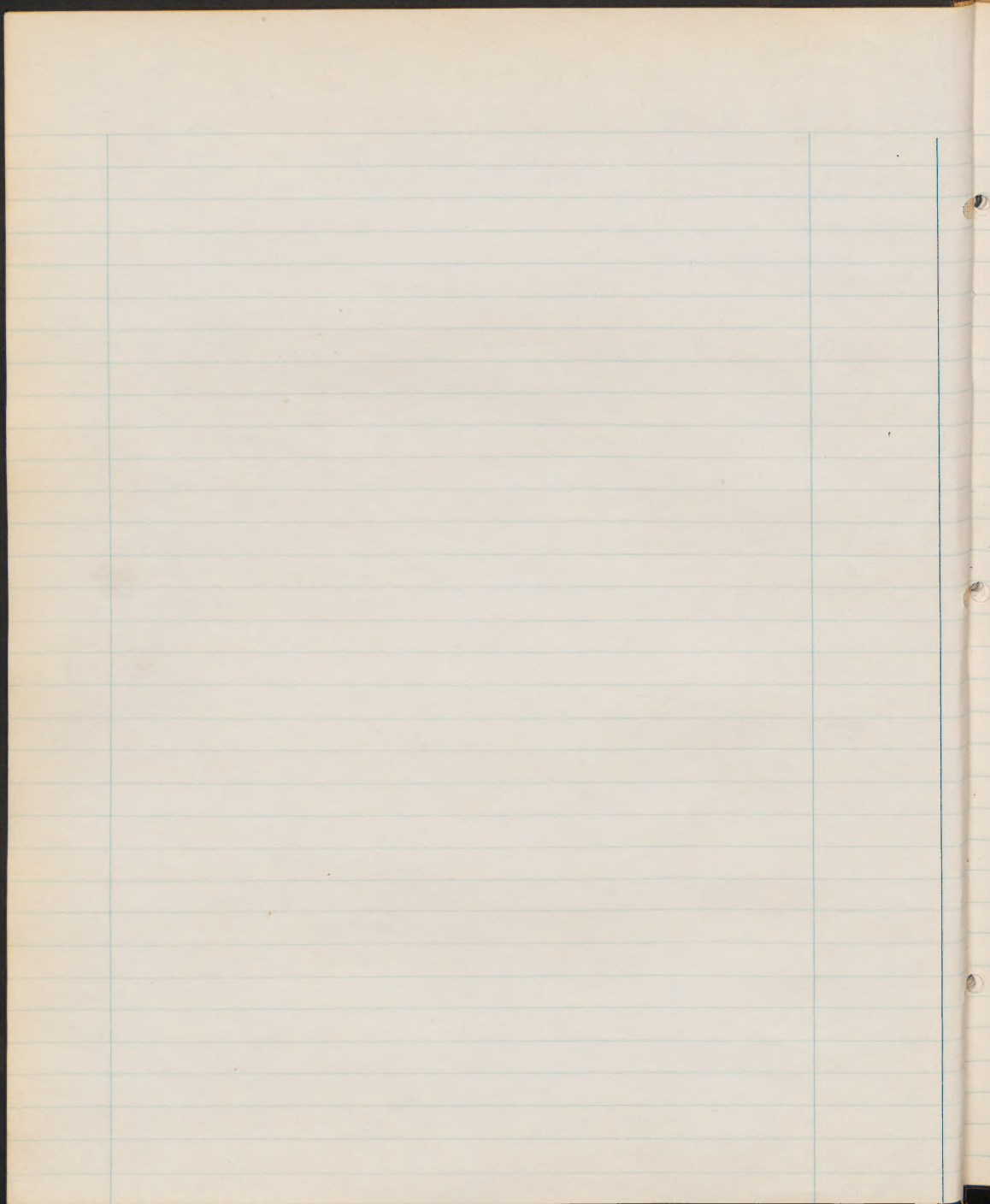


The important systematic notes are copied into
"Systematic Notes, Vols.1-68." I copied the notes
checked. Walter Deane, June 11, 1898.

William Brewster







1888

East Watertown, Mass.

Feb. 13

Clear, perfectly still and warm for a winter day.

Over the E. Watertown ground this morning
starting at 10.30, and getting back at 1 P.M.

Shortly after entering the woods behind the Cemetery I saw two Creepers playing about the trunk of a pine flying round and round as they ascended in a cork-bark cone. A Nuthatch was calling a little beyond, Sitta crows cawing in the distance. No other birds in these Carolinensis woods.

It was a very quiet day and no birds were seen in the fields

Sceloporus undecimlineatus A

Junco hiemalis C. & O.

was a gray

hill I

favorite

low the

red flitting Junco

along the wall one or two occasionally practicing the trills & warbling notes so often heard in March. In the old oaks near the crest of the ridge two Creepers were calling Certhia to one another. I shot them and they proved to be a pair; the ♂ sang once or twice in low tones.

In the belt of cedars to the westward I found numerous traces of a small Owl which from the size of the ejected Small Owl pellets I think must have been N. acadica. These pellets were composed wholly of the hair & bones of mice; yet a single mouse track that dotted the snow under these cedars was the only mouse sign that I saw to-day. Perhaps the Owl was only waiting to capture him before changing his hunting grounds!

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Electrical Contractor

TO HARRY THOMPSON,

W

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The snow was nearly a foot deep, crusted in the fields but among the trees loose and powdery. Saw a gray squirrel track in the cemetery woods.

Crossing the road and climbing French's Hill I found a number of birds assembled in this favorite haunt of theirs. In the row of cedars just below the pines were about a dozen juncos twittering and flitting juncos along the wall one or two occasionally practicing the trills & warbling notes so often heard in March. In the old oaks near the crest of the ridge two Creepers were calling Certhia to one another. I shot them and they proved to be a pair; the ♂ sang once or twice in low tones.

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Panning a moment on the warm, sunny edge of this grove I thought, sadly enough, of the many many times years ago that I had stood in the

Feb. 13) same spot and looked off over the woods, villages and distant hills that make the view to the south. This view has changed very little in all these years. The ugly hotel, to be sure, ~~mass~~ the foreground badly and the asparagus bed and orchard at the foot of the hill are gone, but otherwise it is much the same; the pitch pine woods beyond the brook, the snow covered hills beyond, puffs of steam from the railroad & distant factories rising in the still air and the general effect of peace and seclusion. I heard a Flicker calling below me.

Finished my morning with a tramp through the Arsenal woods. No birds save a Chickadee or two and a second Flicker but very many squirrel tracks (red squirrels, all of them) and one of the squirrels snickering somewhere in the oaks.

Chadbourne saw a large flock of Crossbills in these woods on Jan'y 31st. I do not understand what attracted them for there are no cones on the pitch pines. There are also no cedar berries so the prospect is poor for Robins and Cedar birds this year.

English Sparrows were scattered about everywhere over the ground covered to-day.

English
Sparrows.

Before starting this morning I saw two juncos in the street in front of my house. Doubtless there is already a slight influx of migrants that have been wintering further south; Certainly I have seen no juncos in Cambridge since November and Mrs. Cresser is a larger number than I should have been likely to find in the Watertown wood in January.

Slight influx
of birds from
the south

1888

Revere Beach, Massachusetts.

March 20

Cloudy with occasional light showers; warm.

To Revere Beach with Chubb ~~house~~ by 9 a. m. train. Left the cars at Point of Pines and first inspected the pines behind the large hotel in hopes of finding Crossbills there. There were English Sparrows in abundance and four Tree Sparrows (*S. monticola*) but *S. monticola* nothing else save a single Robin. In the bushy thickets around the outskirts of the pine bog Sparrows swarming as usual at this season and, despite the gloomy weather, singing freely. We saw none elsewhere along the beach although they used to be numerous during migration time at several places, especially Oak Island.

Near the extreme end of the Point we came on a flock of about 15 Pine Squirrels feeding among woods on the side of a dyke embankment. Firing two Savards into them we killed eight.

Chapman

Retracing our steps to the station & crossing the railroad we next tried the marshes. There were no small birds there but we saw a flock of about 30 Crows (evidently migrants), about as many Golden eye Duck feeding in the water, and numerous Herring Gulls.

The rest of the way to Oak Island we kept along the beach ridge. Pine Squirrels were exceedingly numerous the entire distance, in flocks of 5 to 15 birds each. We shot nine more specimens. I made one capital shot at a single bird passing very swiftly before the strong S. E. wind.

Besides the Squirrels we saw a single Snow Bunting. & many English Sparrows, the latter feeding on the wet beach in flocks. Returned to the city at 12.30.



Watertown & Belmont, Massachusetts.

March 22. Clear, with warm sun and high, cold wind.

Took in a horse car to Mt. Auburn and spent about two hours going over the usual ground. The country woods and French's hill yielded absolutely nothing save a number of English Sparrows. Just beyond the cedars I heard the first Bluebird, warbling blithely as he flitted over the open fields. Near the Arsenal a bushy hollow contained a small band of Starlings and there or four Song Sparrows in full song. On the ridge beyond were two Cuthia americana both of which I shot. Hearing the crack of a pistol at the north end of this ridge I went to the spot and found Chadbourne in the act of aiming at a Cuthia on one of the century old white oaks. I shot at the bird over his head he firing at exactly the same instant. He had killed another & we shortly found a third near the same spot.

Crossing the railroad we proceeded through the oak woods & thence to the main road in front of Hazen's where George met us with the buggy. On the way near the brook Chadbourne shot a pair of Loxia americana which came flying overhead and alighted in a low willow.

The next dawn to Belmont being by the way a pair of Bluebirds, a Cuthia, and adult Butor lineatus in an apple orchard & a large flock of Pine Squirrels feeding among some weeds. In the Arsenal woods (I forgot to mention) we saw two flocks of Rusty Grackles, a Flicker, and heard a Blue Jay.

Climbing the big hill by way of Prospect St. we left the buggy at the delta and entered the cedar woods. For some time we could find nothing but at length heard a Crossbill peeping among

(March 22) the pitch pines. Looking closely, I at length discerned three of them birds feeding among the cones & shot them all in quick succession & also a fourth which flew into the tree just after the third bird fell.

During the next half hour we repeatedly heard & saw Crossbills flying about in & over the woods but could find none in the trees. Crossing the road we explored the cedars & pines to the north seeing a single Crossbill only. Returning we shot three Fox Sparrows in the bushes along the road & in the cedars near the delta found a large flock of Purple Finches & Pine Grosbeaks & with them four Crossbills. Several of the Purple Finches were hugging. The Crossbills were in the top of a red cedar apparently feeding on its berries. I shot three of them, two at one shot. One lodged in the top of a tall cedar giving me a hard and dirty (for the trunk was wet) climb before I could secure it.

We saw no Robins, Fox Sparrows, nor Red wings. Robins were seen by Bolles in great numbers on the same ground March 18th.

In a sunny hillside I started a butterfly *Panacea antiope*. Saw not heard, or heard of, any Hylas or Wood Frogs yet.

The country presented a typical March aspect to-day about two-thirds bare and brown, the other third dirty white with wasted snow drifts & patches or blue gray with sodden snowier. The roads everywhere in a horrible condition the frost coming out. The pines & cedars very bright fresh green - the grass

1888

Belmont, Massachusetts.

March 24 Clear and cold with high N. wind.

Off at 8 A. M. driving to Prospect St. where George waited for me during the entire forenoon at the delta. The drive to Belmont against the cutting wind was a severe experience and we were both chilled through before we reached the shelter of the great hill. On the eastern side of this hill it was everywhere warm enough in the sun but the crest & western slope was uncomfortably wind-swept even as late as noon. Everything was frozen hard in the early morning.

Starting from the delta I first descended the eastern slope finding a flock of big Bluebirds in an orchard & a large flock of Cedar Birds & Purple Finches in cedar woods. I also saw a fine *Pinus pubescens*. The Purple Finches were singing in an undertone & with them were a number of juncos singing the summer song without the additional liquid notes often heard at this season.

Returning to the delta & crossing the road I suddenly heard in the distance the superb song of a Fox Sparrow. Hurrying to the spot I found two of these birds with a large flock of Purple Finches. The Sparrows like the Finches were not singing their full song but still the burst of rich music that came from the whole throng was worth going a long distance to hear. There must have been upwards of fifty Purple Finches in this flock & nearly half of them were red males. They were feeding on the ground under the cedars on a sunny eastern slope sheltered from the wind.

In the yellow pine woods I found no Crossbills & only two Pine Squirrels but there was a large flock of Cedar Birds and a little ~~troop~~ of Titmice evidently the same seen there on the 22nd for one of them was again whistling the double phoe-be or the downy-note.

(incl. 24)

I next visited the Owl hole and found a large number of Robin's feathers in the bottom but no owl. Chadbourne removed some pellets from the ground beneath on the 22nd and.

In the bird run to the westward I started a Rusty Grackle & saw more Titmice.

Retracing my steps I crossed Prospect St. & in the meadow near the maple grove we found about 25 Robins & as many Rusty Grackles feeding on the bare ground along the open brook.

Another large flock of Cedar Birds and a small one of Purple Finches in the cedars to the south of this meadow. Also flushed two Grouse in some hazel & andromeda bushes near a springy run at the east end of these cedar woods.

In an orchard below I heard Red Crossbills calling & soon made out a flock of about a dozen sitting in the top of an apple tree, their feathers ruffled so that they looked nearly as large as Robins. I shot one when the others took wing & once and keeping over the open fields to the south disappeared in the distance.

Despite the cold blustering weather I saw this morning at least four times as many birds as on the 22nd over the same ground. They were also, as a rule, singing more freely although the Bluebirds to-day were wholly silent & Song Sparrows nearly so.

1888

Ipswich, Massachusetts.

March 30

Cloudless with a warm sun & cold but not strong N. wind.

With Denton took the 7.30 train for Ipswich. Hiring a skiff at the wharves we were soon on our way down river. The tide was turning up as we started but the strong spring freshet swept us down swiftly nearly to the Neck before we began to feel its influence.

There were no birds along the banks except Crows which dozen were constantly in sight. As usual these were very tame and I soon had a good shot at one that was passing the boat. It flew to an elm & alighted but soon dropped dead. Landing to get it I saw three Pine Siskinets & a Tree Sparrow. Song Sparrows singing.

We next landed at the mouth of the river & beat the sand hills carefully. Found only one P. princeps at which P. princeps I fired four unsuccessful shots. It rose wild each time & finally escaped. While searching for it after the second rise D. flushed a Short-eared Owl. He fired a charge also accipiters of dust without stopping it, then we both fired #10 at the same instant, bringing it down. It was within ten yards of the spot where I once started & shot one in the autumn; viz at the west end of the fresh-water meadow.

On the beach I saw a Snow Bunting rise & alight on Snow Buntings a huge cake of ice at high water mark. Approaching I made out a dozen or more feeding about a pool at the base of the ice. I could not get two together so finally shot one sitting and another when the flock rose. Denton afterwards shot a single bird that had an old, partially healed wound in a broken leg.

Climbing the great hill we descended to the larger sand dunes at its southern base. All the morning we had seen Crows passing steadily north at intervals but over the great sand hills they were

(March 30) Foraging almost in a steady stream flock quickly
necessitating quick, some of the flocks numbering at
least 200 birds but the majority from 10 to 50 birds.
Concealing ourselves I got several shots each, D.
killing two & I one bird. I was preparing my
specimen for wrapping when a snarl of wings attracted
my attention & looking up I saw a fine old ♂
Marsh Hawk within 20 yds. beating the air frantically
in his efforts to get out of range. In this he succeeded
for before I could draw & cock my gun he was 80
yards away.

Migratory
Crows.

He did not explore the great sand-hills being obliged
to cut our stay short & return to get up river before
the tide ebbed too strongly. Passing the spot where
we shot the Owl D. flushed & shot a P. princeps
probably the same bird seen early in the day.

Crows

On the way up river I made a long shot at a
Crow that attempted to pass over us.

During the day we heard & saw Horned Larks
at intervals, perhaps 15 in all, the largest flock
containing six birds only. All were flying north.

Otocoris

At the Station (where we just missed the 4 P.M. train
& had to wait until 6 P.M.) we found Bradford Torrey
and the Faxons (two brothers & their father). They had
spent the day on the great sand-hills when, near
the light-house, they saw about eight P. princeps &
heard what they took to be one singing a strain similar
to that of P. savanensis but louder. They could not find
this bird. They also saw 15 to 20 Horned Larks along
the beach among the drift & very tame. Also some
Snow Buntings.

Bradford Torrey
examiner.

P. princeps
singing

He saw two Herring Gulls & about 20 Ducks mostly M. serrator.
& Brachyotus americana. Some gunners had five Black Duck.

Duck & Gulls

Concord, Massachusetts

1888. Fast 2

Morning clear and still. As the day advanced the sky clouded and the wind began to come in puffs from S. by E. about 10 A.M. it began to rain and the remainder of the afternoon it fairly poured.

With Ephraim took the 6.30 train to Concord. After a slight delay at the House we launched my boat and started down river. The water was so high that we had to crouch as the boat shot under Flint's bridge and the meadows and vines were all flooded. Great Meadows was a lake, smooth as a mirror, set in a frame of woods and hills. We followed the river down to get the advantage of its swift current. It was a perfect morning, absolutely calm, with bright, warm sunshine but without a suspicion of haze in the heavens that foretold the coming storm. Birds were singing on every side. Near the House Robins, Song Sparrows, and Fox Sparrows; on the river below the bridge Song Sparrows, Red-wings, Flickers, Tree Sparrows, and our Sawanna Sparrows.

Passerella

Opposite Ball's Hill we saw the first Ducks, a pair of Whistlers which pitched down from the trees and alighted, striking the water heavily and cutting a long sharp line that glistened on its brassy surface like the reflection of a piece of looking-glass. A few moments later they rose again, their wings sounding distinctly at the distance of half a mile & making a noise not unlike that of a humming top.

Bucephala americana

We landed at Ball's Hill to look off from its top. A fine expanse of water on three sides, on the fourth brown fields, gray woods, and dark green pines. A few patches of snow dotting the north sides of the hills. No ice whatever left in the river. The wind just

(April 5) Beginning to come in flocks from the east rustling the oak leaves, sighing among the pines, and whispering the great lake to the westward. Redwings & Song Sparrows singing the notes of come the nearest sounding subdued & distant. No hylas or frogs as yet.

Below the next bend we set our sail and sped on our way. Before a light S. E. wind arising, there was only one duck in the water a fine adult ♂ Goldeneye which, at a distance, resembled a call of floating in. A Norwegian whom in company with two others, we found lying in wait for Ducks behind a bushy island told us that he had shot a fine large Duck the evening before. It flew nearly half a mile, then dropped dead into the water. Approaching the spot he found a "Haw hawk" trying to rise and carry it off. He finally consented to sell it to me & we rowed over to his landing to get it. It proved, as I expected, a ♂ Goldeneye, one of the finest I have ever seen. It was shot through the left breast.

We next landed at the field where we got the ♀ Marsh Hawk a year ago. As on that occasion there were many birds in the wood patches and stubble, chiefly Song Sparrows & Juncos with a few Fox Sparrows & two House Finches, a pair of Bluebirds, one Phoebe, and a Robin or two. Redpolls (*Agallus*) and Goldfinches heard & were flying over but none alighted. Several little bands of Swallows (*H. bicolor*) - at the same time several times - passed through the opening. I believe that one of them, under the leaves hole was a single pellet but no eggs within.

Returning to the river we heard the hoark of a Canada Goose and looking up saw a large flock of these birds flying southward at a great height, in

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(Continued)

Concord, Massachusetts.

April 5) the road & farm. There were also several hawks
(S. vulgaris) sailing about over the river one alighting once on
for a moment. In the distance on the left bank
side of the meadow a Red-tailed Hawk was sitting
on a cluster of tall white pines. He resolved to
examine these pines for a nest & was in the meadow. The
sky had clouded over, the wind was very fast &
the day from a bright sunny one had changed to
a gloomy threatening one.

As we approached the pines, passing through some
bets of brush and crossing a circular bit of
flooded meadow we met two boats coming out.
Both parties had seen numerous Ducks among
the brush but neither had shot any. One of
the men told us of a flooded meadow beyond
the pines and we pushed our way into this
through the intertwining bets of maples & birches
finding a pretty little oblong pond sheltered
on every side by dense woods.

Returning Spelman shot at a Fox Sparrow near
the tall pines when immediately a pair of
Red-tailed Hawks started out among them &
began flying around us uttering a peculiar
gasping cry & frequently alighting on the upper
slender twigs of the pines. It was evident that
they had a nest & landing we made a close
search for it. We found no less than four
large nests there in the pines one in an oak.

Buteo borealis

Under one was the tail of a Blue Jay. We
did not climb to any of them thinking
it too early for eggs although the birds made
a great fuss all the time in the

April 5 vicinity

Just as we reached the boat and were preparing to embark it began to rain and the wind rapidly increased to almost a gale. At the same moment Ducks began to appear in some numbers, evidently driven to the shelter of the timber by the storm.

First came three Wood Ducks, ~~next~~ a flock of six Sheldrakes, then a pair of Black Ducks and finally a flock of a dozen or more Black Ducks. None came within shot although several came very near it.

Aix sponsa

Mergus am.

Anas obscura

Picking off we started up river in the teeth of a furious gale of wind and driving rain, hugging the east shore. In the midst of this storm I heard a Song Sparrow & several Red-wings singing.

As we were passing a stubble field a small flock of Redpolls pitched down into it. I landed *Agelaius* and shot two at our dis charge.

A little above Ball's Hill three Wood Ducks passed nearly within range. In the brush we found a black bass that would have weighed at least three pounds. It was floating belly up, dead.

Setting sail we crossed the Great Meadows easily and swiftly and landed at the east side of Ripley's Hill. There was a large flock of Rusty Grackles in the maple swamp. Among the pines we saw a Grouse which flew out of a tree & skinned off down hill into the swamp.

Reached the Mans at 5 P. M., pretty thoroughly wet and chilled.

Saw a single Osprey during the day but no other Hawk except the Red-tails. ~~There were no other~~

Concord, Massachusetts.

1888

April 9

Cloudless and cold all day with high N. E. wind.

To Concord by 6.30 A.M. train with Acadbourne.
 Taking boat at the Manor we set sail just below Flint's
 bridge and had an exciting, swift run to Ball's Hill
 following the river most of the way. At Ball's Hill
 we landed to get warm for the wind was simply
 piercing and the air so cold that our sail was
 frozen stiff and the boat more or less encased in
 ice.

Below Ball's Hill we paddled hugging the western
 shore and landing just below Lee Davis's hill. Going
 inland to the large sandy field we found a few Fox
 Sparrows and started three Carolina Doves. The latter
 took to the woods where I tried in vain to get a shot.
 They were very shy but flew only a few rods at a
 time alighting chiefly in pines. One of them cooed
 repeatedly.

Returning to the boat we paddled on lunching under
 the lee of the pine clad hill and afterwards landing
 at the stubble field where we found a few Grass
 Finches, two Juncos, and plenty of Song Sparrows.

At about 2 P.M. we crossed the river to the pine
 swamp in Bedford starting several small flocks
 of Goldfinches and a few Christies all of which were
 from near the middle of the meadows. Reaching
 the pines we attempted to paddle through into
 the duck pond but the water had fallen and
 we could hardly force our way through. The swim
 we made started a number of Black Ducks (at
 least 15) from the pond. After reaching it C.
 took several photographs and shot a ~~Pigeon~~ and

APR 9 1898

I saw Red-j. Warbler *hyemalis* The latter was singing.
There were also several Fox Sparrows about this pond.
Heard one hylas there.

While in this pond our talking etc. started the Red-tails
from the pines and both birds sailed over and
pest us many times screaming occasionally. We
visited all the nests and C. tried to climb to
one of them but gave it up after getting up half way.

Started up river at 4 P.M. sailing to Ball's Hill before
a furious wind the entire meadows being covered
with white caps. Above Ball's Hill paddled a little way, C.
sighting ~~three~~ Red wings and a Pewee. Then
telling the said again we ran, down hauled, nearly
to Flint's bridge.

At sunset the wind lulled and the air grew warmer.
Red-wings were singing on every side. A Kingfisher (we
saw several earlier in the day) rattled as he passed
high overhead. Near town Robins were singing in the
tops of the elms and maples.

Below Ball's Hill we saw two or three Ospreys—or, perhaps,
the same bird two or three times—on the birds easy
and graceful of wing, nearly white beneath but
with a dark bar on the under side of each wing
near the carpal joint. One of them whistled several

Concord, Massachusetts.

1888

April 12

Morning clear and delightful with strong but not cold N.W. wind. Cloudy all the afternoon with frequent light showers. A superb sunset.

To Concord with Denton by 8 a. m. train. Reaching the Manor we launched my boat and paddling to the head of the meadows set the sail and ran easily and swiftly to Ball's Hill and thence "close hauled" and more slowly to the pine swamp in Bedford.

At the head of the meadows a large flock of Red-wings were singing in a cove making a confused yet musical, and essentially spring-like, melody of sound. Some Rusty Blackbirds were tinkling in the cove behind Repley's Hill, a few Fox Sparrows singing near the Manor and Flickers and Robins in the distance. Only a few Song Sparrows were heard and no scattered Red-wings.

On the broad open lake that covered the Great Meadows we ran quickly down on a pair of Sheldrakes, the ♂ a *Mare's* *and* superb old fellow. They were comparatively tame not flying until we were within less than 100 yds.

Just below Ball's Hill we started four Golden-eyes *Paraphrase* and still further down ten others. They were excessively shy rising at least half a mile off. As they passed to the windward we distinctly heard their wings.

Reaching the pine swamp I landed and crept in to ~~the~~ duck pond. Although I used the utmost care and made ~~about~~ no noise three Black Ducks *Green* which were feeding near the outlet ~~either~~ saw or heard me and rose before I was nearly within range. I then crept quietly into the pines hoping to surprise the Red-tail on her nest. *Following a position*

about midway between the three nests that promised best I shouted and thumped the trees but started nothing.

Returning to the edge of the water I shouted for Denton when a shadow glided past my feet and looking up I saw one of the Harvies sailing high overhead. At the time I suspected that she had flown from the large nest in the tall pine just behind me and this was doubtless the case for after climbing to the other nests and finding them empty Denton found in this nest a set of two eggs one of them much incubated. While he was in the tree a Carolina Dove passed giving me a long shot which I missed. I also saw here a Marsh Hawk & a Great Blue Heron and shot a pair of Brown Creepers.

Nest of
Parus borealis

Crossing the river we next landed near the stubble field. It was alive with birds Fox Sparrows about the outskirts, Song Sparrows and Tree Sparrows along the walls and fences, Grass Finches Savanna Sparrows and Juncos feeding near the middle. Of juncos we saw at least 300 in a single flock. There were also a few Redpolls with the juncos & a single Goldfinch. Denton also found a Creeper in some neighboring pines. In the heavy pine woods on the hill to the south we started a Cooper's Hawk & saw a Pine Warbler. During most of the time we were here it rained more or less heavily.

Turdus car.

Sparrow

Started up river at 4 P.M. moving slowly & keeping near shore. Red-wings singing on the maples & willows, scattered about. Shot several. Saw a large flock flying high apparently migrating. Higher up they were very numerous, singing on every side. As we reached the house the clouds rolled up from the western horizon and the sunlight poured a flood of warm strong yellow light over the hills, houses, and fields.

Cambridge, Massachusetts.

1888

April 18

Cloudy with heavy showers at intervals.

To the Fresh Pond marshes at 9 A.M., driving up, and walking back after spending the forenoon there. The weather was wild and windy and birds, albeit numerous, were not singing freely. Nevertheless I heard many Swamp Sparrows and Tree Sparrows, Flicker, one Red-wing (only two seen) and numerous Song Sparrows.

I first explored the maple swamp finding a Robin or two, several Song Sparrows and a Swamp Sparrow or two. A Heron-rump flew overhead but did not alight. A single Red-wing singing on a maple. Two Rusty Alkinds and five Cow Birds seen flying. Spent nearly an hour without getting a shot at anything. A few hylas and Marsh Frogs piping.

Passing through the middle of the swamp I next entered the meadow that separates it on the north from the F.R.R. Several Swamp Sparrows here. Saw a Yellow-bellied Sapsucker, and started a Snipe twice, the latter bird very wild.

Enabering Mitchell along a ditch shot two Virginia Rails. One wounded by my first shot gam me a long chase running like a mouse from tussock to root. Shot at it four times in all before killing it. Both Rails silent, one perched in bushes a few inches over the water.

As I was leaving this meadow three gunners entered it working a spaniel & evidently looking for Snipe. I afterwards heard them fire four or five shot in the meadows to the westward. All these meadows were in excellent condition for Snipe, the grass all out, the water about right, the grass already green in places.

Following the railroad back I entered the bridgeyard.

APR 18 1898

swamp on the west side & crossed it shooting
several birds on the way. This swamp has changed
badly since my last visit. The stream bed has bitten
a wide open from its eastern side and more than
half of the original swamp has been replaced by an
unsightly clay pit. The untouched portion is drained
nearly dry and fire has killed most of the bottom bushes
as well as much of the meadow grass. Dense and tall
weeds have sprung up everywhere and the place
has become a perfect paradise for seed eating birds.
It fairly swarmed with Sparrows to day, chiefly Song
and Tree Sparrows. Of the latter I saw not less than
fifty. They were in full song and their wild, sweet,
plaintive notes were almost incessantly heard on every side.

There were also many Pine Siskinets, one flock of
about twenty, several of five or six, & a few single birds.
No Fox Sparrows or Goldfinches and not a single Red wing.

As I crossed the fields on my way homeward I
heard a Flicker laughing in the oak grove at the
foot of Vassals Lane. What crowding memories of
days long past that sound invoked! days when
Meadow Larks whistled over the surrounding fields, when
Sparrows sang by dozens from the wet meads and hollows,
when Red-wings were singing on every scattered tree
top. All are gone now from these fields but the
Flicker still calls from his favorite grove, his voice
scarcely heard above the din of the English Sparrows.
How much longer will he stay?

At the house of Sparks St. in Mr. Adams's company
saw a Regulus satrapa and a Catharus. Winter birds
are staying late this spring. The Juncos nearly all
gone, however; saw only two to-day.

1888

April 24

Cloudy and cold with occasional flurries of snow. Wind N.

To the Fresh Pond Swamp at 9. a. m. spending the forenoon. Used my double 22-32 pistol for the first time & killed sixteen birds with it, mostly Swamp & Tree Sparrows.

Upon first entering the swamp heard a Ruby crowned Kinglet piping & chattering. He was so restless & active that I could not get a shot at or even overtake him. But I afterwards killed a ♂, probably the same bird, in the north part of the swamp.

Within a few rods of the spot where I killed the pair of Rails on the 18th, in fact in the very next thicket, I found another pair to-day. I shot the ♂ easily enough although he dodged cunningly behind a cluster of stems moving as I moved so as to keep his body covered but keeping out at me from time to time. The ♀ was slyer & eluded me by running out into the grass & taking wing.

Rallus virgin

In one of the dryer of these thickets I found two Fox Sparrows scratching among the leaves making as much noise as a brace of chipmunks. There are also a few Swamp Sparrows in this swamp.

I kept around the maple swamp without entering it and then turned homeward through the brickyard swamp. This tangled, now nearly dry and weed grown place was to-day, as on the 18th, fairly alive with Sparrows chiefly Tree and Swamp with a few Song. I followed them about for an hour or more.

In neither swamp did I see a Black-bird or hordes of any kind. Have they quite deserted this old time haunt or is it too early yet?

Taking a short cut through the Thompson orchard I was surprised to hear a Pine Siskin singing near me.

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and shortly afterward to see him hopping about in the lower branches of an apple tree. There were also a pair of Bluebirds in this orchard, tame & silent, the first I have seen perched in Cambridge this Spring. Although I have heard a few warbling in the air over our place. There are positively no Song Sparrows in our part of Cambridge this season although plenty in the swamps of course.

In Dr. Hognan's hollow I noticed as I passed five juncos and two Fox Sparrows hopping about on the ground in a bit of stubble.

Waltham, Massachusetts,

1888

April 25

Cloudless but cool with rather strong N. W. wind.

Off in the buggy at 9 A. M. driving to the "Warren Run" in Waltham where I spent the morning waiting at P. M. Birds were everywhere scarce and silent. During the drive to and from Waltham I heard only a few Song Sparrows. Saw ten or a dozen Bluebirds (all silent), a few Robins, and a large flock (20 or more) of Juncos the latter feeding in a thicket.

My tramp began at the old reservoir by the roadside, led up over the cedar-clad hill to its eastern extremity near the Warren place and ended in and about the Warren Run proper.

For sometime I neither saw nor heard a bird of any kind. The pastures about me were brown and lifeless as in midwinter. But near the eastern end of the ridge I heard some Pine Squirrels first, then Red Crossbills and finally a low medley of chirps & twitters which proved to come from a small mixed flock containing two Chickadees, a *Regulus satrapa* & a *R. satrapa*, a Pine Warbler & several Pine Squirrels. There were also a pair of Crows here very busy about their nest in the top of a slender pitch pine. I was surprised to observe this lack of discretion on their part.

In three different places I found Hermit Thrushes, four or five together, silent, tame and singish as usual at this season. It is strange that they are so much less alert and shy than their congeners when migrating and yet so very wary and elusive when on their breeding grounds.

On the many slope of a knoll among cedars I came suddenly on a cluster of garter snakes so

Garter snakes

repellent, knotted together that it took me some time to disentangle them after waiting several minutes to give them an opportunity to do this themselves. They tried hard enough but their frantic efforts seemed to result in only greater confusion. They made a mass that would have filled a large hat. I counted them carefully, as one by one they glided off after being liberated, and made the number seven. They were all of nearly equal and about medium size. Near the spot was a ledge with crevices into which most of them retreated.

Wood frogs and Hyla frogs in full cry, the latter also piping but not freely. The croaking of the former heard at a distance reminded me of the gabble of Brant although it does not perhaps resemble it closely. *Antropia* butterflies out in great numbers to-day. They made me think of Woodcock's moss & I searched a little for one in the moss but did not visit the spot where I found the nest in 1875. Saw no droppings or borings.

As I was watching a *Buteo lineatus* sailing at a great height it suddenly showed its wings and shot down headlong fully 1000 ft. coming upward slightly at the top then falling again to the ground apparently. I think it swooped on some animal or reptile. The descent was a superb sight.

On the way home saw a *Falco sparverius* near Bird's Pond. It crossed the road just ahead & passed within gun-shot flying very like a Wild Pigeon.

Saw two White Bellies & one Barn Swallow flying over the same place.

U. atrum viride about a foot high in mounds in clumps light green & only conspicuous about the only stalky green thing in the woods.

Michigan.

Grand Rapids to Cadillac

1888

May 8

Cloudy with occasional light showers. Cool.

Left Grand Rapids by the 11.30 a.m. train and reached Cadillac at 4.30 P.M. The country for about twenty miles north of Grand Rapids is very like that of Massachusetts, varied, broken and hilly, well watered by brooks and small rivers, with green, fertile fields in the valleys and most of the hill tops and steeper slopes heavily timbered with second growth white pines and hemlocks and various hardwoods among which I recognized the white oak, beech, red maple, &c. Most of the streams were rapid and several of them very beautiful with the trees along their banks hanging out over the water.

Gradually as we sped northward the scene changed. In the swamps spruces (*A. nigra*), larches, and arborescent became the characteristic ~~tree~~greens and yellow birches and red maples the hardwoods. The dryer levels and hillsides had evidently borne, not long since, a heavy growth of white pines of which only the charred stumps and tops remained. The lumbermen ^{fires} had made such clean work that scarcely a living tree could be seen for miles. As we approached our destination the ruin became more universal and painful until we became tired of looking out on a country that was desolate and unsightly to the last degree.

Of birds we saw many from the car window & heard a few others at the stations where the train stopped. The ~~damager~~ in the following list was seen at a station near Reed City. ~~The~~

jumped up from marshy places by the side of
the track and after flitting a few 'ods alighted
again. In one of the stretches of wooded river we
saw a small flock of ducks which rose as the
train passed and skinned off low over the water.

Cadillac, Michigan.

1888

May 9

Cloudy and cool with a few light showers. Ther. 52 at noon.

Dwight went out a mile or two in the forenoon and shot nine or ten birds. Immediately after dinner we started off together taking a buggy and driving to a lumber camp three miles S. of town. For the first mile the road led through the usual open waste of charred stumps and prostrate logs & over a hill of no great elevation. Saw juncos, Grass Finches, a D. palmarum and a pair of Geothlypis aedon.

Then we reached the woods, the first primeval forest of white pine that I have ever seen. It was a revelation - wholly unlike what I had imagined. The trees were crowded together, almost as closely it seemed to the eye but of course not nearly so much in reality, as corn stalks in a corn field. Nine tenths of them were pines, the remaining tenth red maples and hemlocks. Of the pines perhaps one third were P. resinosa, the remaining two thirds P. strobus. The needles of both were much shorter than in the east than of P. resinosa not longer than eastern P. strobus. Their average height was certainly fully 100 ft. & there were very many trees that must have been 150 ft. Few of them had any branches whatever less than 50 ft. above the ground. The maximum spread of their tops was not over 20 ft. and the average probably not more than 12 to 15 ft. Their trunks tapered very little, scarcely at all perceptibly, to the lowest branches. Their bark was rough & deeply furrowed. Few trees exceeded three feet in diameter at the base. There was little undergrowth & usually none but the ground was covered by

logs in various stages of decay. The eye failed to penetrate more than 50 yards into this woods of. at that distance the trunks became merged into a brown or dark gray mass so thickly did the trees grow. The trunks of the P. resinosa were strongly reddish & more slender than those of P. strobus.

The woods extended along the roadside about a mile. In them we heard or saw many birds. A Grosbeak (H. ludoviciana) and Robin singing, a Hermit Thrush calling, and several Woodpeckers tapping were the most prominent. Besides them a Dead. virens several Winter Wrens, Zon. albicollis, Parus atricapillus, Arctia americana, and along the roadside Song Sparrows. In two places heard Sitta carolinensis & S. canadensis at the same moment. A few Pine Siskinets flying overhead. A Grouse (B. umbellus) drumming. Juncos everywhere both on the edges of the woods & in their depths. Chewinks singing & calling, the song as in the East, the chewink note shorter & hoarser, usually only one syllable (wink).

In a hollow where some beeches bordered a pool in which hylas (B. pickeringii) were peeping a pair of Wild Pigeons started from the ground and alighted in a beech sapling. I walked up to within about 18 yds. (we had only a 32 cal. pistol) when they flew the ♂ clapping his wings sharply like a tame Pigeon for the first few rods. On our return saw a ♀ fly across the road in the same place.

Crossing the open near town we saw an Otocoris alight on the fence. I got out & shot it. It proved to be pratensis. On the edge of the big pines a Wood Thrush was singing. In the fields a Meadow Lark. The song of the latter as in Mass.

Cadillac, Michigan.

1888

May 10

Clear and warm. Ther 70° at m. High 80° in P.M.

Starting at 9.30 A.M. we drove to the lumber camp three miles S. of town and put up our horse. The "boss" invited us to dinner which was served in one of the buildings at 11 A.M. We sat down with about thirty choppers mostly Swedes. The table was not nearly as good as at a Maine camp but there was more variety—canned things, peas, etc. The beans were wretched!

After dinner we went in search of Pipits. I soon lost Dwight and kept on alone beating the woods carefully for nearly two hours & refusing all shots at small birds of which I saw & heard many, but finding no Pipits I finally began to shoot Warblers, Cupes etc. Much of the time I was in a woods composed almost wholly of Pines resinosa, enormously tall, rather slender trees, the ground beneath perfectly free of underbrush & very level. Pine Warblers and D. virens both abundant & in full song. Saw two pairs of Junco building & traced one to the nest which was in a hole in the level ground at least 12 in. below the surface the entrance not over 2 in. in diameter. Brown Junco numerous and in full song. A Grouse drumming but I could not find him. A Picoides arcticus chucking. A pair of Crossbills peeping in the tops of the tall red pines. A Chickadee's nest in a low bush with the birds taking away chips and dropping them a few yards off. Junco & L. albicollis singing on every side. Sitta canadensis whistling, blue jays screaming everywhere, a White Wren singing. Crossed to the main road and walked along it west. Heard a Grouse drum near the road and stalked him carefully. The sound came from a spot where there were several huge prostrate pine logs. I cannot remember

... but could see nothing of the bird. The latter in
back of each tree to one and as I stood within ten feet of
this the Grouse drummed vividly close to the foot at the base
of the log on the other side. I saw the dead leaves on the
ground to one side whirled about as by an eddying gust of
wind. The closing part of the drum was less confused than at
a distance. Retreating I made a ^{half} circle & finally saw the
bird standing erect as a post his body apparently no thicker
than his neck. He looked for all the world like an upright,
ragged stick. I waited a moment but he would not
drum again and I shot him.

Next went to the small forest pool where we saw the
Pigeon yesterday. As I was crossing the inlet brook on a log
the ♀ flew from a branch overhead & alighted within
fair range on a hemlock bough, oscillating her head & neck.
I shot #10 at her but she went off followed by the ♂ carrying,
however, a stream of feathers behind.

From the pond struck over the ridge to the camp.
Dense hemlocks mixed with firs & beeches all noble old trees,
snow lying in wasted drifts in the hollows. Cuthia am. &
etc. concoloris very numerous. Saw three pairs of Cuthia
at one time, one of them building. Near the camp in
dead firs shot a pair of Picoides arcticus. Several P.
viribons cackling & squeaking. A Cooper's Hawk skimming
close over the ground passed within ten yards of me.
A Brown Thrasher singing near the camp.

Daylight returned & we drove out to the wood. On the
way a ♀ Pigeon started among some beeches & alighted
again allowing us to drive nearly under her. I
got out and shot her.

Hylocichla ludoviciana very common & singing gloriously
the song echoing in the arches of the woods, from at sunset.

1888

May 12

Cloudy and cold. Ther. 36° at 4 P.M. Toughest light showers. The change in temperature began about midnight last night. Wind W. all day. To P. M. camp

To the pine woods near Cusum's lumber camps at 10 A.M. having the team return for us at 2 P.M.

Spent the afternoon in a wooded area between the main road, the path in to the lumber camps and the camps. The woods were dreary and for the most part silent save for the howling of the wind in the pines but occasionally a D. viris sang or a Robid bird whistled. Grosbeaks (H. ludovicianus) were singing freely, much of the time one of them a superb performer. Heard only one Winter Wren and but one Creeper. Saw a great many small birds, however. They were collected in small flocks which we cut so rapidly through the woods that it was difficult to overtake them. I made a fair bag, nevertheless, killing twenty-four. Lost one Warbler which looked very like theater. It was badly wounded and I nearly caught it but it fluttered off into a log heap where it was useless to look for it. Killed a pair of Litta canadensis at one shot. The ♀ was incubating and had laid all her eggs.

Dwight left me early in the morning and went over most of the ground which we covered on the 12th. He met three large flocks of Warblers one containing at least 25 D. blackburnianus. These flocks moved so rapidly from the tree to tree that he found it impossible to do anything with them. In one of these flocks he saw two D. palmarum. Neither he nor I saw any Vigors. The foreman of the choppers saw two yesterday but none to-day. No grouse drumming this morning.

On the drive out we saw an Otocoris partridge.

the street near the top of the first hill and a
Melanerpes uropygialis on a stub in the burnt lands.

On the return drive we passed a pair of Tanagers
(P. erythronotus) which flitted along by the roadside slightly
on shrubs.

Size of
pines.

The foreman at the lumber camps tells me that both
red and white pines here average over 100 ft. tall. The tallest
trees attain a height of 150 ft. There are very many 125 ft.
There are a few white pines in his section that measure
21 ft. in circumference at the base. All the large trees
are sawed off at the base with a cross-cut saw, chopped in
a little on one side, then thrown by driving in wedges.

Logging

Logging is carried on the entire year, most easily and
profitably in summer. The logs are "yarded" by horses and
carried away on two wheeled trucks the wheels about 10 ft
high. From the yards they are usually carried to the
mills by railroads of very narrow gauge and light rails.
Many are also driven wherever there are suitable streams.

1888

May 14

Cloudy & cold; wind N.W. About 2 inches of snow fell last night.

To Cummer's Camp at 9.30 having the wagon return for us at 1.30 P.M. On the drive out we saw less than a dozen birds, mostly Sparrows & juncos. Returning passed a Towhee which was several hundred yards from the woods, among stumps lighting on the ground. He looked chilled and half-starved as well he might for it has been hard last night and now at intervals through the morning.

Upon reaching our ground we separated Dwight tattering to the woods while I penetrated into the open burnt lands. I found there several mixed flocks of Warblers & Sparrows feeding on the ground among the stumps and logs. In one there were several Grass Finches and a *D. palmarum*; in another about twenty *D. palmarum*, two *D. tigrina*, several Grass Finches, and a Chipping Sparrow; in a third two *D. palmarum* and a *D. blackburniae* besides some Grass Finches. It was interesting to see the brood Warblers in such company & surroundings. I shot both the *D. tigrina* on the ground.

In this open land I found a nest of *Parus ordorum* in a beech stub not over ten feet above the ground. She I entered and emerged from it. I shot her and on dissection found that she had laid all but one or two eggs. There were chips scattered over the ground under the nest over a space of a foot square.

Late in the forenoon I entered the heavy timber where I shot on the 12th. These woods were silent and nearly deserted to day. I found one small flock of Warblers, however, containing several *D. macularia*, 2 *D. carolinensis*, several *D. virens* and a *Minioptila varia*.

Hearing a Grouse drum I crept silently towards the

stop and finally stopping to look around my eye caught
the flick of his wings just as he began to drum again. I
saw the wings through this performance but not the bird
himself until after he stopped. Then I made him out
sitting in a slouchy attitude yet rather erect, not so
with his head & neck stretched up. After about five
minutes of inaction he erected his body perfectly straight,
settled down on his ~~abdomen~~ and extended his wings
holding them motionless for a moment. Then he struck
the air three or four times in the usual manner, when,
supposing him to be exhausted in his performance, I moved
slightly and he instantly stopped and folded his
wings without finishing. After another pause of about
five minutes he drummed again. I saw him distinctly
through it all. His back was towards me each time.
The entire performance was as I described it in the "Am
Sportsman" years ago. After it was over I moved slightly
intending to shoot the bird but he heard me and
at once flew.

1888

Oden, Michigan.

May 16 Clear and cold. Ther. only 44° at noon. Hate from last night.

I awoke at daylight this morning and heard a dove calling on the lake; also a Gull (*L. argentatus*). A Song Sparrow was the only singing bird. Probably it was too cold for the Robins of which I saw several about the house later in the day.

After breakfast Dwight went to Petoskey leaving me alone through the day. He took the train out to Harbor Pines and on the way saw several Scarlet Tanagers along the beach. One, startled by the train, flew upward when it was instantly swind in mid air by a small Hawk probably *A. fuscus*.

Not being able to get my trunk and having a bad cold I kept in or near the house all day & did not shoot at all. Took several short walks and saw several *D. palmarum*, one *H. tigrina*, a yellowish *P. anglicus*, which I finally shot), several *H. purpurea* and a number of *D. coronata*. The Tanager and most of the Warblers were in the trees on the ground. The Tanager late in the afternoon spent one or two hours in a ploughed field in front of the house. He hopped almost precisely like a Robin.

The woods are perfectly leafless, the maple blossoms just ~~falling~~, ~~spring~~ Beauty, arbutus, and dog-tooth violets in bloom, willows hung with pussy's, a shrub like an elder the only thing showing green leaves.

On the edge of the cherry I started a Grouse from some blackberry bushes. Several nests have been already found here, we are told, one, yesterday, containing five eggs.

A man saw about 25 Pigeons this morning in some

Some woods about a mile from here.

After sunset a. m. took a walk along the railroad track. Night birds and insects singing. *Myiopsitta alpestris* and *Turdus* singing. Several mice (*Peromyscus*?) coming in and out of holes in the edge of the field.

Chamaea fasciculata

228

10-2

Counted at 7.10. and spent about 150. Found the island well wooded the hill opposite the station, in the evening found a number of holes on the ground among the trees, chiefly specimens, a few holes, clouds and other things. In a better place than anywhere else.

During the season we found more plants of considerable logging value than we did at the first time already recorded. Much maple, Pinus strobus, the white flowering gum, Thuja occidentalis in small sizes were undoubtedly abundant. There was a few Pinus strobus but there were large quantities of total lobed drooping the dark oil 1 higher over surface, larger than usual. After had an it in Michigan. There was a little of the same in these woods a small quantity being it abundant.

After an hour or two returned to the station
which I had put on into the car. I
found that a heavy flight of butterflies had
arrived in the evening about the 14th. Some time
after departure in the early morning, he put the
entire force of the car on the road in a single
turn. Most numerous of all were D. fulvipes &
D. c. c. c., but by all were still in the air
for the slightest on the ground & others and
starting upwards after flying upwards. It was a
time in the air at a time. I saw Pieris, Argynnis
& Vanessa. The first was a Vanessa atlas atlas.

By train this (Wed) morn. I had twenty hours.
I spent some in the car & some in the hotel with a short stay in

could have been nothing better, except in the appearance
discovered, to the light being strongly refracted.

After dinner we started for the air and soon, before
sailing, the two I gathered and several birds were a
party for the full day. In addition to those killed
was a Swamp Sparrow which I shot. It was in a cypress tree
and I saw it when I could not get it. It was a
Hawthorn which I shot and it was a Swamp Sparrow.

the general appearance of the
the ground in these parts;
the evidently late arriving for instance we were not
more than 4 or 5 above the places of brown killed
and quickly passed to the fully burned incense the

The mammals have been very like those about which I
lost the specimens and skins are less numerous, smaller
and with the skin intact, chiefly confined to the
same species.

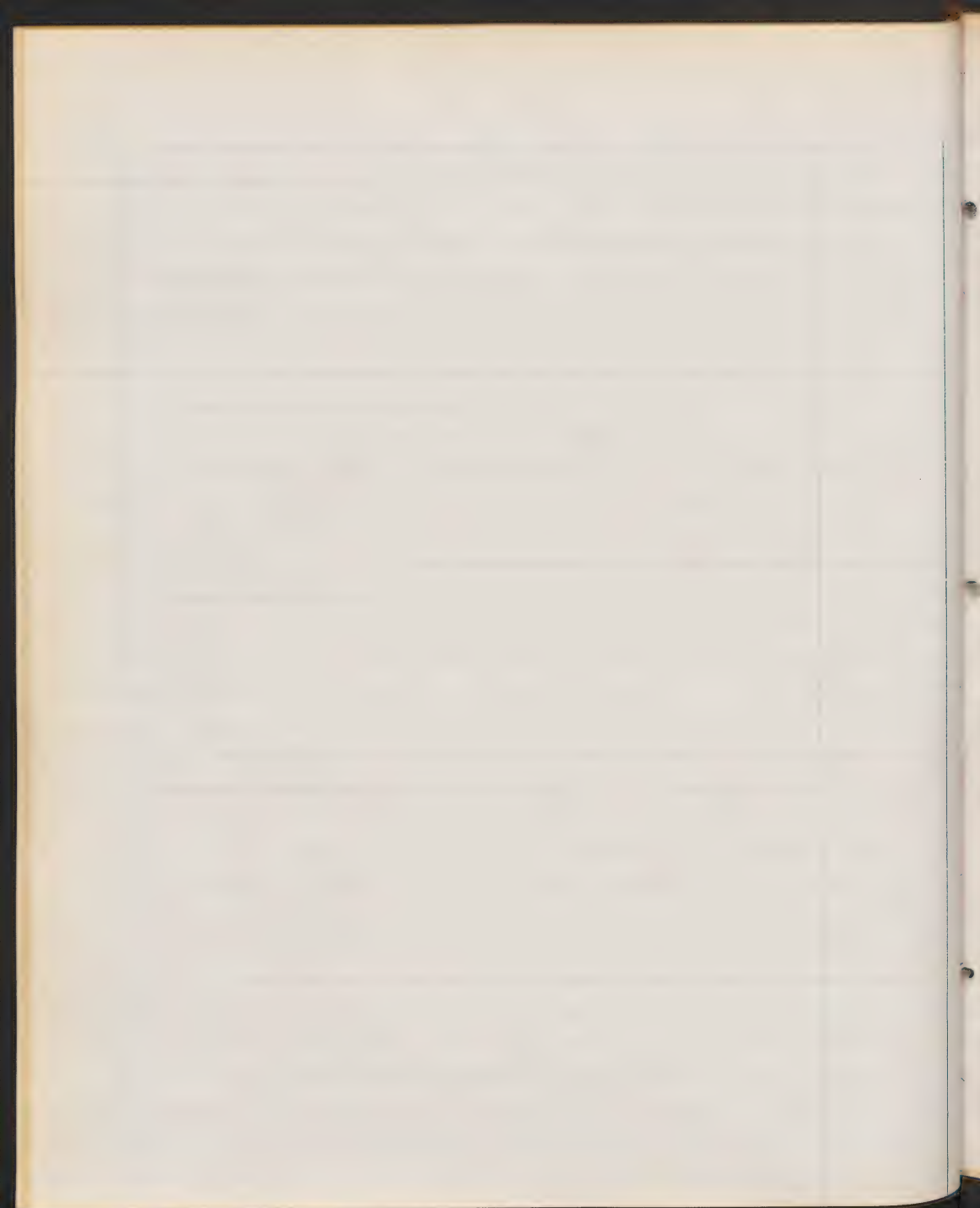
Many & white-bellied swallows were passing & passing through the clearing all day. Many the white-bellied ones spotted themselves & were holding their wings. Saw a few smaller swallows flying about the creek and far off in the neighborhood. Not many birds in the air.

1897

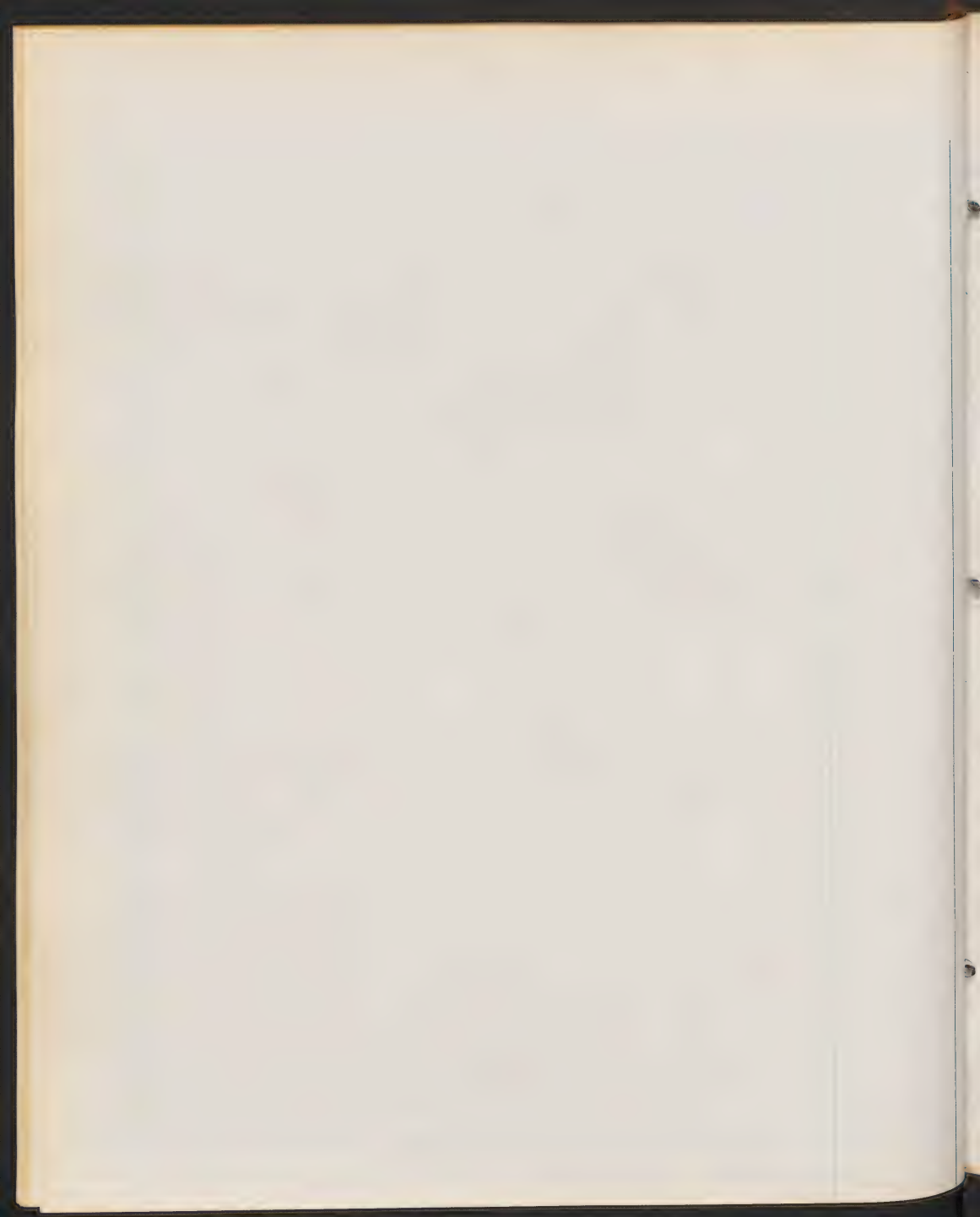
Aug 18. Cloudy, with frequent showers. Wind N. E. cooler than yesterday but still not at all a chilly or raw day.

Spent most of the day in the house & took a short walk in the morning along the shore past the bath house, a fairly long tramp late in the afternoon through the upland clearing opposite the station & well into the woods beyond. Expected to find a heavy flight of migrants but the fields and woods were nearly deserted. Bird life, the flight of yesterday had passed on and no new migrants than this season. Saw two pairs of red heads & hawks in the woods but both were confused of what it was safe to consider without summer species such as *D. virens*, *D. maculosa*, *P. carolinensis* etc. saw only two *D. palmarum*. I heard a few in some humbells, the Wood Thrush in full song late in P.M. in an alder grove near the station. *Amazilia* still in the Pine Hills. The combination of Paragons, Tree Sparrows, Palm Warblers, Juncos, Winter Wrens, and these Red Woodpeckers in song, and many others in the woods on the same day is certainly a thrasher humbly as compared with former, floral & seasonal conditions in the East.

I am again struck by the silence of birds here. To day with its mild, soft air, gentle showers and breeze the birds were made to be a capital singing day. Yet I heard only a very few birds & the woods were often entirely silent.

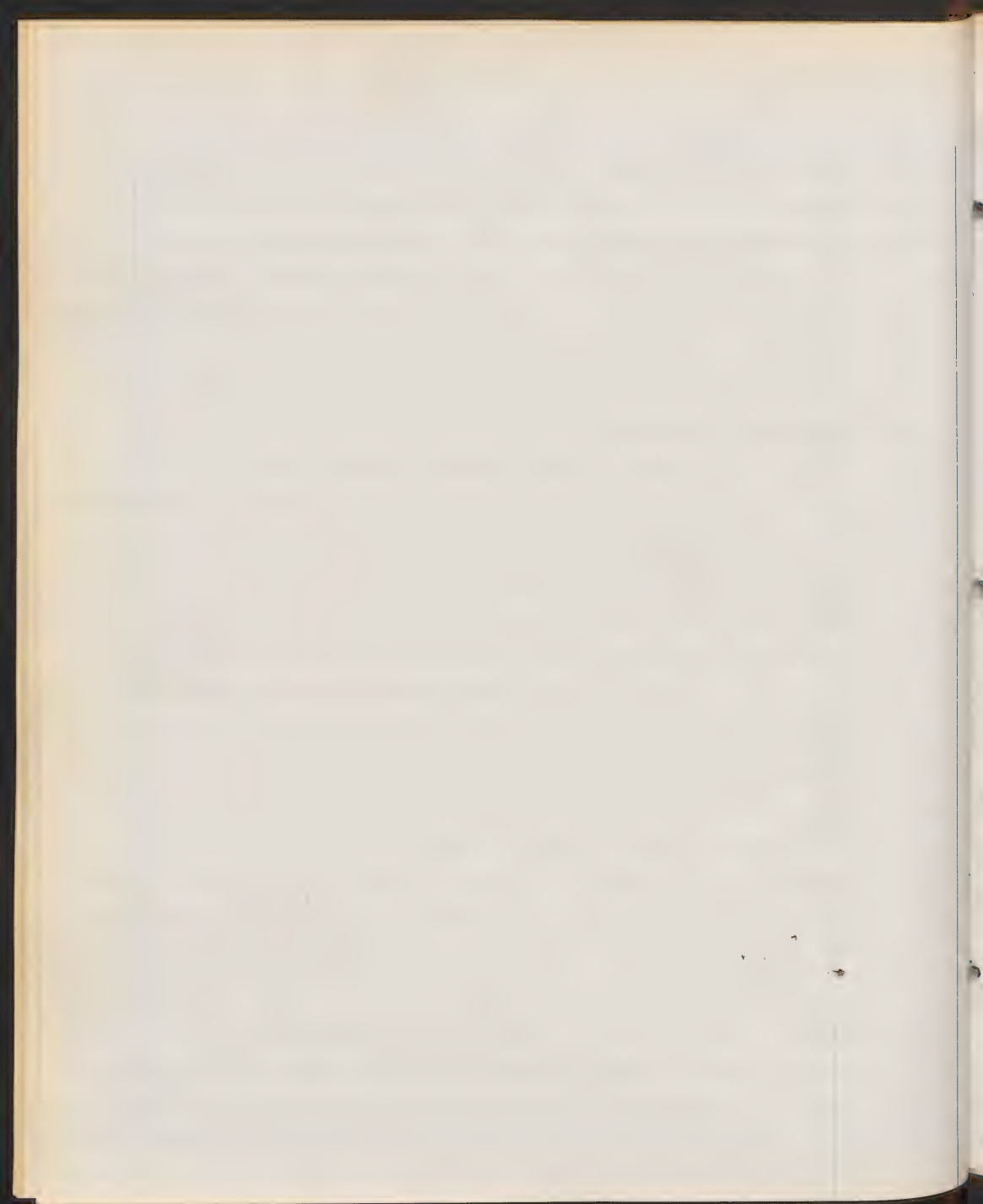


At the west end of the island a number of shells, belonging about to *Hydrobia ulvae*, the *Pin. densa*, *P. submarginata*, *P. nitida*, *Hydrobia*. I have found *Hydrobia* on the outside of the water, both at a spring tide and at low tide.



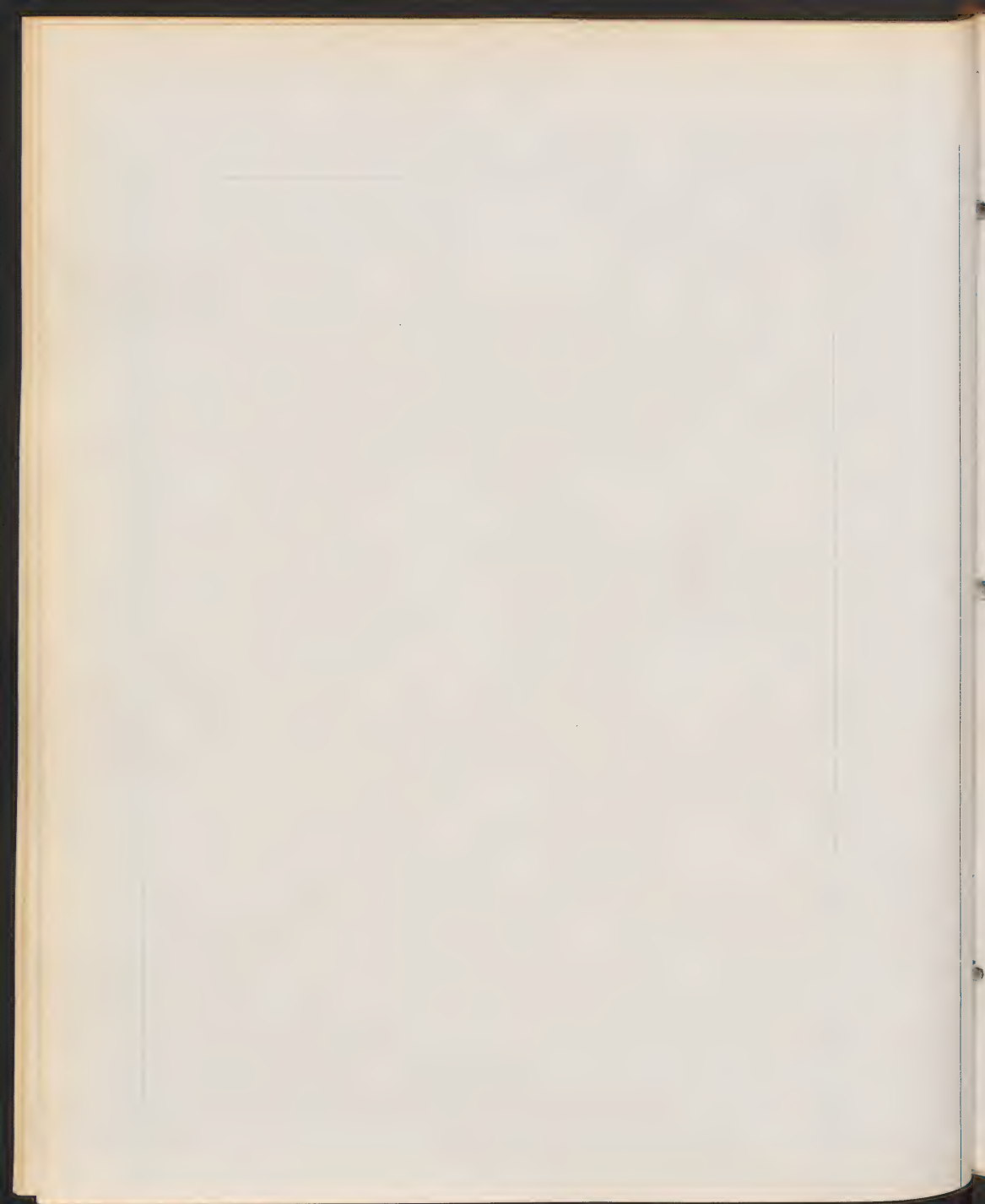
May 21: Forenoon clear; P. M. cloudy; wind N. to N. W. light, ther. . .
 a tremendous mass of birds is - day, chiefly . . .
 in excess of 1000 pairs in nearly every direction. I
 must have seen up to eight hundred individuals
 of the same species alone. Most abundant were
maculosa and N. coronata, ^{serripennis} blackburniana, N. minor,
N. virginiana, N. virens, N. pennsylvanica, N. rutina,
N. auduboni excessively abundant, N. percyana fairly so,
 spent the entire day shooting coming in out
 to dinner, although I was on my feet nearly the
 whole day and probably walked six or eight miles
 did not once get three hundred yards away
 from the house. The most of our birds were shot
 near the bath house and behind the barn.
 Robbers were in large mixed flocks precisely as in
 autumn. Several flocks contained at least 100
 birds each. All the species were engaged most of
 the time in catching flying Diptera. They kept much
 in the tops of the tallest deciduous trees (yellow
 pines & Robbers especially).

Near the spring heard a grouse murmuring &
 following the bath I walked by within ten yards
 of him. He was sitting on a mossy log when I
 first saw him his head turned so that his bill
 pointed back over his tail, his general attitude
 crouching, his feathers ruffled. I put down in full
 sight of him. He maintained this attitude without
 the slightest motion for nearly two minutes. Then
 he stretched up his neck & began to jerk & shake
 his wings. Finally he hopped down on the ground
 & then up to a nest of grass. A ♀ was sitting only 10 yards



1007
May 14
Hume
we went down to the bath house grove after breakfast we found the trees then literally swarming with Warblers and Vireos. after shooting a number I crossed the railroad to the swampy thickets opposite the station and then proved to be also filled with hundreds of birds chiefly Warblers. These numbers were fairly confusing. I have never seen anything to equal it before. A list of the different species would include almost every thing that we have thus far found here besides several new arrivals but most numerous & conspicuous were D. maculosa, D. carolinensis, H. peregrina, D. coronata, D. blackburniana, My. canadensis, M. pusillus, Petoplasa, and hirs. olivaceus. H. ruficapilla had increased markedly since yesterday and I saw only a few D. palmarum. There were several Mourning Warblers singing and during the day D. shot a pair of D. tigrina.

He spent the entire day shooting coming in only for dinner. I did not over go over three hundred yards from the house.

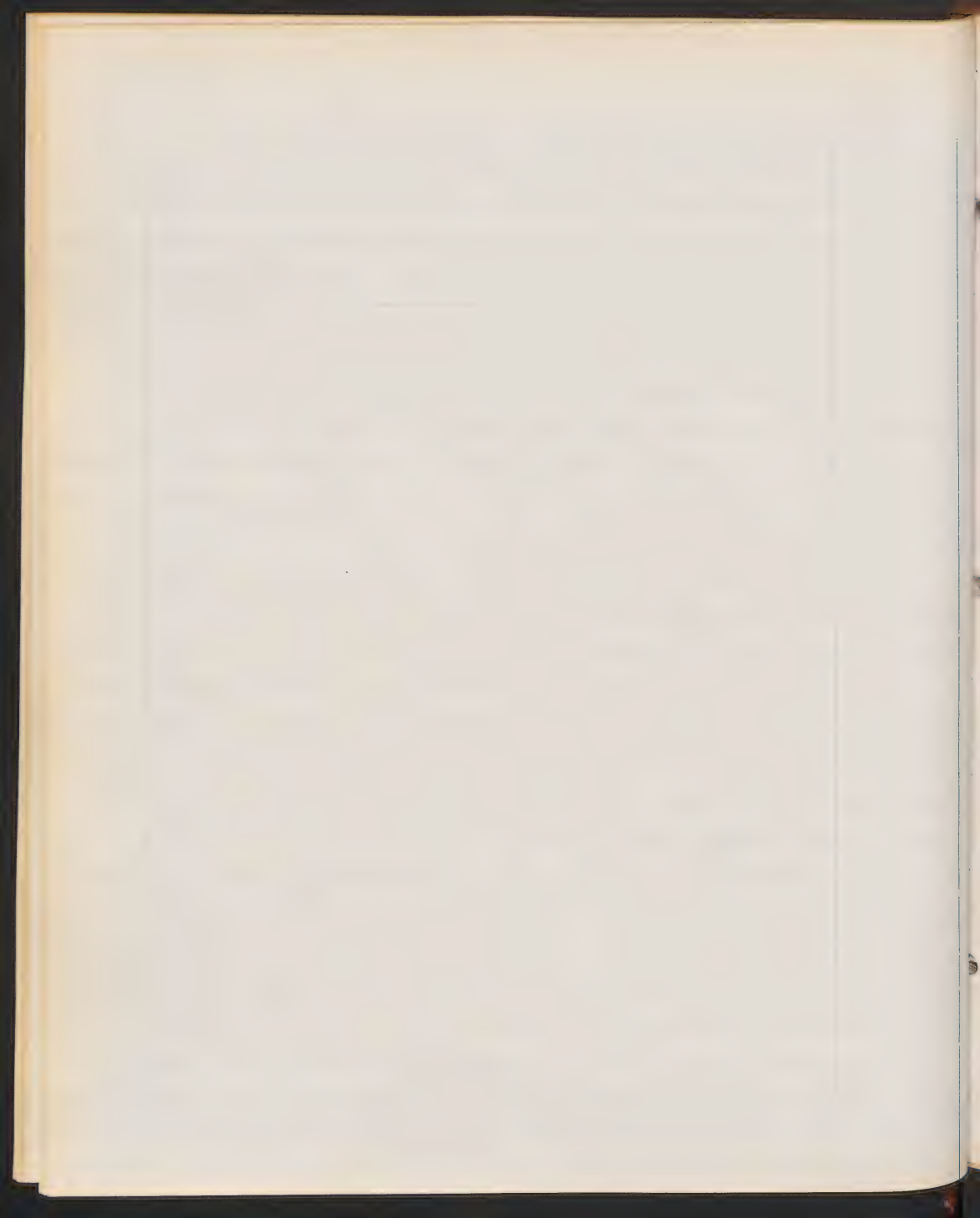


Oden, Michigan

with summer here.
After spending two hours or so in the grove by the bath house and in the thicket opposite the station I started back into the heavy timber to the north in search of Pigeons. Penetrating in about 500 yds. I came to a picturesque ravine shaded by noble old hemlocks with a brook flowing swiftly beneath. There were many small birds here but nothing of especial interest except a Thrush which I took to be T. mustelinus but which I could not find although I shot it down.

I was following up the brook and had nearly reached its source in a springy swamp when a ♀ Pigeon started from the ground and alighted in a sapling about 15 ft. up. I crept cautiously within range and shot her getting a fine specimen (which I afterwards gave to Dwight in exchange for a ♂ which I shot next day at a nest which he found to-day.)

As I came out of the woods on my return a Contopus borealis was sitting on the top of a dead hemlock at least 150 ft. above the ground.



1888

Olen, Michigan.

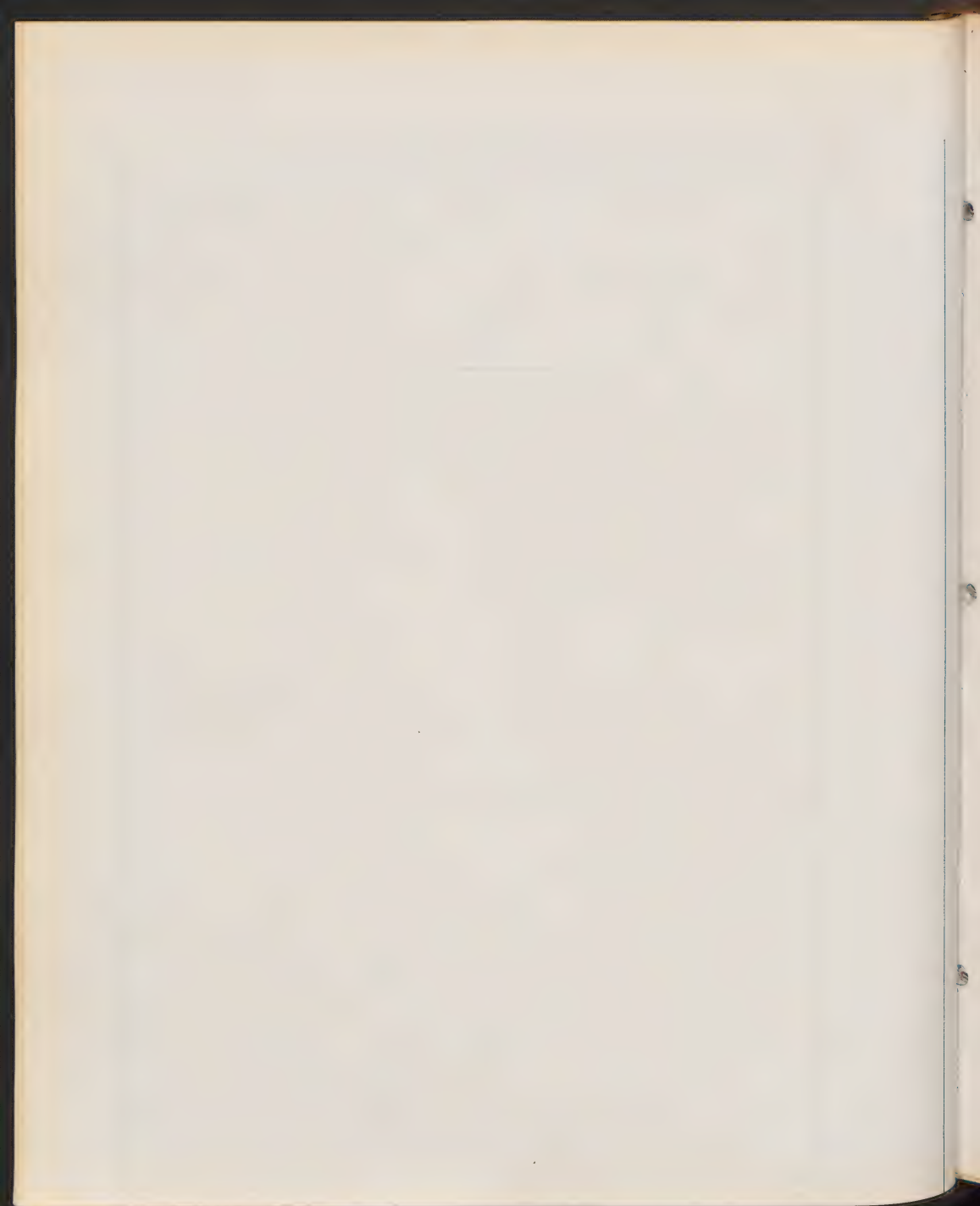
May 24 Clear and hot. Wind N.E. but light. Ther. 78°.

Started out at 7.30 as usual and spent about two hours in the woods and fields near the house, most of this time in the woods to the south along the lake shore. The great flight is about over although there were a few small flocks of migrants in most of the coverts. Dwight got a ♀ Vireo philadelphicus in the grove by the cattle house and I saw very soon I saw another in the woods to the south. In these woods I shot two ♀ Dend. tigrina and a H. peregrina. Wilson's Black-caps and Canada Warblers were comparatively scarce. Migrating D. maculosa still numerous but nearly all were ♀.

There has been a marked change in the vegetation since yesterday, many of the deciduous trees in the woods showing a decided tinge of green this morning. The birches and poplars are still hung thickly with catkins. The white Laburnums are in their fullest perfection. Some purple violets out to-day. The dog-tooth violet still in bloom.

About 10 a. m. started with D. to visit the Pigeon's nest which he found yesterday. It was on the stout horizontal branch of a hemlock about 12 ft. but perhaps 50 above the ground. There was no bird on but as D. was preparing to climb the tree a ♂ Pigeon started out of the nest tree, a hemlock also. He flew a few rods and alighted high up on a horizontal hemlock branch where I shot him. He flew nearly thirty yards before coming to the ground & when he finally reached it struck against an upright dead prong tearing open his breast, or rather crop which was filled with sprouting beech nuts.

Upon reaching the nest D. found it empty & fouled with dung. At about the same time a young Pigeon



Oden, Michigan.

1888

May 25 Cloudy most of the day with occasional intervals of sunshine.
Wind N. E. Rather cool.

After inspecting the coverts about the house this morning and finding them nearly deserted we took boat and started for a day on the lake. Crossed first to the great island. A Pine Warbler singing there; also many D. virens, Parula am., Junco naevius & Vireo olivaceus. On the further side we started a flock of Huddralls (M. serrator), which came past us down wind at great speed. I selected a drake which started off at my shot and finally fell dead 100 yds. or more to leeward. He proved a rather ragged & worthless specimen not in full plumage.

Crossing to the mainland on the east shore I shot a Redwing among some willows. It is the only bird of the species that we have seen here. A Swamp Sparrow was singing in these willows.

Further east we landed at a log cabin and went back a little way into the woods. No birds of any interest saw fresh deer tracks. Just before landing I saw a mink peep out among some logs & draw back again.

Skirting the shore a mile or more further we heard many Water Thrushes, Canada Warblers, Parulas, an Olive-back & several Hermit Thrushes & many Red eyed Vireos. Reaching the mouth of Pickard River we rowed through to Pickard Lake. It proved very like Crooked Lake but wilder, nothing but woods on every side the trees along the shores chiefly arbor vitae, ^{& larches} with a few Spruces, further back on the higher ground Beeches, maples & white pines. We sat much here sitting in the boat. Loads, Rana palustris & Ayres singing on every side. A Swamp Sparrow trilling & numerous Water Thrushes

warbling. A Myiarchus calling among some ash stubs; jays screaming in the distance. In the water numerous small minnows coming to savor the crumbs we threw to them. A cray-fish or two crawling on the bottom under the boat. Several Ardea herodias passing their slow way across the lake above. A Buteo pennsylvanicus screaming.

Hearing a Grouse drum several times apparently near at hand I landed and went in search of him, supposing him to be not over 50 yds. off. I went nearly 100 yards through the worst cotton-wood swamp I ever saw before I finally discovered him sitting on a large pine log. He was about midway of the log and sat so still that I looked at him for several seconds before I could be sure that he was really a Grouse or indeed a bird of any kind. Finally I shot him. There was a great quantity of droppings in two places on the log. I had a hard task to get back to the boat carrying both gun and bird and upon turning once I slipped off a slippery slimy log & into the ice cold water beneath.

On the way home we saw only a very few birds, a Crow, five Golden-eyes, and a Plover wing Hawk. The latter I saw pounce down into the log heap behind the bath house. As we got opposite the spot he flew up & alighted on a stub where I shot him. His legs & feet were gummed over with a black, sticky substance which I took to be pitch mixed with crock from burnt stumps.

In the shallow water near shore we saw a large dead salamander & a live fish which I took to be a wall-eyed pike. The latter was only about six inches long.

Oden, Michigan

1888.

May 26

A.M. cloudy with dense fog. Afternoon cloudless the air very clear and sparkling. Weather cool.

After breakfast took a turn about the clearing and shot a pair of Wood Thrushes in the woods near the bath house. Also a Mourning Warbler which I gave to D.

At 9.30 started by boat for the Conway shore. The fog was so thick that we could see only a few rods ahead but a brisk wind from the S.W. gave us the direction and after a tedious pull a high, heavily timbered ridge loomed up ahead and we found that we had made the very spot for which we had aimed. The shore was steep with birches and hemlocks reaching out over the water, above and behind them a grand old forest of maples, elms, beeches & basswoods many of the trees over 100 ft in height and 3 to 5 ft. in diameter. Their trunks rising without a branch for 50 to 70 ft. their tops spreading & umbrella shaped. The ground beneath was perfectly free from undergrowth & but little encumbered with logs or fallen trees. The general character of these woods was closely similar to that of the forests of western N.C. Carolina. They were literally alive with birds which, for the most part, were in flocks in the tops of the tallest trees from which our bravest 12 g. charges often failed to bring them down. A high wind indeed was blowing that it was impossible to distinguish the different species with any certainty & we were forced to

use at most of them and shoot them at
sundown. By shooting freely and hearing their
songs we found that there were numerous hio
thraxus, Parula aur., D. Blackburnian, D. virens,
D. striata and D. carolinensis with a fair sprinkling
of D. castanea, D. striata, Hels. peregrina & Myiochanes
carolinensis. (the latter in the highest tops at times).

Wood Thrushes were very numerous here. We must
have seen & heard at least a dozen. We also
saw three Vitta carolinensis, two Certhia lynceus
a pair of Certhia aur. a few Sphyrapicus & Picus
colinus and a ♀ Hylotanus (which D. shot). Junco
and Prosp. al. were heard on way ^{back}.

After lunch we explored a low-lying rather
swampy portion of the woods. There were more
hemlocks here and many gigantic elms. In
one of the latter in a fork about 70 ft. up I
discovered the nest of a Buteo borealis. As we
approached the spot one of the birds began uttering
its curious gasping cry which D. compared to the
sighing of a horse. It tilted from tree to tree
keeping out of shot. The other bird was on the
nest from which it started when D. struck the
base. It alighted within thirty yards & seemed
to have little fear of us. We could not climb to the nest.

In a swampy place at the very foot of a large
hemlock I found the nest of a Crow. The bird
flew from it as I brushed past alighting a few
yards off - moving. When I returned later she flew
at 15 yds. distance and sped away without
to light among the trees. 10 ages - one cracked by
the bird's hurried flight probably. In the way home
about sunset I shot at & missed a Buteo borealis
which was sitting on a stub of the shore.

Oden, Michigan

1888

May 28

Cloudy all day with W. wind. Cool, then. 50°.

Off at 8.30 by boat, going directly across the lake past the island and into the cove at the mouth of the Minicholia River. This cove we found to be nearly a mile long by perhaps 50 rods wide. Most of it was really flooded meadow bordering the river which winds through it. Rising above the water were beds of cat tails most of them crushed and water-logged. One shore of the cove was low, swampy land covered ^{sparsely} with stunted larches & arbor vitae; the other was more abruptly with a belt of alders fringing the water's edge & behind and above these a grand old forest of elms, beeches, and rock maples. The large swamp was flooded for some distance back among the trees. Rising above the water in places were beds of Cassandra ciliolata & Andromeda polifolia, the former being with its white bells, the latter tufted with purplish blossoms. There were several floating bogs or islands most of them grassy but one having a few larches & alders and resembling closely the floating island in Umbagog.

Upon first entering this cove we found it alive with birds. A Cat Bird singing at the entrance, Red-wings scattered about rising on the tops of the bushes or walking on beds of floating vegetation, Swamp Sparrows bellowing on the islands, Browned Grackles and Tree Swallows among the larches and Barn Swallows, Tree Swallows & Chimney Swifts in a great swarm hunting insects over the water. A shot fired

at a Grackle was immediately followed by an outcry from several Carolina Parakeets scattered about on the different islands. I landed and tried to find them but in vain.

We spent most of the forenoon shooting Blackbirds and swallows & during this time made two interesting observations. The first was the identification of a strange cry which we heard at frequent intervals in several directions. It was very like a Yellow-billed Cuckoo's but hoarser a loud coo-coo-coo-coo, cooa, cooa, coo-a, the final syllables guttural & long drawn. This cry we have traced to a pair of Thick-billed Grebes which were doubtless preparing to breed in the floating beds of dead cut turfs. The other observation was as follows: We saw a ♂ Loriculus sinensis fly to its nest in a small crotch & spreading its wings slide downward with its bill. In the nest we could see another bird which we took to be the ♀ Grackle. On approaching nearer however, we startled it out when we saw that it was a Crow. I climbed to the nest & found in it a single Grackle's egg rotten in two with most of its contents gone. We also saw here an Eagle & an Osprey. The nest & either one or the other occupied the top of a dead tree near the shore.

After lunch I landed on the high shore & took a long tramp through the woods. Many small birds singing nearly the same kinds as on the 26th. Wood Thrushes very numerous. One which I wing tipped was pursued & caught by a Chipmunk who bit a large hole in the back of its neck & practically killed it. I had to throw a stick at him to make him let go. In the way out of the cove at sunset I shot 4 S. triline in alders over the water.

Oden, Michigan

1888

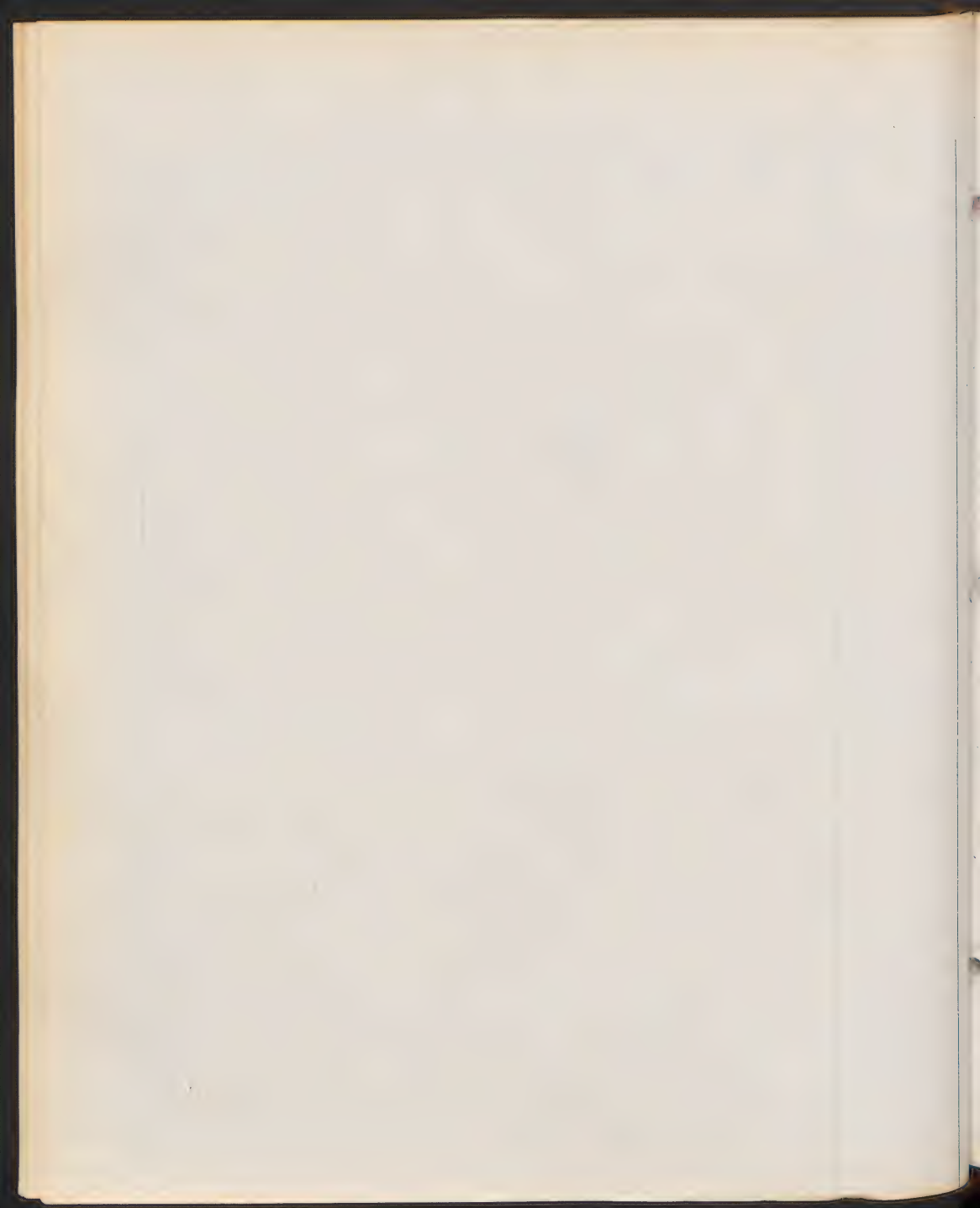
May 28

Clear and cool with strong W. wind.

After breakfast I took a short walk with my gun and shot three small birds a My. canadensis & D. coronata by the bath house and a ♂. ♀. Philadelph. in the upland clearing opposite the station.

Shortly after I had returned Wright came rushing in after his gun he having seen a pair of Pigeons in the swamp near the bath house. He started after them at once and found them just where he had left them (although a train had passed within 50 yds. of them in the interim) sitting in the topmost branches of a tall maple. Each selecting a bird, we fired together. Both Pigeons went off in different directions, each severely wounded. Wright's bird crossed the railroad & was lost to sight in the swamp beyond but following its course we quickly found it, a beautiful ♀ Horned and without a blood spot or missing feather. My Pigeon went only about 100 yards and then fell apparently ~~also~~ dead on the edge of the wood fall but although we spent the entire forenoon searching the ground inch by inch we failed to find it. While thus engaged we saw a pair of Brown Thrashers the first observed here later in the day. The ♂ was in full song in the thickets opposite the station.

At sunset night hawks came about the house sweeping through the dooryard close to the ground just as they do in Maine.



Oden, Michigan.

1888

May 30

Clear and rather cool. Wind W.

Spent the forenoon in a fruitless quest for Pigeons. Entering the old woods beyond the hillside clearing we penetrated through them coming out on the state road.

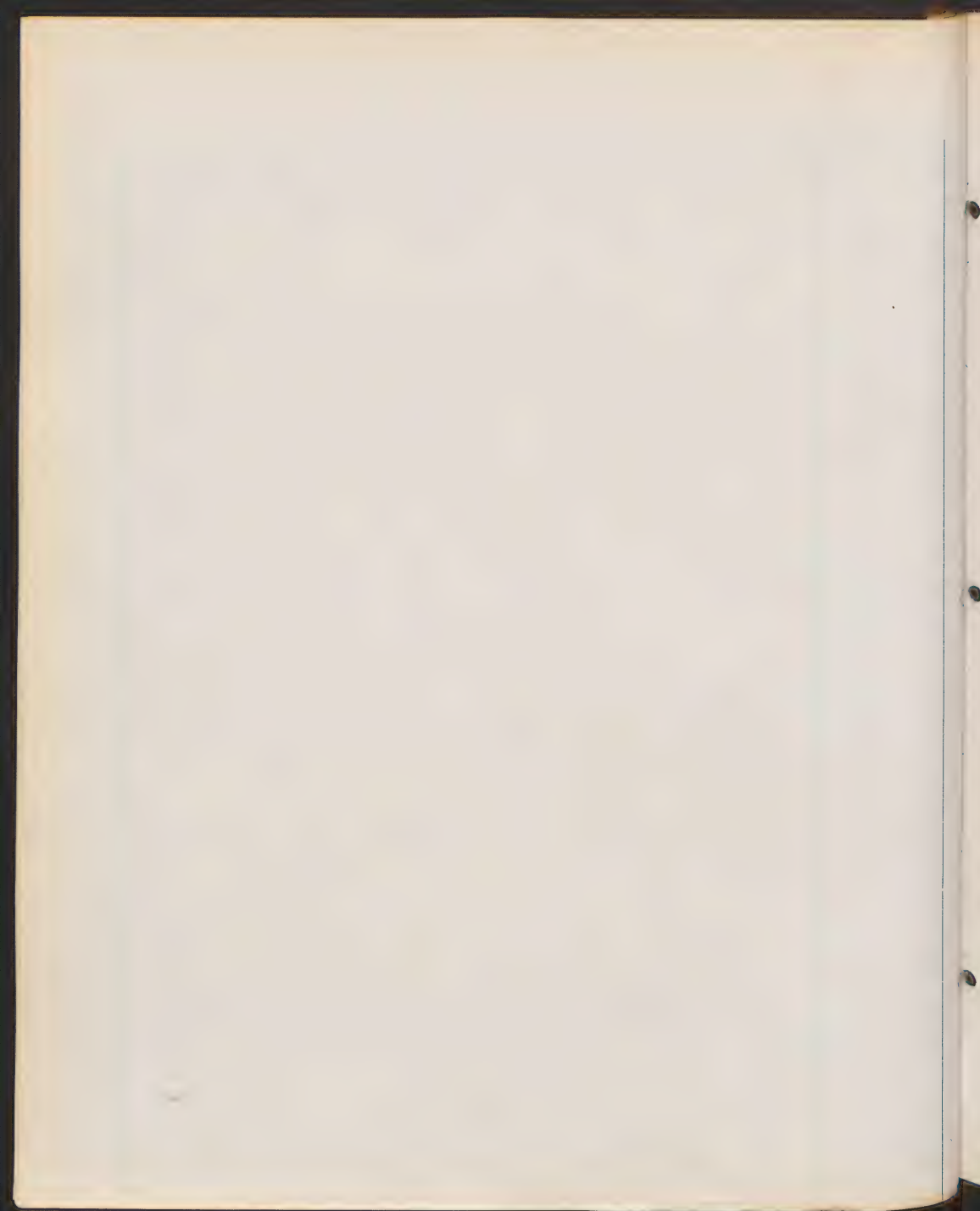
Bright found the nest of a Hermit Thrush with four fresh eggs one distinctly spotted with brown. I shot one of the birds.

In some hardwood timber near the State Road I found a nest of *Hydunlos ludoviciana* in a remarkable position viz in the extreme top of a leafless beech fully 40 ft. above the ground. I took it, at first, for a Pigeon's nest but as I was looking at it the ♂ Grosbeak entered it with a twig in his bill which he proceeded to put in place.

Heard a *Turdus fuscus* singing in hard wood growth near a wood path but failed to get a shot or even a fair sight at him.

In the afternoon as we were packing a *Contopus borealis* appeared in the clearing within a few rods of the house. I heard him calling and at once went in pursuit finally killing him on the telegraph wire over the railroad and with my second barrel shooting a ♀ *Geothlypis phibadephie* that started up from the ground and alighted in a fallen tree top.

Note We left Oden early in the morning of May 31st and went directly through to New York without stopping. Thus my journal of our trip in Michigan ends with the above date.



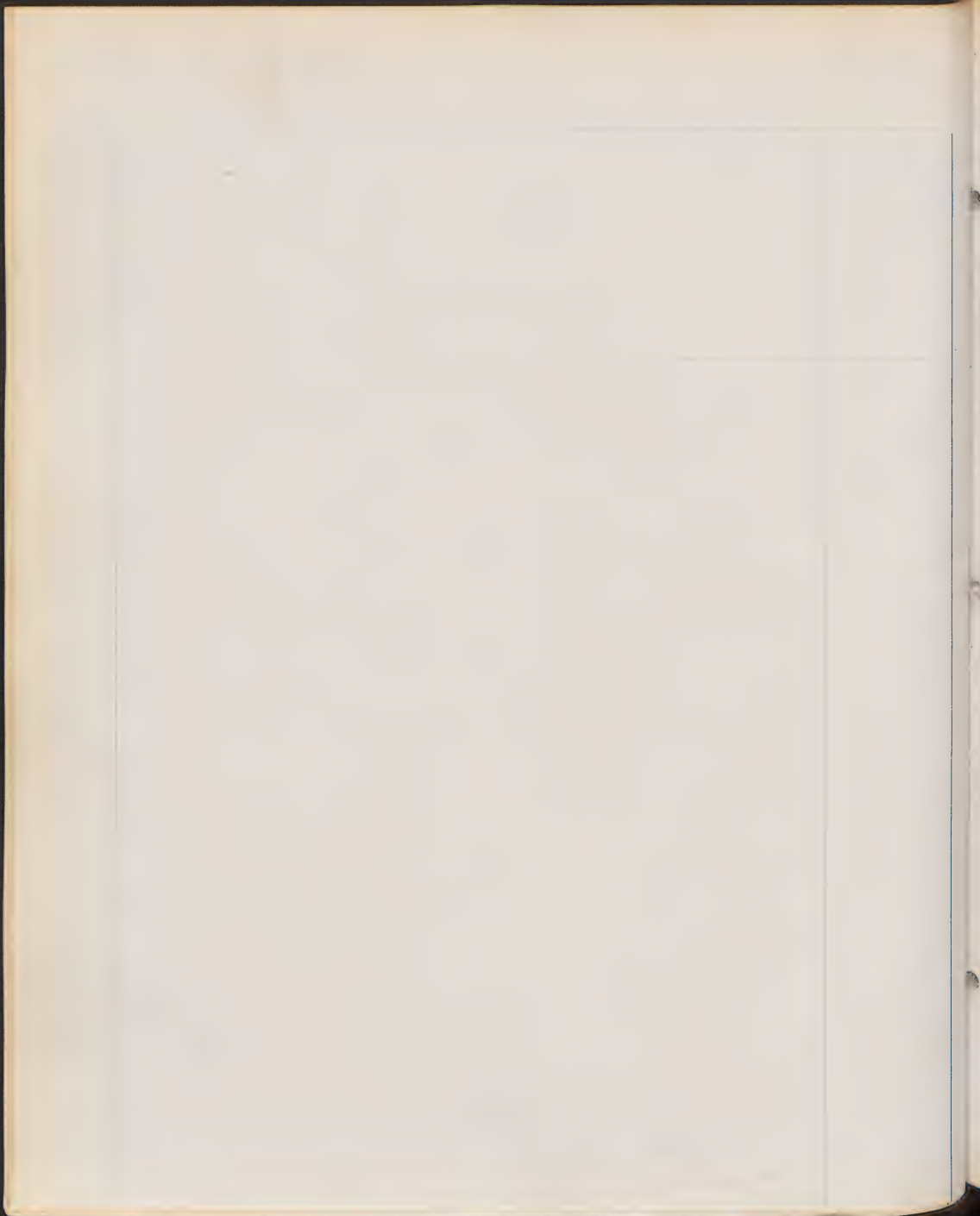
Birds noted in Michigan May 1888 by W. K. & J. D. Ja.

B = Cadillac May 8-14

D = Idem " 16-30

1. *Turdus fuscescens* O.
2. *Mimus migratorius* C & D.
3. *Mimus carolinensis* C & D.
4. " *torquatus* C & D.
5. " *maculosa* C & D.
6. *Mimus carolinensis* C & D.
7. *Hirundo lunifrons* C & D.
8. " *lunifrons* C & D.
9. " *lunifrons* C & D.
10. " *lunifrons* C & D.
11. *Merula americana* C & D.
12. *Sitta canadensis* C & D.
13. " *canadensis* C & D.
14. *Parus atricapillus* C & D.
15. *Troglodytes aedon* C & D.
16. *Protonotaria nimbosa* C & D.
17. *Mniotilta varia* C & D.
18. *Helminthophila ruficapilla* C & D.
19. " *pergrina* O.
20. " *celata* O.
21. *Parula americana* C & D.
22. *Dendroica coronata* C & D.
23. *Junco* C & D.
24. *Junco* C & D.
25. *Junco* C & D.
26. *Junco* C & D.
27. *Junco* C & D.
28. *Junco* C & D.
29. *Junco* C & D.
30. *Junco* C & D.
31. *Junco* C & D.
32. *Junco* C & D.
33. *Dendroica palmarum* C & D.
34. *Junco* C & D.
35. " *novaboracensis* O.
36. *Geothlypis philadelphia* O.
37. " *trichas occidentalis* O.
38. *Sylvania canadensis* O.
39. " *pusilla* O.
40. *Hirundo horreorum* C & D.
41. *Tachycineta bicolor* C & D.
42. *Cotyle riparia* O.
43. *Progne subis* O.
44. *Piranga erythronotus* C & D.
45. *Vireo olivaceus* C & D.
46. " *solitarius* C & D.
47. " *philadelphia* O.
48. *Empidonax cedrorum* O.
49. *Carpodacus frontalis* C & D.
50. *Loxia americana* C & D.
51. *Chrysomitris tristis* C & D.
52. " *pinus* C & D.
53. *Passerculus savanna* O.
54. *Turdus gramineus* C & D.
55. *Melospiza melodia* C & D.
56. " *palustris* O.
57. " *lincolni* O.
58. *Zonotrichia albicollis* C & D.
59. " *leucophrys* O.
60. *Spizella monticola* O.
61. " *socialis* C & D.
62. *Spizella monticola* C & D.
63. *Spizella monticola* C & D.

69. *Myadestes ludovicianus* C & O.
 70. *Molothrus fuscus* C. May 9th
 71. *Agelaius phoeniceus* C & O.
 72. *Sturnella magna* C. May 7th 1872
 73. *Luscinia s. s. s.*
 74. *Corvus americanus* C & O.
 75. *Ammodramus cristatus*
 76. *Tyrannus carolinensis* O.
 77. *Myiarchus cinerascens* O.
 78. *Protonotaria fusca* O.
 79. *Ceryle alcyon* O.
 80. *"* *canadensis* C.
 81. *Empidonax traillii* C.
 82. *"* *minimus* O.
 83. *"* *flaviventris* O.
 84. *Otocoris a. fronticola* C.
 85. *Trochilus columbis* O.
 86. *Chaetura pelagica* C & O.
 87. *Chordeiles virginianus* O.
 88. *Ceryle alcyon* C & O.
 89. *Tachycineta thalassidroma* O.
 90. *Pipilo erythrophthalmus* C & O.
 91. *Pica pica* C & O.
 92. *"* *pubescens* O.
 93. *Sphyrapicus varius* C & O.
 94. *Melanerpes formicivorus* C & O.
 95. *Syrnium nebulosum* O.
 96. *Pandion carolinensis* O.
 97. *Buteo borealis* O.
 98. *"* *junco* C.
 99. *Haliaeetus leucorhynchus* O.
 100. *Falco sparverius* O.
 101. *Accipiter cooperii* C.
 102. *"* *junco* C.
 103. *Bonasa umbellus* C & O.
 104. *Sceloporus undulatus* C & O.
 105. *Enallagma carolinensis* C.
 106. *Gallinago wilsoni* H. of Grand Rapids (France)
 107. *Ernstia pusilla* O.
 108. *Rhyacophilus solitarius* O.
 109. *Porzana carolina* O.
 110. *Ardea herodias* C & O.
 111. *Tringoides macularius* O.
 112. *Mergus americanus* O.
 113. *"* *albatus* C. & O.
 114. *Scaphiopus cucullatus*
 115. *Scaphiopus americanus* O.
 116. *Larus argentatus hutchinsonianus* O.
 117. *"* *philadelphia* O.
 118. *Colymbus torquatus* O.
 119. *Halacrocorax leucorhynchus* O.
 120. *Podilymbus podiceps* O.



1888

Nesting

May 7- 15 Cadillac, Michigan

" 15- 3 Idem "

- Certhia am.* May 10. bird lining nest. - 2nd bird building. - May 30, nest found 21st held 2 eggs.
- Turdus palmeri* " 30. nest 4 fresh eggs, one conspicuously & densely spotted with reddish brown.
- Sitta canadensis* May 12. ♀ shot incubate, all eggs laid.
- Parus atricapillus* May 10 birds excavating - May 26 - bird lining nest
- Merula migratoria* May 12 - building nest 125 ft. top of red pine - " " " " 25th eggs hatched
- Tamias hyemalis* May 10 - two nests, nearly finished one in hole in ground. May 30, nest 5, some eggs.
- Ectopistes migratorius* May 10 - ♀ shot with laid in 10 days.
- Picoides oreophilus* May 10. ♀ shot all eggs laid - May 24 nest 5 eggs.
- Pinus villosa* May 14 ♀ shot, ~~had~~ laying. 19 ♂ shot incubating
- Cyanocitta cristata* May 12 - ♀ shot all eggs laid & inc.
- " " " " 25th none nest eggs hatched.
- Ammodramus* May 17 - nest 8 eggs. - May 30 same nest 12 eggs. - May 26. nest 16 eggs.
- Dend. n.* " " " " " " " "
- Am. virens* May 25 - 2 building
- Parus am.* May 30. nest nearly finished.
- Hylocichla ustulata* May 30. Nest nearly finished; in top of bush 40 ft. above ground in open woods.
- Sialia sialis* May 25, nest 1 egg.
- Sphyrapicus* May 26 pair copulating.
- Geothlypis* May 26. nest ♀ sitting - rest of assumed.

Concord, Massachusetts.

1888

June 8

Clear and hot; wind strong from S. W.

To Concord by noon train with Denton, our object being to find some Bobolinks' nests. Getting my boat at the Manse we started down river at 1 P. M. Just below the bathing place found a Kingbirds' nest which held one egg on which the bird was sitting. A little further down D. discovered a Yellow Warbler's nest set at least 25 ft. up in a maple. It was finished but empty.

Opposite "the tent" a Warbling Vireo was singing in the cluster of maples & poplars where there has been one for the past two seasons (although in 1886 I shot either one or both birds) and we landed to search for its nest which D. finally found by climbing to the top of a maple into which I saw the ♀ fly several times. It could not be seen from the ground. It held only one egg which we left.

Upon first landing and before finding this nest we saw a ♀ Bobolink alight on a tall weed and after looking about a moment pitch down into the dense grass of a mowing field. D. ran to the spot & flushed her under his feet and I, following him more slowly, found the nest which contained a full set of six eggs.

We next landed at the rock where I shot the Pictorialist in 1886 and searched the neighboring thickets for nests finding only a Cat-birds with 4 fresh eggs, a Chestnut Breasted and Yellow-billed Cuckoo singing besides numerous Yellow Warblers. D. killed a black snake which we cut open finding in his stomach a young Song Sparrow, feathered & but barely large enough to fly.

Our next landing was opposite "Hunts pond". We first beat the meadows down river seeing several Bobolinks but finding no nests. Returning I flushed

a ♀ from her nest which was within 30 yds. of the boat & less than ten yards of the spot where I found a nest with young last year. Doubtless it was the same bird. This nest was in a very open situation & was in no way concealed. It held five eggs.

After this we beat the high bank ridge up to the oak island without finding a nest but on the return I stumbled on two on the inner side of the ridge, one a little way out in the meadow (but still on dry ground) among short fine grass, the other on the edge of the ridge among royal ferns. The ♀ of the latter was within two feet of me.

All the time we were on this meadow a Bittern was pumping at frequent intervals. We saw few burrows or drifts. There were several pairs of Orioles & we found two nests in the river maples. Yellow Warblers more numerous than last year. A single Spotted Sandpiper, several Flickers.

At the house Vireo flavifrons (no V. gilvus heard there) Empidonax minimus, Hyammus carolinensis, Lialia lialis, Mniotilta migratoria and Melospiza melodia. ~~The~~ Phoebe and Cat-birds apparently missing. Upon looking at the apple tree where the Red-start's nest was last season I was surprised to see a new nest in the same fork of the same branch. I was still more surprised on starting the bird off to find that it was not a Redstart but, on the contrary, a Least Flycatcher. The nest looked rather weather worn & was perhaps the old Redstart's nest made over.

Red wings rather scarce than last year along the river. Houstonia and white violets in perfect masses in places on the meadow.

1888

Belmont, Massachusetts.

June 9

Clear and hot; wind S. W.

To Prospect St.

At 11.30 A. M. started by buggy for Prospect St. with Denton our chief object being to search for nests of the Prairie Warbler. At the foot of Bassal Lane heard a Red-eye, a Least Flycatcher & a Yellow Warbler singing in the oak woods, a Maryland Yellow-Throat & several Swamp Sparrows in the swamps. From Fresh Pond to Belmont heard several Pine Gophers, two V. flavifrons, several Hooded Mewers & a Redstart. Brown Swallows entering the barn at the cross roads just beyond Black's. The neighboring sand bar a pepper box of sand swallows' holes but none of the birds about. No Bobolinks or Meadow Larks on the Belmont meadows.

Reaching the crest of the hill we tied the horse at the big apple tree in Prospect St. A Minutella, a Nashville Warbler & a Cuckoo singing. Soon heard two Prairie Warblers & began to search for their nests. I soon found one in a barberry just over the wall on the south side of the road. It was a beauty but empty. D. found what was apparently the beginning of one on the north side and within ten yards a last year's nest, both in barberries. I shot a young Brown Thrasher here.

We lunched at the cold spring and then entered the cedar woods. Several D. virens & an Indigo Bird singing. Also a Pine Warbler whose mate, by great good luck, I almost immediately saw fly to the nest on which she was busily at work (at about 2 P. M.). It was in the very top of a tall, slender pitch pine very near the spot where I found a nest with young some ten or twelve years ago. Perhaps it was by the same birds. The ♀ of this nest was apparently as bright yellow beneath as the average ♀. I followed

Nest of
Red Pine

led out into a field where she descended to the ground in search of building material. While watching her heard a House Wren singing in a neighboring orchard.

Returning to the buggy drove on nearly through the street and tied again near the lone pine. Two Prairie Warblers singing here, one in the spring glen to the south. Searched for their nests in vain for nearly two hours and finally after losing all hope and when on our way back to the buggy I found one in a low barberry clump just north of the lane opposite the pine. The ♀ was sitting on a fine set of five nearly fresh eggs.

Within 20 ft. of the buggy I found a nest of Dend. pennsylvanica with two eggs. It was in a Poplar sapling but in a clump of hazzel.

Drove home by way of the mill-pond road and Navaley. On the hillside below the engine house heard a Meadow Lark whistling. One was seen there last year. Warbling Vireos and Orioles ~~heard~~ rather frequent as far down as Mr. Gibson. Denton heard a Bobolink near Brown's at the mill-pond.

Winchendon, Massachusetts.

1888

June 11

Clear & cool with strong N. W. wind

Both H. M. Spelman took the 3.05 P.M. train for Winchendon. At Concord we were joined by J. W. Deverton who had gone up by an earlier train to get some nests which I found them on the 8th.

Reaching Winchendon and taking tea at the hotel we hired a double-seated wagon and started for Bailey's. Martins & Night-hawks were hawking about over the town as we left it. Reaching the woods we found them silent & apparently deserted. In fact during the entire distance we heard nothing but a Robin & Song Sparrow or two. The trouble probably was that the evening was too cold for most of the smaller birds.

A mile or so below Bailey's we met him on the road & taking him in proceeded to his house. He has done little collecting this year but showed us a *Myiarchus* in the flesh, shot this evening.

After arranging to go out to his place to-morrow we returned to town. A Whippoorwill singing near the roadside. No Hermit Thrushes, Mosquitoes numerous. *Asalea nudiflora* coming into bloom & very conspicuous & beautiful.

James D.

June 13 In the afternoon started out again this time to the
eastward of the house. We walked the Gravelly path
the Kinglets were found here but the fact of it
has been since stripped of the trees and the
few birds there. In the opposite western bank of
the meadow however we found a nest of Spizella
with eggs a pair of Am. Red-bellied with eggs both per-
ched in ambrosia. Ch. Blackburn, Wood
Peewee, L. white, House S. Wren, Redpoll
Empidonax and a few Myiarchus were seen here as
usual in the woods.

Early this morning about daylight we were all
awakened by a Whippoorwill which sang three or four
times on the summit directly below the window.
It did not sing for a long while. Bailey
says that this bird regularly sings in this locality
every morning excepting when the weather is cold
or stormy. He has often watched him and seen
him about a foot after passing months without, after
catching his prey, to warm his body with
it interrupted frequently in this way.

June 14

Rained hard most of the day. Late in the afternoon I
took a walk down the lane that passes the house.
A pair of Kinglets in the Spruce Swamp by the brook.
A Swamp Sparrow singing in the meadow. Mosquitoes
very numerous and furious.

Winchendon, Massachusetts.

1888

June 15

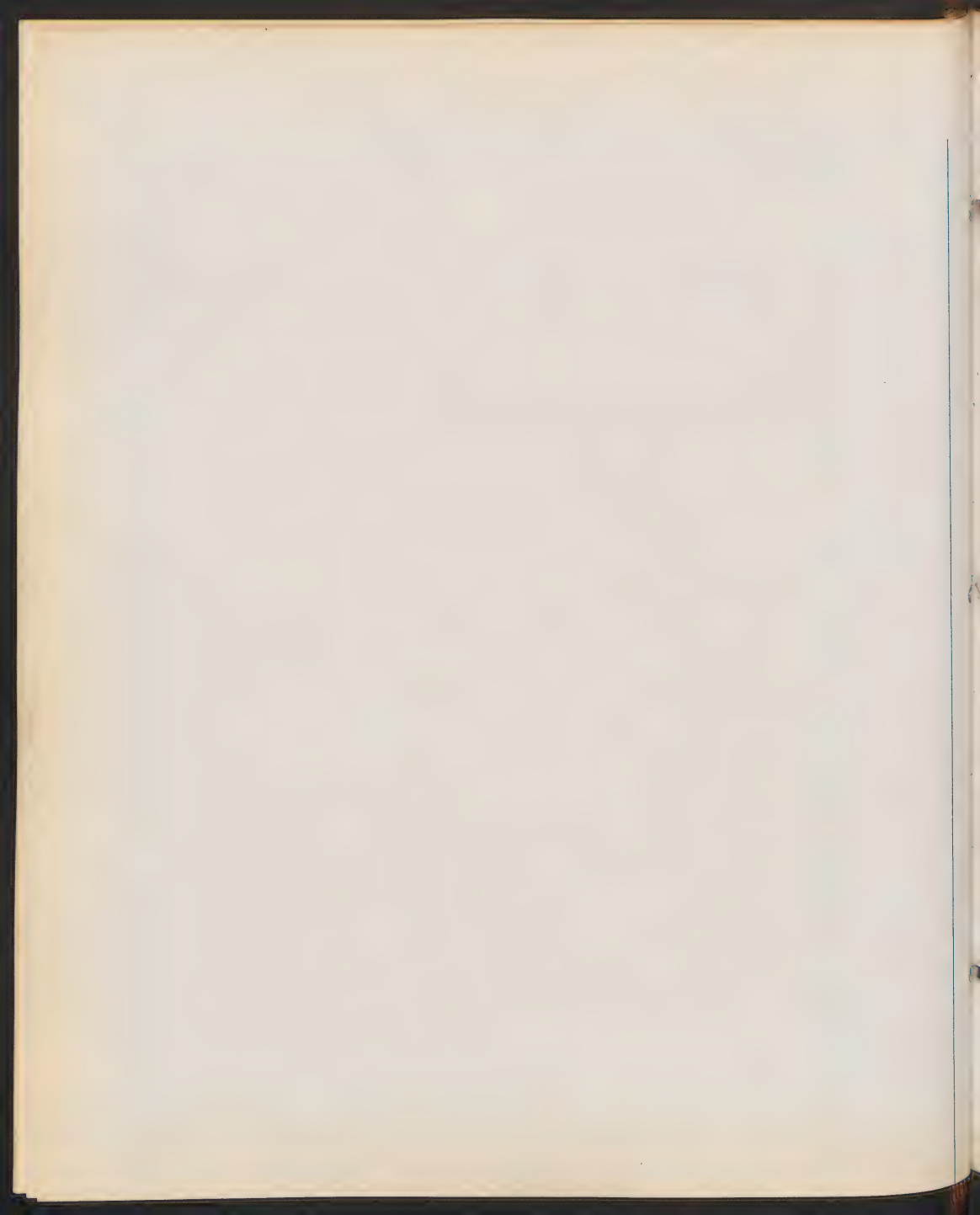
Morning clear and warm, afternoon cloudy with heavy thunder shower about 5 o'clock and a refreshing sunset later.

Off at 9 a.m. following the lane through the swamp and spending most of the forenoon in the wood-path beyond. The day was still and birds sang very freely. The woods were everywhere alive with them D. virens, D. blackburniae, and Turdus pallasi being especially numerous. Of D. blackburniae we must have heard at least 20 males in our piece of spruce woods - that along the wood-path. At the entrance to this path a D. maculosa was singing and Deaton quickly found its nest in a spruce sapling near the path. The ♀ was sitting on four eggs.

Among the taller spruces we searched long for a nest of D. blackburniae but in vain. Bailey, however, found the nest of what must be D. virens in a hemlock, not over 12 ft up and built directly against the trunk, resting on small lateral twigs. It was evidently just begun - the merest framework of slender twigs & fibres outlining its intended shape. He said the bird got to it twice but could not make her out satisfactorily.

I noticed to-day that Warblers of several species, especially D. virens, D. blackburniae & Parula had their favorite singing stations; that is each ♂ did. A Parula was singing in a certain hemlock all the forenoon.

Bailey & Deaton went out again in the afternoon but I felt too ill to accompany them. They got in just before the shower having found nothing. In the evening I shot a Night-hawk that was passing by the house.



Witchendon, Massachusetts.

1888

June 16

Clear and cooler with high N. W. wind.

Started rather early and made a long day in the woods not getting in until sunset. Went through the lane, then north along the road with which it connects, then into a spruce swamp and home across country through an almost unbroken & for the most part very dense woods.

In the spruce swamp heard Black-burnians & a Kinglet but after spending a least two hours searching we had to leave the place without having found a nest of any kind. In some tall paper birches saw a pair of Hairy Woodpeckers which, as we approached, set up a great clamor. After searching for their nest I finally saw one of them feed a young bird which was perched on one of the upper branches of the tree. I heard other young calling but could not find them. The mosquitoes were very troublesome in this place & we had to build smudges whenever we halted for any length of time.

Penetrating through a grove of young white pines & crossing a pasture we entered a dense spruce woods where the trees stood so thickly as to shut out nearly every ray of sunlight. The ground beneath was smooth & carpeted with brown needles. Here we hunted and looked carefully for nests. Hearing a Kinglet sing we went in pursuit & found a pair the ♀ of which was collecting material for her nest. In a very few minutes we traced her to it. It was some 40 ft. up in a large, dense spruce near the extremity of a branch under which it hung not unlike a Kios's nest. Bailey climbed to it & found it nearly finished. Both birds darted into & out of it as soon as he descended. In these same woods

Nest of
Regulus satrapa

we found the nest of a flying squirrel. The ♀ came running out when Bailey shook the branches and sailing down struck at the foot of a spruce running quickly up, keeping on the further side but peeping around the trunk at us every time she stopped. Her nest was a round ball of strips of fine, inner bark, about as large as one's head. It was built on a horizontal branch of a spruce 20 ft. up & 8 ft. out. It was empty so I shot the owner for a specimen.

Flying Squirrel

After another straight-away tramp over a stiff ridge and across a swamp through which flowed a large brook we came to the base of a steep and very picturesque hill heavily timbered with old growth hemlocks & spruces. Along its base were several huge moss grown boulders & some fine ledges covered with rock ferns. The trees were fairly alive with birds among which I quickly distinguished by their songs Vireo solitarius, Dendroica coronata, D. virens, D. blackburni, Parula amer., Regulus satrapa, Hel. rubicapilla, Turus hyemalis, and Carpodacus purpureus. Hermit Thrushes and Robins were also numerous here. In the swamp below a Tanager and Canada Warbler were singing.

In Kinglets were a pair the ♂ singing in an understory, the ♀ gathering material for her nest. We watched them for nearly an hour but could not discover the nest although the ♀ must have gone to it several times. She was very quick in her movements and it was difficult to keep sight of her without following her too closely. I saw her go twice into a spruce & thought she had the nest there but we climbed the tree & examined every branch without discovering anything. If the nest really is in this spruce the ♀ goes only to the upper tier (a hemlock) for her material.

Richmond, Massachusetts.

1888

June 17

Clear and hot with light S.W. wind, a perfect June day.

Rising early we got off about 7 a.m. while the grass was still drenched with dew, the thickets cool with the damp night air, the birds in full song. It was a wonderfully beautiful morning, the sky without a cloud, the air clear and with almost no haze on the distant mountains.

Crossing the "mowing" we made directly for the hemlock-shed hillside where we finished yesterday. On its steep slopes we quickly found all the birds left there last evening (except the juncos), and in addition a D. virens singing in white pines thickly sprinkled with young spruces. We searched for the nest but could not find it and then went directly to the spot where we left the Kinglets last evening. They were both in the same hemlock but the ♀ was not building. We had not watched them over two minutes however when the ♂ flew into the spruce that D. climbed yesterday and hopping nimbly out along a branch went directly to the nest which was suspended under a dense cluster of terminal twigs. It was lined and covered beautifully with feathers.

Our next find was the nest of a D. virens containing four young. It was placed low down (about 15 ft.) directly against the trunk of a hemlock (of about 6 inches diameter at this point) supported on a few dead twigs & in no way concealed save by its general resemblance in color to the bark & twigs. The young were only just hatched. The ♀ was feeding them & betrayed the nest by flying to it as we were watching her. In a similar manner & not 30 yds. away we found the nest of a solitary bird with four newly hatched young. It was at the extremity of a long, slender, hemlock branch at least 10 ft. from

Nest of
D. virens

Nest of
Vireo

(June 17) the ground. The ♂ was in full song about 50 yds. away. Another ♂ was singing about 100 yds. off both yesterday & this morning. I found a newly finished by empty bird's nest which may belong to this bird. It was about 7 ft. up at the extremity of a hemlock branch. In this connection I should also say that we visited, early this morning the nest of D. solitarius found June 12. It held two eggs. ♀ not seen to-day; ♂ singing about 30 yds. away.

At about 11 a.m. we decided to leave these woods & go to those visited on the 15th. Striking across the swamp we climbed a hillside beyond and traversed for a quarter-of-a-mile or more a comparatively level, dry plateau covered with dense woods of young white pines interspersed with occasional spruces. Throughout these woods D. virens was everywhere so abundant that two or three ♂♂ were constantly in hearing. We noted also one D. coronata & one D. blackburnii. The former I followed for a long distance. It roved straight on through the trees singing once or twice in each & taking flights of 50 to 100 yds. At length I got a fair shot but missed.

Reaching our destination we first visited the nest found by Bailey on the 15th. It was apparently finished - a remarkably rapid piece of work. There were no birds near it but I am very sure it is the nest of D. virens. The Kinglets were soon discovered by the song of the ♂. The ♀ was with him & was building but I failed to discover the nest although I think I located the tree.

In a cluster of hemlocks on the south side of the path a D. caeruleus was in full song. I shot him & then looked for the nest but failed to find it. There was absolutely no grass near the spot only small hemlock shrubs & thickets of raspberry. We reached the house about 4 P.M. & moved our things to Winchendon in the evening hearing 3 Bluffswallows on the way.

1888

June 18

Clear and very hot.

At 9 A.M. took a horse & buggy & drove to Wellington's Reservoir distant five miles from town to the N. As we passed through the main street of Winchendon heard an Oriole (O. baltimore), a Warbling Vireo, several Least Flycatchers, and numerous Robins. Just side the town the road led through a comparatively level country with pastures alternating with woodland, the latter largely of deciduous trees with occasional groves of pines & now & then a dense body of black spruces & hemlocks. At length we reached the Reservoir a long narrow winding sheet of water evidently formed by damming a river. Near the outlet it was shallow & sprinkled with floating islands & bristling stumps & stubs, further up broader & clear water, perhaps here originally, as now, a pond. A farmer told us that Loons bred there every season. He thought there were at least four pairs this year. He hears them "squaling" every night. They fly back & forth from 1 to neighboring ponds. He also sees flocks of Ducks through the summer. Thinks most of them are "Dipper ducks". They are small & dark colored. He saw a few Mallards on the pond & I took them to be Green Mallards but they were too far off to be surely determined.

During our drive out & back I heard only one D. blackburnianus & one solitary Vireo. I searched for the nest of the latter & quickly found it, 6 ft. up in a hemlock, not quite finished. Indigo Birds were apparently numerous we saw them ♂ & ♀. Heard a Cat-bird & numerous D. pennsylvanicus. A fine cock Grouse sitting on a log by the roadside allowed us to drive past without flying. When we stopped he shook his ruff a few times &

(June 18) Then flew going off rather slowly & silently keeping his tail wide spread.

Reaching town at 11 A.M. we took the 11.25 train for Cambridge.

Lake Umbagog, Maine

Sept 1

Reached "Lakeside" last evening at about 6 o'clock. Bethel to
the way from Bethel saw no birds of any Lakeside.
particular interest. The roadsides were bands of Roadside
blue, purple, white and yellow from the golden rods flowers.
and asters ~~from~~ which were in unusual profusion.
I saw also Eupatorium, a few thistles, and a white
flower (in the Notch) new to me. It grew in
clusters at the head of tall stalks and was very
showy & beautiful. In the Notch saw a single
maple wholly crimson but for the most of
the way the woods were wholly green.

Last night was still, dark & misty. Thrushes Heavy mist
were flying in extraordinary numbers all the of Thrushes.
evening. I heard them for nearly two hours (J. fuscus)
as I lay in bed and their calls at times
were almost incessant.

There were J. swainsoni. (I now feel sure they were Veeries)
1907

At daybreak this morning I heard Golden Golden
Plover whistling. They were evidently flying Plover.
about and they must have passed near
the house several times.

Spent the day about the house repairing
my canoe etc. Saw many birds from the
marsh, an Eagle & an Osprey fishing off the
landing, a pair of very large Ducks with Two strange
apparently creamy white crowns & backs flying birds
about the river's mouth & finally alighting
well out from shore & swimming about for some
time. They looked very like Sidlers.

Of small birds noted Crossbills (Red), Pair Small
Sparrows & many common species. A Vireo olivaceus bird.

(Sept 1) very at intervals near the house. On the lake
large flocks were jumping incessantly. We
Pickard could hear them splash in the water half
a mile or more away. I noticed many Phalaropes
Phalaropes floating dead or dying on the surface.

Sept 2 Clear and warm. Wind S.W.
To the lake. saw nothing
Cambridge most of the day. Saw at least 1000 of them
River or 1000 tracks in By son's pond. They were
marsh whistling but not seen. (12.00) many
flapping slowly against the sunset sky. Water
very high & most of the meadows flooded.
at the Lake House learned that Mr. Betton
killed seven Woodcock in the marsh near
yesterday.

Sept 3 Clear and warm. Wind S.W.

Not feeling well I spent most of the day
in the house. Later in the afternoon beat
the Woodcock covers within walking distance to
the eastward. No birds or even old signs. A
few Ducks and geese were seen. I
went to the woods but no snipe or gulls
seen. The berries are still perfectly green & very
rank this year, in places as tall as my
head.

Like Umbagog, Maine

1888

Sept. 4

Clear and warm with high S. wind.

To Highton Hill

At Highton Hill I started off in a fine boat for Highton Hill. The day was clear and bright, but the sun could be seen only through it and before I reached the post office it came out clear and warm. In the deep hollow I passed a mixed flock of Warblers & Titmice among them were some Kinglets (*R. satrapa*) one of which sang several times. Along the fences were a few Sparrows. The asters are superb this season. The road was lined with dense beds of them and about them showy white and purple clusters of *Delphinium* of several species, *Geranium* & *Campanula*.

Reaching Frots I tied the horse there & ascended to the run behind Morse's. As I reached Alder the alders I heard the pip of a Traill's Flycatcher. After following him about for some time I discovered a brood of young barely able to fly and shot one of them as well as the ♀ parent. I also shot an *S. minimus*. There were a large mixed flock of Warblers in the alders & with them a brood of Indigo Birds.

Least

Flycatcher

In the alders on the hillside above Don found & pointed two Woodcocks. The first rose strong & whistled, the second fluttered out feebly like a young Grouse. I fired at both but missed having my poor chances both times.

Woodcock

Shooting

Crossing the road I mist beat the pasture north of Frots flushing three Woodcocks, which I killed two. Don worked finely & got steady points on all three birds. Two were

among alders in the wet run, the third among
brakes & spruces on a dry knoll.

Hawks

On the drive home saw three Hawks, a Cooper's,
a Sharp-shin & a Broad-wing. The latter, a
young bird in golden brown plumage, sat on
a stake by the roadside & when I was within
40 yds. or so flapped up into a spruce allowing
me to pass without flying again.

Sail on
Lake

In the afternoon had a pleasure boat going
nearly to the Lake House one way and to
the head of Sargent's cove the other. No.
The result of the view saw a diving bird
probably a Dabchick, in Sargent's cove -

Whistler

young Whistler with unfledged wings. The latter
was over taken at first allowing me to sail
within 30 yds. I shot at & probably missed
him for he dove & doubled on me. After
reappearing he uttered a curious feeble, strident
call as he swam away from me. I chased
him for some time but he had learned
wisdom and chided me by the most
absent diving.

The air this afternoon was singularly soft
and fragrant with a quality that reminded
me of the southern breeze. The woods are
now nearly as green & luxuriant as in midsummer.

1. in Woods, 17, Maine

1888

Sept 5

Clear & cool with a high N. W. wind,

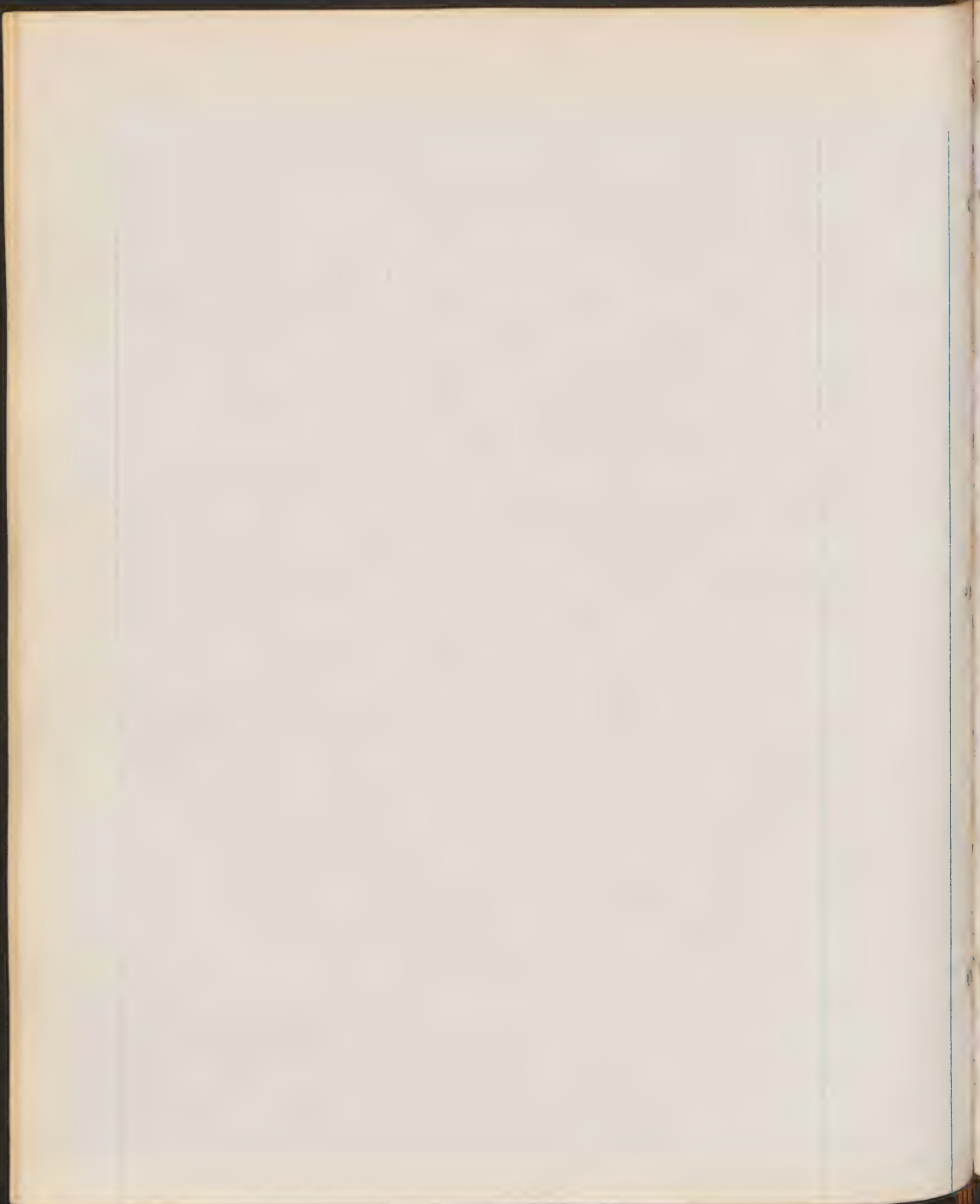
Just the way we were feeling. The cool breeze was the perfect thing. At his very first cast Don ran in on a Woodcock which went off unseen by me but whistling shrilly. I searched long & vainly for him. North of the road we found only one more bird which Don pointed twice & which I got at the second run by a very hard snap shot. I think I hit him the first run but not at all hard.

On the edge of the hillside spruces south of the road Don found & pointed another Cuck which I walked up going in ahead of the dog. This bird was mouthing badly & did not whistle but he went off like a bullet, nevertheless, until my charge stopped him just as he was disappearing. In these places Don also roamed an old cock House which finally Don wild & got off unshot at.

I saw few birds this morning, a Thrush or two flying up ahead of the dog, several Robins in a pasture, a Red-tailed Hawk sitting on a stub & a few Mockers, Kinglets etc.

In the afternoon had a long sail on the Lake. Saw no birds of any interest.

Woodcock
shooting on
Sargent
opening.



Lake Umbagog, Maine

1881

Sept 6

Clear & cool with high N. wind. Water from last night.

Spent the entire day hunting Woodcock with Mr. Bouvier. In the morning drove to the Peck White farm and after spending fully half the day away without a single bird. We started only one Woodcock, in rather sunny spruces. We each shot over at him.

Woodcock,
shooting with
Mr. Bouvier

On the way back we tried the Sargent farm cover and L. shot the Woodcock I left there yesterday. Don made a very fine point on this bird.

In the afternoon we beat the alders behind Morse's on Upton hill. Found only one Woodcock which Don pointed three times. L. shot twice at this bird but missed both times.

In the alders I saw two Black-billed Cuckoos ~~one~~ ^{one} on the White farm the other on Upton hill. One was silent, the other attracted my attention by a low guttural woo-oo which he uttered many times in succession. ^{Other} small birds I saw a few Thrushes and two Flickers.

Cuckoos

Lake Umbagog, Maine

1888

Clear & warm. Wind S. a perfect day.

Sept 7

Took the steamer at 7.30 a.m. and left her off Sturdevant Cove where I embarked in my canoe. The early morning was very foggy but before we reached the outlet the mists were dissolved by the sun and the rest of the day was cloudless with an unusually clear, sparkling atmosphere. There was no wind until nearly noon and when I started to paddle inshore to Crocker's camp I found the sun very hot and the light from the cabin poked in face & the lake most dazzling. In the way in I saw three *Phalaropus* which I took to be *P. hyperboreus* skimming about, occasionally alighting.

Trip to
head of
Lake

Phalaropus

I spent about two hours at the camp. Then with Crocker & the rest of his party, paddled over to the opposite sand beach to inspect some tracks which proved to be unlike any I have ever seen before. They most resembled Caribou's but the hoofs were unusually narrow & sharp for that animal. I should have taken them for the tracks of a cow moose were it not for the fact that the dew claws showed their impressions at every step even when the sand was hard. The hoofs also spread too widely for a Moose's. Of course they must have been made by one or the other of these animals as they certainly were not Deer tracks. In one place the animal had taken several successive leaps of fifteen feet each. Everywhere the

Caribou?
hoofs

the tracks had miniature duplicates evidently made by a very young animal of the same kind. Probably a female Caribou and her calf had passed along the beach the previous night.

Leaving Crocker I crossed to a rocky point and hunched there. After this I put up my sail and beat down the beach tacking each time nearly from shore to shore. The entire afternoon was passed pleasantly in this way for the breeze was strong & steady and it was such a perfect day that I never for a moment tired of the superb sweep of mountains, forest clad shores, and blue waters that surrounded me.

Pintail
Ducks

I saw very few Ducks & no small birds. Off Moll's Rock well out in the lake I suddenly discovered four Ducks swimming about two hundred yards ahead. I had barely time to get my gun ready (for I was sailing very fast) when I was within long range. Up to this time they did not seem to notice me but just as I felt sure of getting a good shot they stretched up their necks & flew, rising very like Black Ducks. I fired one barrel & dropped one at fully 60 yds. It proved to be a ♀ Pintail & the other three were certainly the same. This was the only shot I fired all day.

Young
Loon

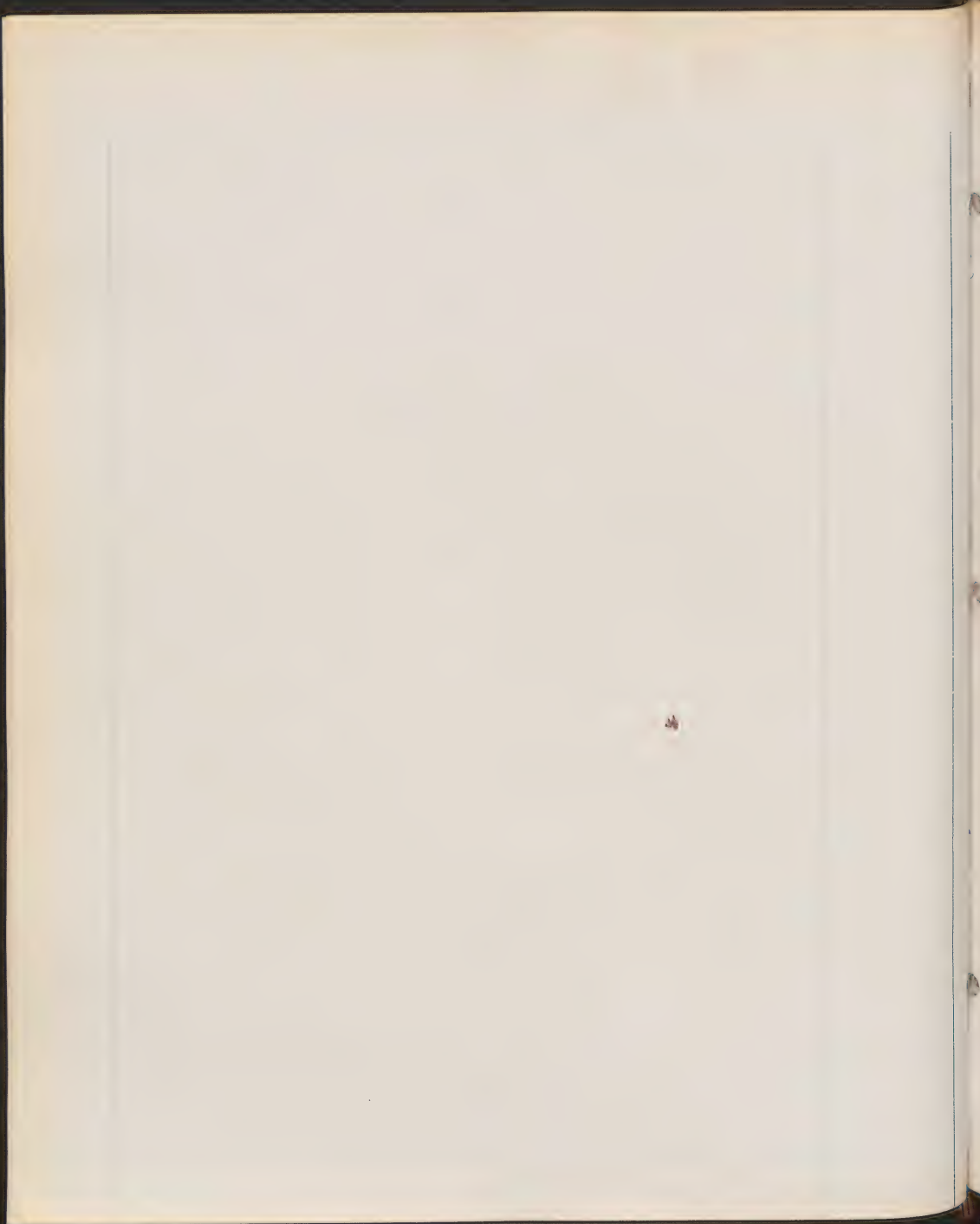
In Black Island Cove I laid down on a swarm of young Sheldrake not larger than Pigeons. I took them at first for Gulls. They swam in a close cluster & finally "raced" off along the surface. Saw several Ospreys, Eagles, & Great Blue Herons. The Steamer picked me up at sunset off Heyward's

1888

Sept 9.

Out sailing on the lake in the late P.M. very calm.
Blue jays flycatching over a grove of aspens. A
Whistler calling cr-r-ruck very like a wood
frog.

Blue jays
flycatching
Whistler
wood frog



1888

Sept 16.

Clear and hot, wind W. strong in P.M. Started
 at 8 A.M. for the Sluice. Spent nearly an hour at
 landing on Cambridge waiting for boat. Heard
 alive with birds a *Picoides*, a *Sphyrapicus* several
Sitta canadensis. Warblers *Turdus swainsoni* Red
 Squirrels. Larks, sq. snickering and chasing one
 another. Finally started. Paddled carefully to Hooks
 Saw no large birds save a pair of *A. herodias*.
 One or two kingfishers. Scattered Warblers and Elmice,
 many Kinglets, two *Parus hudsonicus*. Lunched
 at Hooks. Looked vainly for a Woodcock which
 Sumner started there yesterday. Then on through
 the meadows. Nothing but a few Sparrows rustling
 in grass. Then through open woods to Sluice.
 Nothing but Robins and Thrushes *T. swainsoni*
 feeding on berries of *V. opulus*, and one large
 mixed flock of Warblers among them 2 *H. peregrina*
 2 *H. ruficapilla* and 1 *M. canadensis*. Fished below
 dam at sunset. Took 5 trout, one $\frac{3}{4}$ lb. and lost
 a $1\frac{1}{2}$ lb. fish. At twilight a Woodcock passed the
 boat uttering its whistling whistle. As soon as
 it became dark a heavy flight of *St. alba* and
 Warblers started and continued all night. I
 heard many *T. alba* among the former flight
 still, clear, warm.

Lake Umbagog, Maine

Trip up

Cambridge

River to

Sluice

Woodcock

or Plover

Warblers

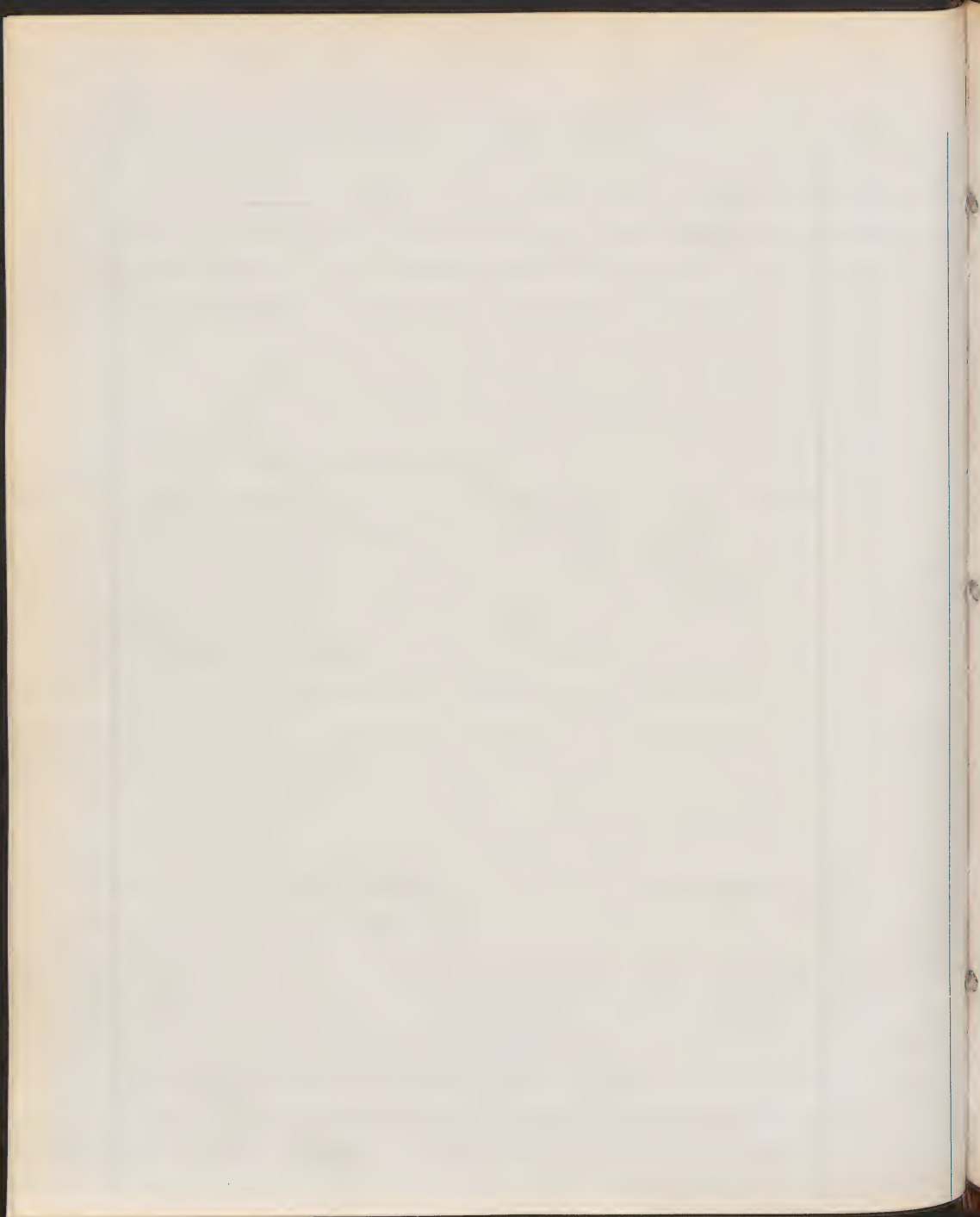
Woodcock

or Sluice

Area of

migration

T. alba



1888

Lake Umbagog, Maine.

Sept. 11. Clear still, very hot. Rose at daylight and took a plunge in the river. Fished till 7 but caught nothing. Then started for C. Pond. At same shot one of a pair of young *A. borealis* that came flying over. Then birds up, came on 7 Sheldrake nearly full grown but pinionless. Shot both barrels and missed. Farther on came up with them again. Shot one at 40 yds. The others scuttled around the pond and disappeared. A mile above I took to the meadow & dragging the boat. "Don" came to point in long grass. Spruce grouse rose all together with a grand rush and roar of wings. I killed with 1st missed with 2nd barrel. Another bird rose and I dropped it. One bird wing broken, got on log and chuckled. In green woods (spruce and fir) I shot three more one on log over point, two in trees. One of latter uttered a warbling whistle. All young well grown. One mangled by wad. Back to camp by noon. On way "Don" started fire of the young Sheldrake from grass and I shot him. He also started a ruck duck which I dropped. One fresh track of bear and one of doe on sand bar. The Sandpiper's either yesterday or today. Heard solitary Sand. at daybreak, also a Whippoorwill. Jim Bernier went to Lakes by land and killed one of Spruce Grouse knocking off his head. Crossed (red) line limits and *Phidippus* noticed. Whippoorwill sang at evening.

The Shrike

P. 2. 1st

Young

Sept. 11. 1888

Spruce Grouse

in long grass

in open

from meadow

Young

Don't know

Tracks of

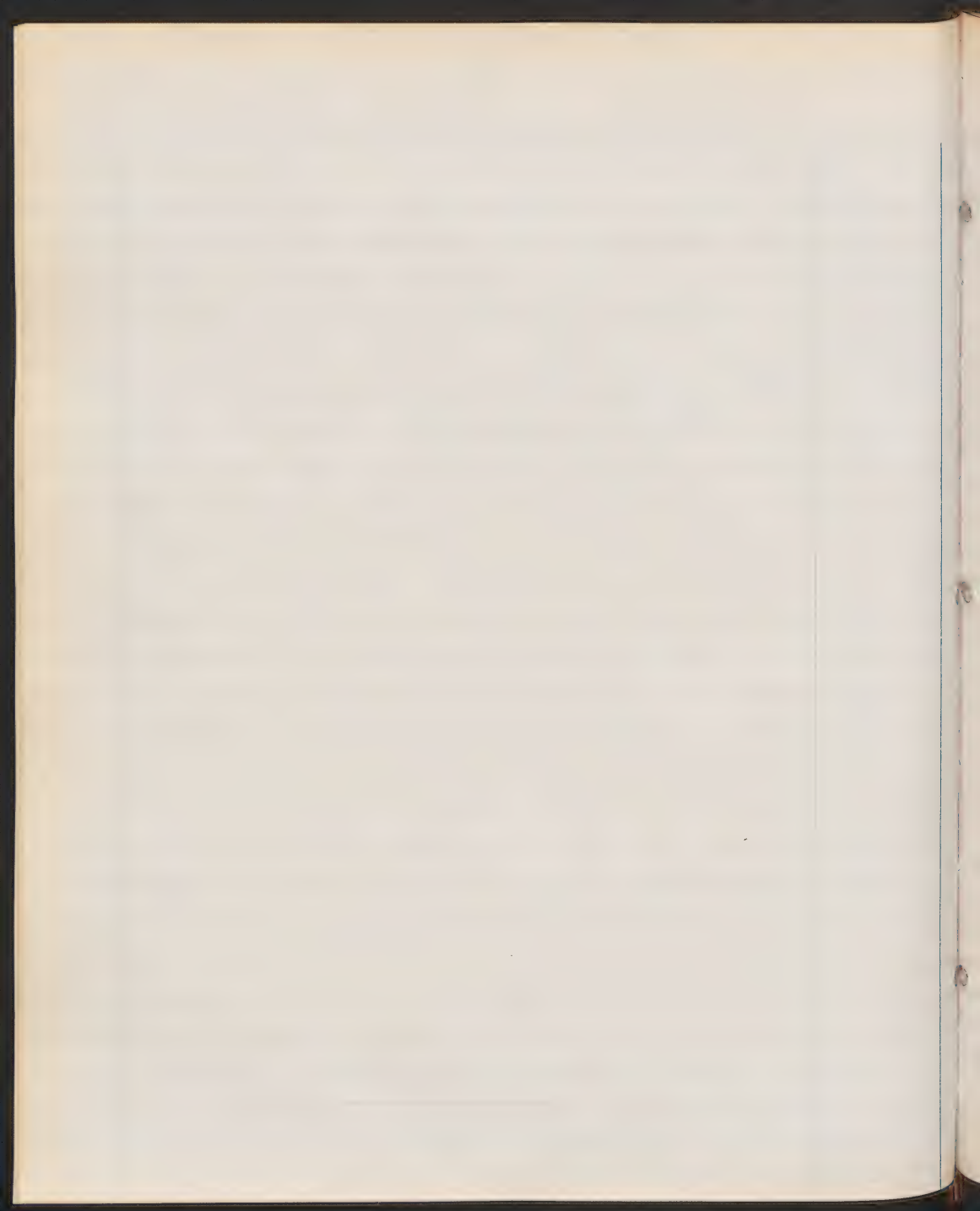
Bear & Deer

Whippoorwill

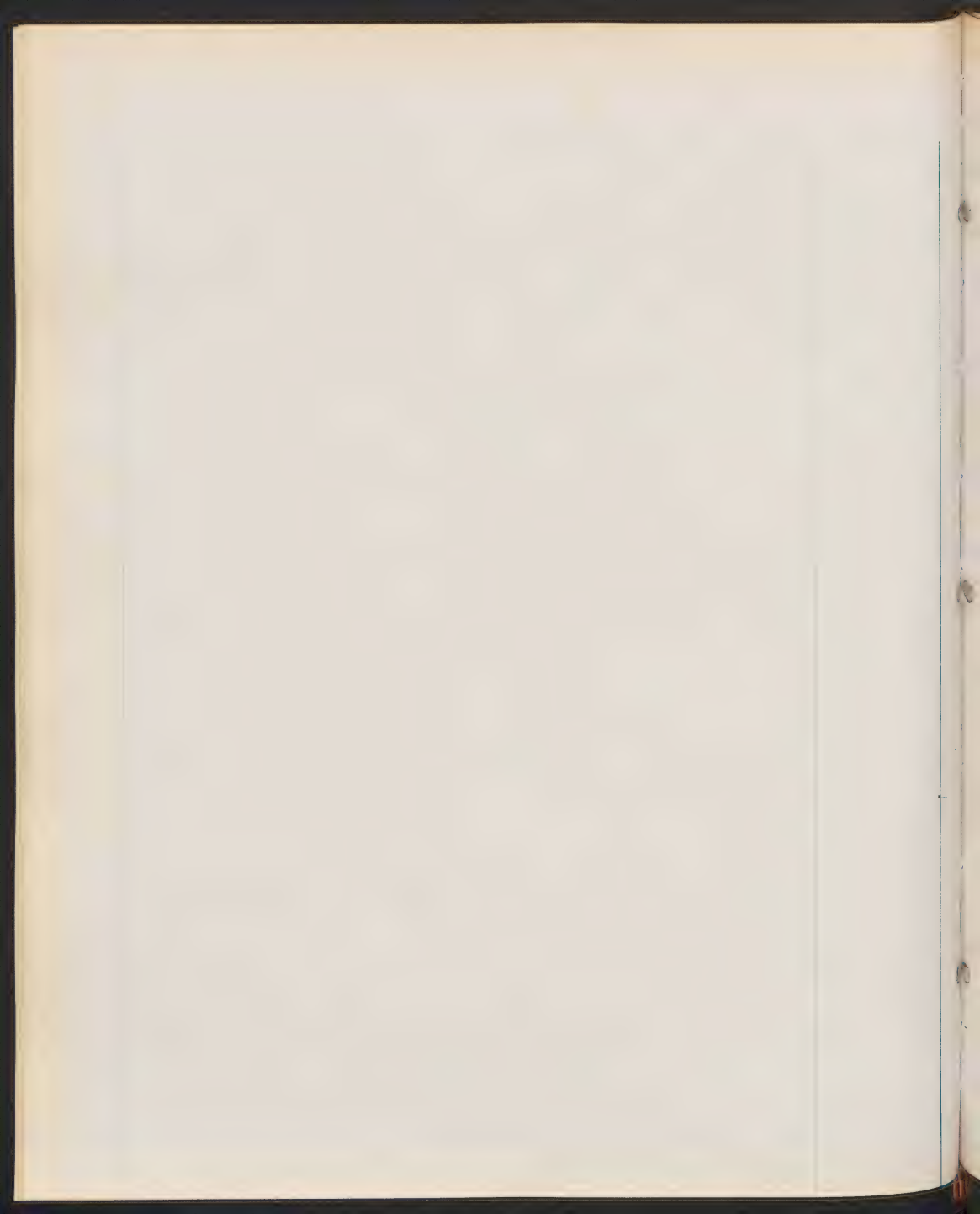
Spruce Grouse

Pine Grouse

Whippoorwill



Sept. 12. Rained heavily all A.M. cleared late in P.M. (at the
 Spent the morning in the tent. A large black Sluicer,
 Hornet with white bands around abdomen, the Sluicer,
 paper nest maker (I think) came into the tent making flies
 about once every 10 minutes caught a house fly,
 bit off his wings and legs rolled his body
 around many times until he had compressed
 it into a small round bundle then flew
 off holding it under his throat. The flies were
 very tried and yet the hornet missed many
 before catching me. Killed the first in the
 early afternoon catching two small ones. (one of them)
 Late in P.M. out for Woodcock in the alders Woodcock
 just south of the sluice, killed one, in the
 brakes just north of camp another. Fired at the
 first bird twice and put it up three times.
 Killed the second at first rise, first barrel. Don
 made firm points on both. Saw a Cat Bird in Cat bird at
 the alders. On the opening a Sparrow Hawk the sluice
 chasing two flickers in play and uttering his Sparrow Hawk
 chattering cry. The ferns are turning brown autumn
 the birches yellow but asters still blue coloring
 masses along the river bank.



1881

Lake Umbagog, Maine.

Sept. 18

Early morning clear, afterwards clouds and light showers. St. C. Pond starting at 7 A.M. Just above the sluice a Hooded M. started from a pocket in the lumps. I shot it and that was the only shot fired before reaching the pond. The water was high and very grassy rapid and easy compared to last year. Saw nothing but common small birds. On reaching the pond discovered two Wood Ducks near the outlet feeding among the lily pads. They finally saw us and flew dropping into a cove. I tried to stalk them there but failed and they flew back towards the outlet. We then landed and lunched in a wood path. A flock of four or five Sarus hudsonicus with a Cottus about us. After lunch paddled around the pond. Saw a Silvery honeycreeper and a small flock of Warblers. Returning to outlet spied three Wood Ducks, all old. Paddled up to them under cover of tall bullrushes. I shot one in water and missed another as it rose. The third did not fly at all but swam up to the dead bird and itself fell a victim to its prey. The two young birds rose at the shot from somewhere behind and flew down river. We started them once on our return. About a mile above Sluice flushed a Black Duck which I fired a snap shot at just as it was going around a bend. A lot of feathers came back but the Duck although barely able to fly kept on up the river until lost to sight.

Hooded M.

a pair

Wood Duck

Honeycreeper

Wood Ducks

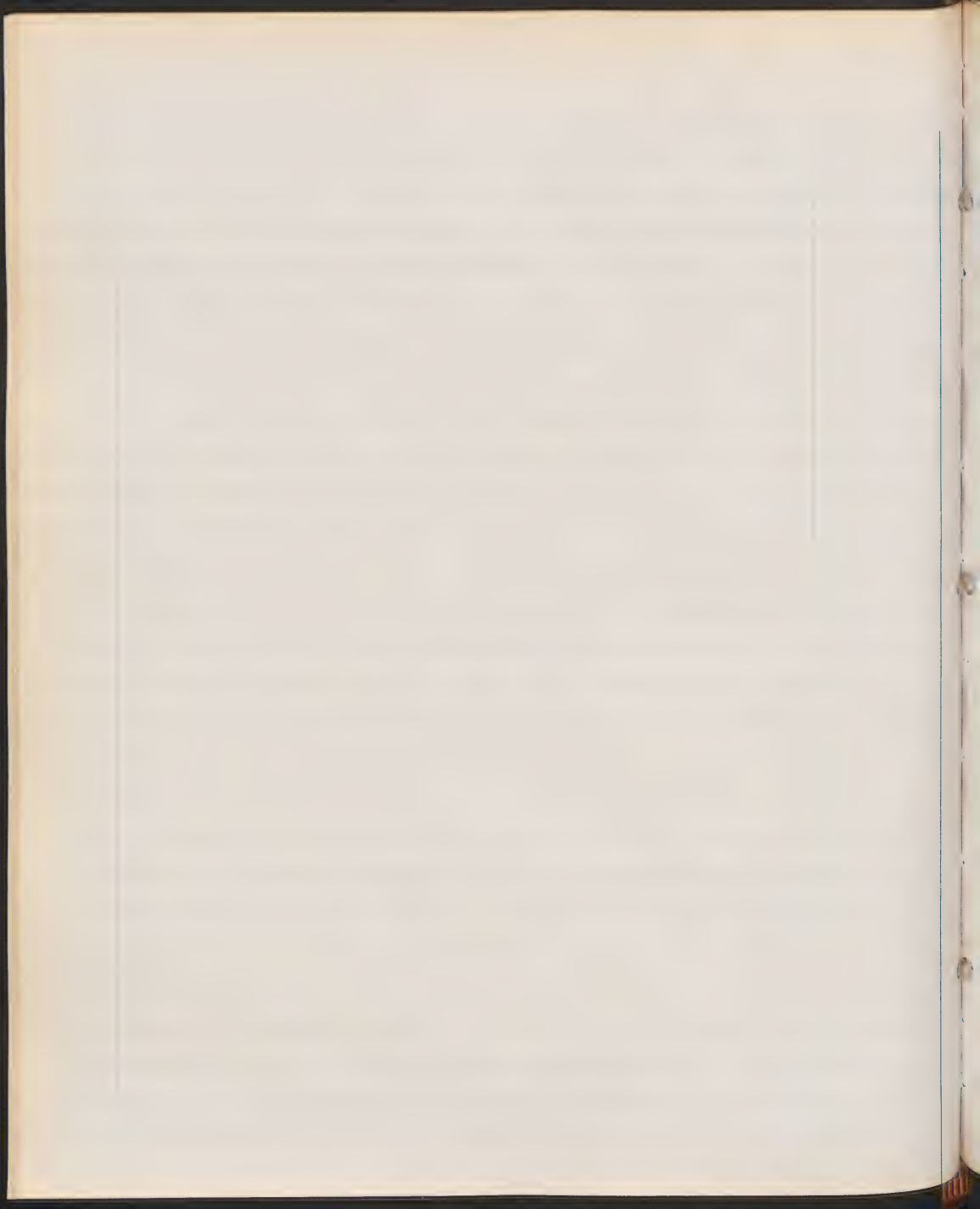
Hudsonian

Sarus.

Three Mall.

Wood Ducks

together.

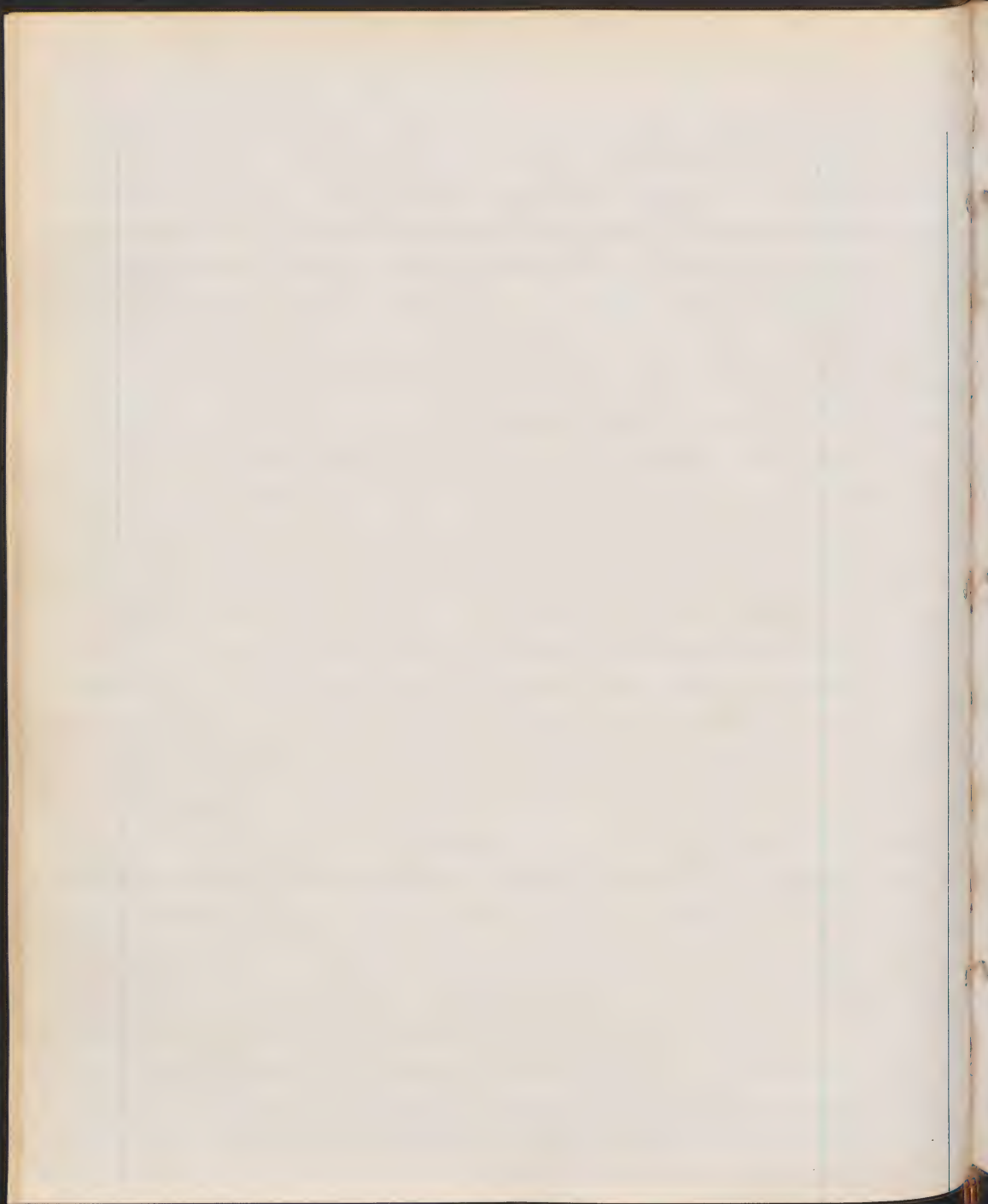


Sept. 14. Cloudy all day clearing a' sunset; w. S.W. The Steer
 very strong. Early in the morning the party
 saw six Black Ducks pass the camp flying. Black Ducks.
 up river and lowering so decidedly above
 the Steer that we felt sure of finding them
 within a mile or so. After breakfast Sumner
 paddled me up at least two miles but we
 saw nothing. Landed in a bank and hunted
 some spruce knotted fir thicket. Don pointed a
 single bird which flew from a tree over my
 head. I fired a Snap-shot and missed. Follow-
 ing it Don again made a steady point
 among some young larches I saw a Grouse in
 one of them and shot its head off. About a
 dozen others rose at the report. Three alighting
 all of which I shot almost without aiming.
 Bear signs amazingly numerous among the
 blueberry patches. In a small thicket of
 spruce and larch we found 35 of their piles
 of dung within a radius of ten yards.
 Sumner says they always have special
 places to which they resort for this purpose.
 From the different sizes of the rolls of dung
 it was evident that several bears at least
 had made them. Returned to camp to
 dinner. Late in P.M. I saw 3 Black Ducks Black Ducks
 go up river and apparently lower them
 flight to alight. We again paddled up after
 them but found nothing. Saw a Reddy Black
 bird.

Partridge

Shooting

Bear signs



1883

Lake Umbagog, Maine

Sept. 18 Cloudless and at sunrise we found a calm night. Middle of day hot but tempered with E. wind. A brilliant perfect day. At daybreak a Whippoorwill sang alone uttering his note 5 times. A Blue Jay mimicking Butler's *perisaphaneus* exactly as it was making my bed in the river. Broke camp after breakfast and started down river. Never have I seen this or any other stream more beautiful. The air was still and sparkling. Low forest still lay in sheltered places, the sunlight played and gleamed through the alders and bathed the broad pools with strong light. Many small birds among the alders and in the spruces, Nuthatches, Titmice, and various Warblers. Heard a pair of Canada Jays and saw one of them. Saw two large turtles, also two mice, one of which a *Zapus hudsonicus* ran nimbly across the river skipping over the surface as if on land although the water was deep and clear. On R. meadows shot a Bittern which rose as we turned a bend in the stream. Lunched at Mr. Yorks. Thence up Swift Cambridge to Teaslee farm, walking most of way. Saw nothing of interest. Down river late in P.M. A pair of Wood Ducks passed us wide young up stream as we neared the falls. Let down we flushed a Blue winged Teal and shot it. Baker found three above the Great Logan earlier in the day and shot two of them. As I paddled across to Lakeside in the evening heard a Bute calling.

The "Stirrer"

Whippoorwill

Blue Jay

Nuthatch

Titmouse

Canada Jay

Hungerford

mouse

Bittern

Wood Ducks

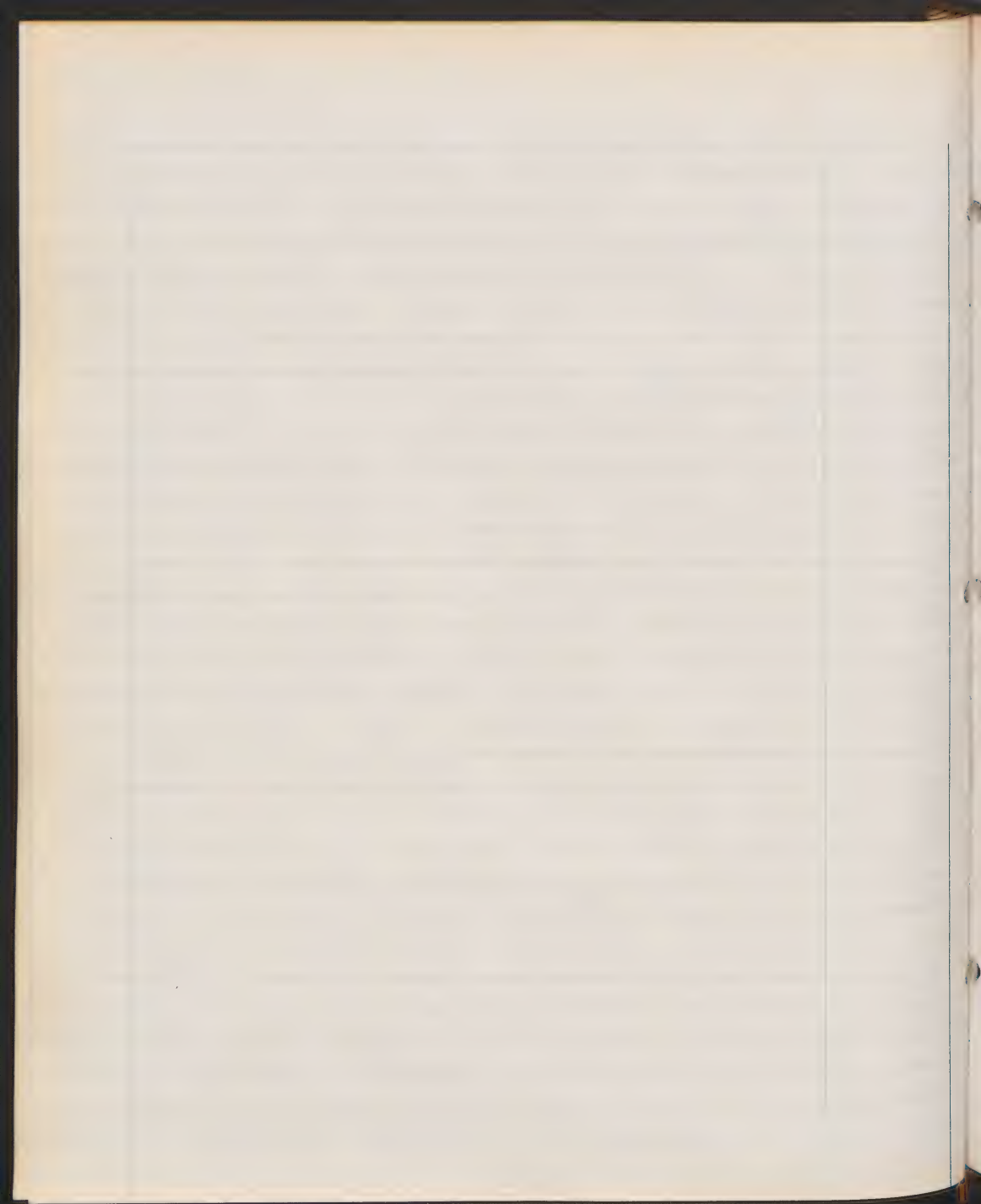
Blue wing

Teal

wooded reach of Cambridge River

Bute

calling



1888

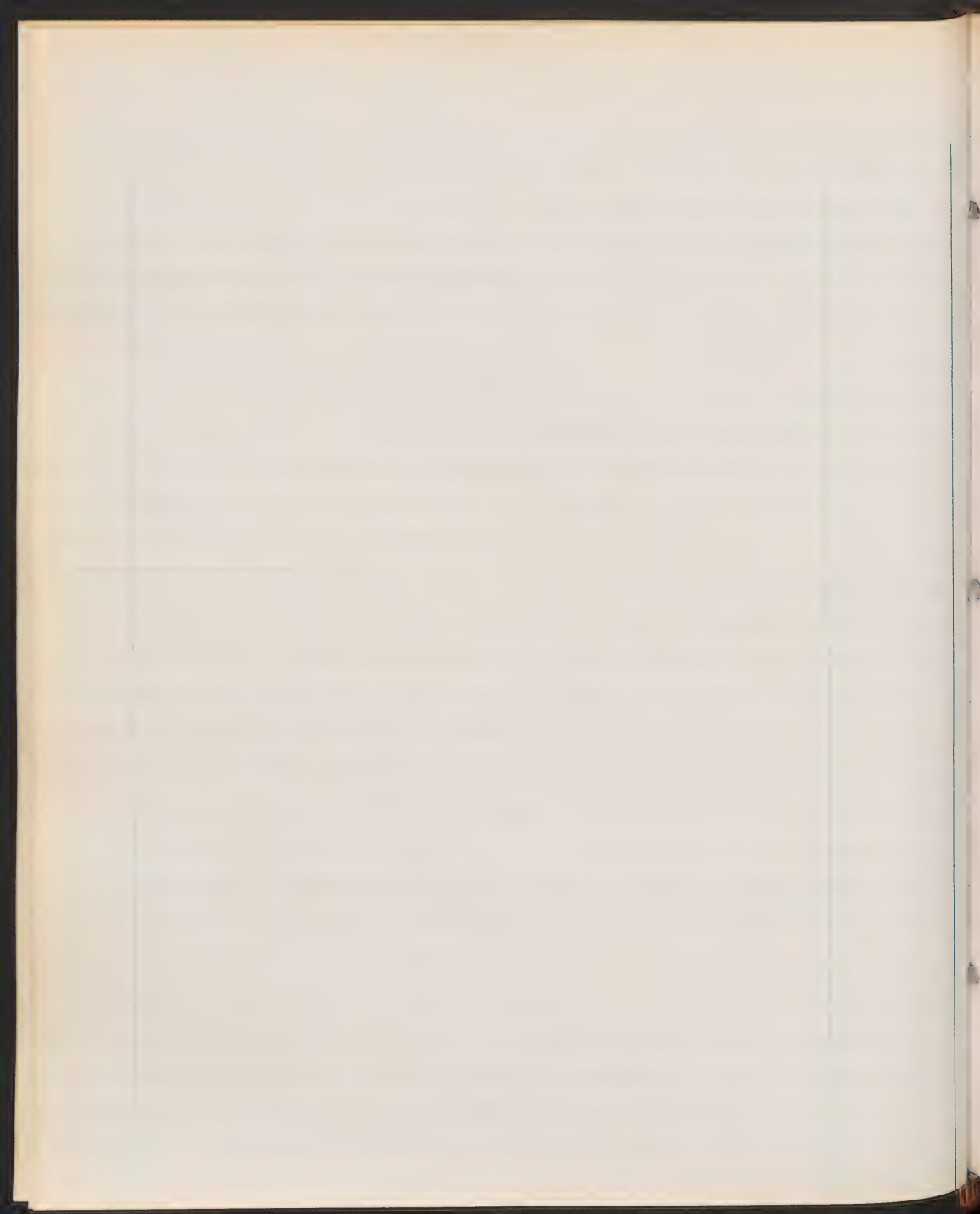
Lake Umbagog, Maine.

Sept. 17. A.M. cloudy; soon clear and intensely hot. Head of Lake
 Late P.M. Cloudy with strong S.E. wind. Left
 Lakeside at 10 A.M. Jan going on ahead
 to pitch camp at Moll's Rock. Simon first
 paddled me up the Cambridge Co. River's D. palmarum
 point I shot three D. palmarum they were
 among scrubby growth and alone. Jan
 Higersons point found about 18 Sheldrake
 Simon started them while I lay in wait
 near the outlet. They passed wild but I
 knocked down but one wounded which
 went ashore and hid in the grass
 where I found it. Passing B. Point I
 discovered a snipe among the reeds
 and watched it for some time with
 my glass. Lunched on the sand beach
 at B. Point. Thence across and around
 Great Island. Two Snipe rose from mud Wilson's
 flats and dropped in grass. Landed Snipe on
 but they rose wild and flew out of mud flats
 sight. Flushed another and shot it
 a moment later two Black Ducks rose Black Duck
 from grass within 20 yds I gave one both
 barrels (of #12) and it dropped dead 20
 yds off. This ended our shooting. Reached
 Moll's Rock at 5 P.M. A Sheldrake Sheldrake
 at night behind the tent.

1888

Sept. 18

Cloudy with heavy rain all the m. wind S.E. small 5/8
 We left at 8 A.M. Skilling's King and Hill and
 were alone of us but they passed a Golden
A. hyudsonicus which stood on a mud flat. Hudsonian
 I fired 8 P. barrels at it and after flying Golden
 100 yds. it dropped dead on the further shore
 shore. Then a Beetle head and a Silver River Beetle head
 passed. I called them within range and Silver River
 shot both barrels but missed. They afterwar
 ds came back (one with a broken leg)
 and I shot both sitting. Skilling's and
 Hill killed two Greater Yellow-legs on
 Morse Point. Crocker's sons shot two Red Red Phalaropus
 Phalarope in the Lake off Morse Point
 and gave me one of them. In P.M. cru
 sed under sail. We may come looking
 for Phalaropes but found none.



1888
Sept. 19

Lake Umbagog, Maine.

Head of Lake

Cloudy with a few gleams of sunshine. Head of Lake
Lake calm all day. To Gaspy cove in
A.M. While paddling up to the point below
looking for Chukot I started a frog among
the long grass. I shot ^{at} it at his head and
and after running about 100 yds. he
stopped and sat down when I finished
him with a thread wound cartridge.
By the way back to the boat shot a ^{few} ^{fish} ⁱⁿ ^{the} ^{lake}
Eggs of Hark. It chased a flicker in place
then alighted on a tall stub. It uttered
a clattering cry. Skirting the shore to
the south came upon two Pileated Woodpeckers
and shot a thread wound at one but
missed. Landed at the point north of G
cove and Sumner made a long circle
into the cove with the boat. First four
Sheldrake came passing within 20 yds.
I made a clean double killing both
birds stone dead. Next a single Shel
drake which fell broken-winged and
gave us a long chase out into the lake
sunked in the sand beach at Black
Island. Nothing in the cove but four
Herons circling over. Returning in P.M.
Sumner paddled in within long range
of a pair of Whistlers. They flew and
dropped one broken winged. We had
a long pursuit but finally shot it
again.



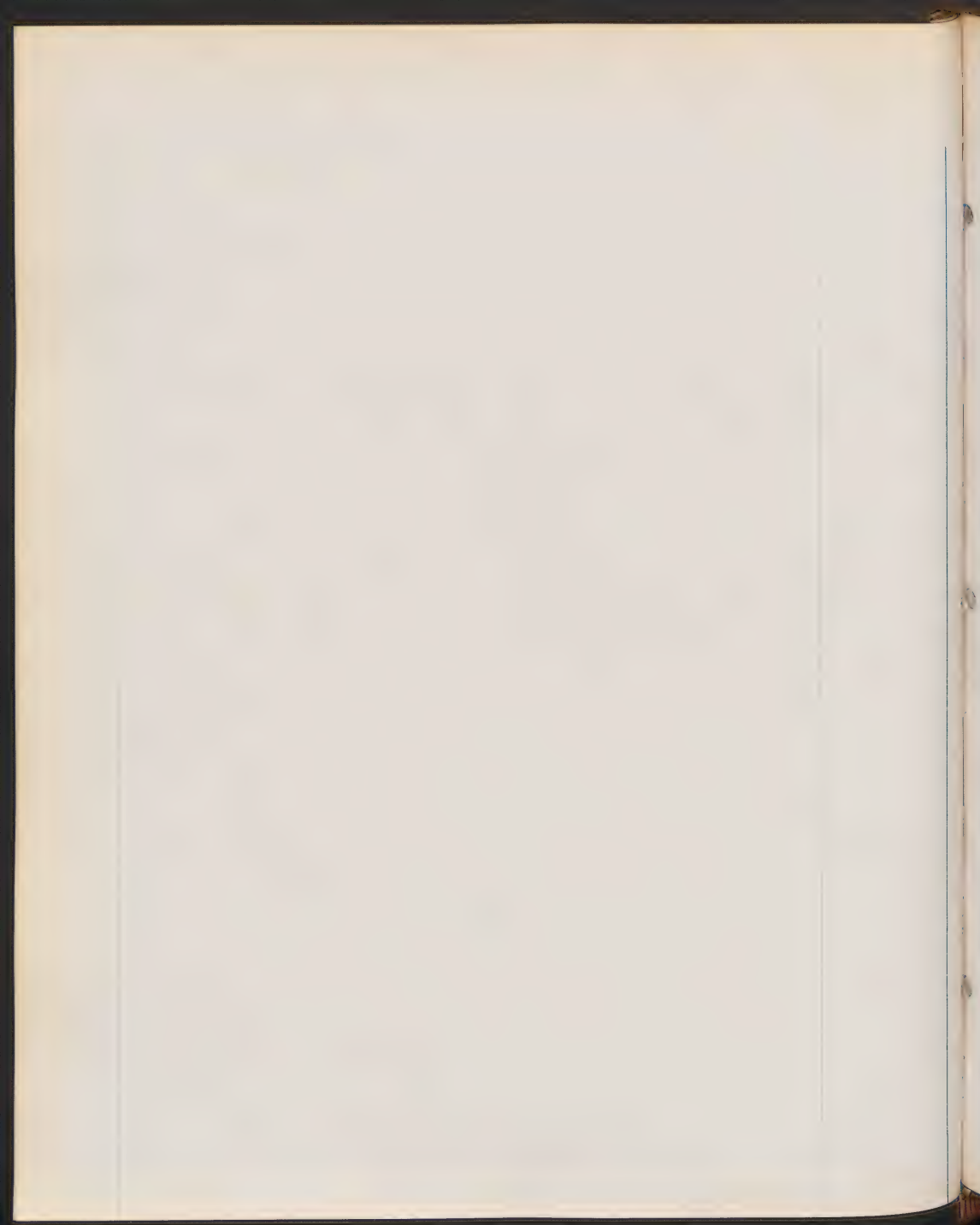
1888

Sept 20.

Heavy rain all day. Wind S.E. No Gullies in Will. I beat the marshes for Snipe but started nothing. A large flock of Mallards flying overhead. Sawana Sparrows numerous. Did not fire a shot all day. Saw a S. rarit near the tent.

Sept 20. 1888.

Head of Lake



1888
Sept. 21

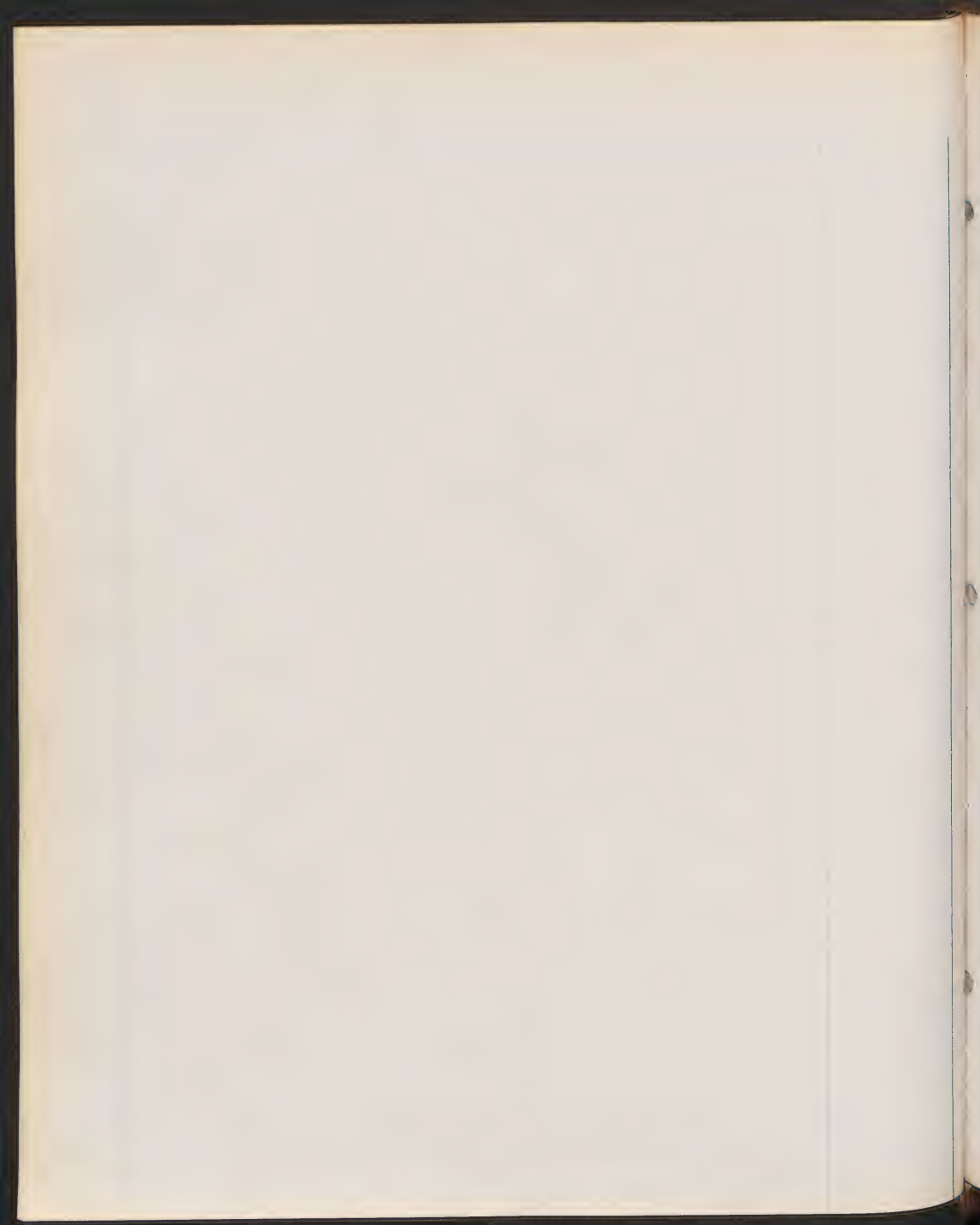
Cloudy with heavy rain all P.M.
Wind strong from the east. Lake rather
rough air misty, mountains obscured
by clouds. To Rapid River in A.M. with
Skiffing and Hill. At entrance started
a Skeltrake. Saw Pines a pair of Whist
lers. Below Cedar Stump five Black Ducks
and seven Skeltrake. The former passed
over Saginaw and they killed one
which "Don" found in the woods. We
got within long shot of the Skeltrake
and I fired at one as they rose but failed
to get them. After lunch started back in
a pouring rain. A flock of Skeltrake at
Pine Point cove. A flock of 20 Black Ducks
in those Point pond hole. Did not get
shot at either. Saw six Snipe flying in
a bunch like Plover. They dropped in
Moose Point marsh. We followed them
about there for an hour or two and
killed every bird I bagged four of
the six. I also shot a Virginia Rail
which "Don" pointed.

Head of pond

To
Rapid River
Hill Skellings
Moose

Wilson's
Snipe

Virginia
Rail shot
at Moose Pt.



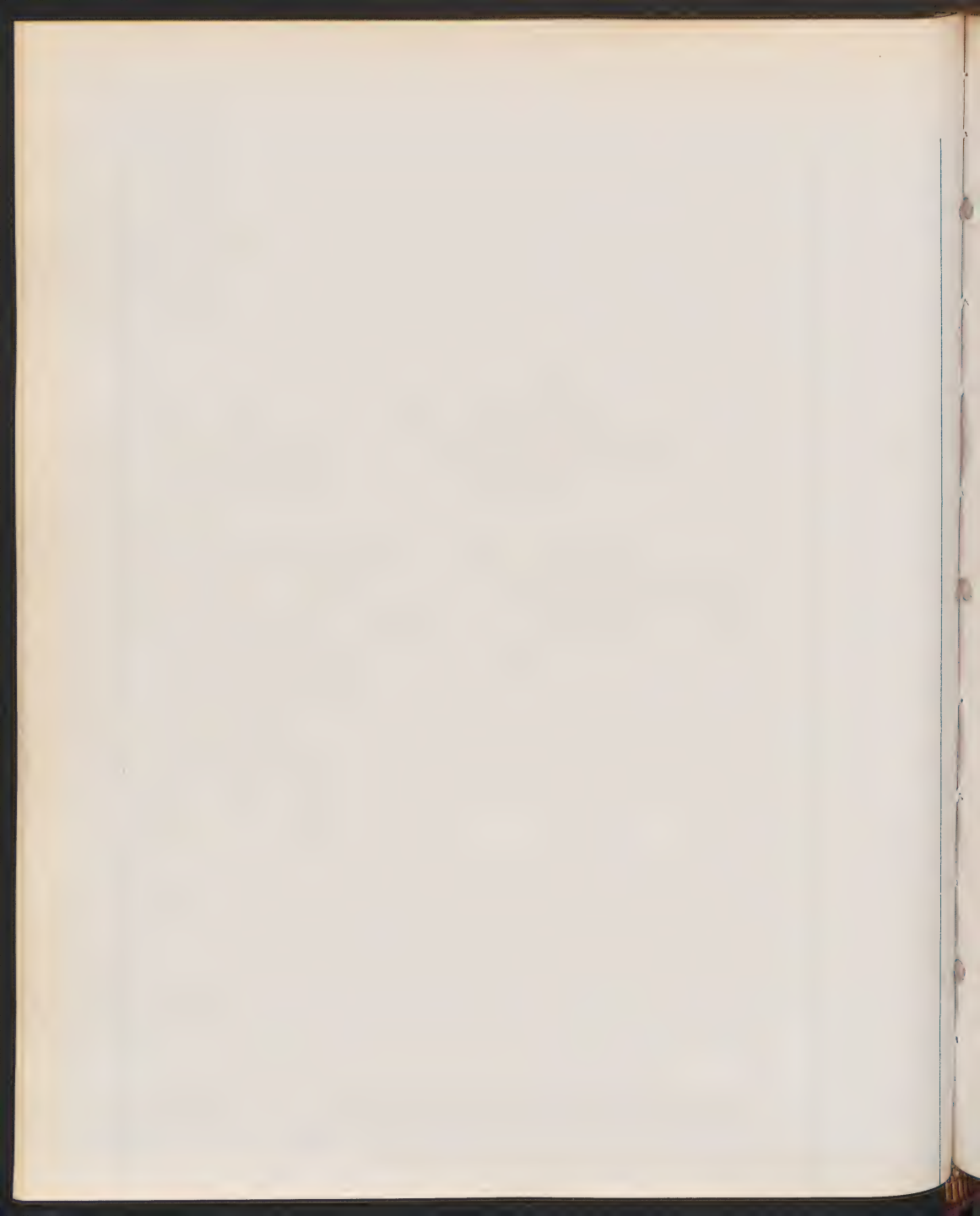
338

Lake Umbagog, Maine

Sept. 22. Cloudy with drizzling rain all day. Head of Lake
 Wind veering from W. to N. and S. E. Lake
 nearly calm at times very misty and
 mountains obscured. Off at 8 A.M.
 stopping for North Arrow where we saw Flock
 a flock of Sea Gulls alight early in the Scoters
 morning. Found them just above
 Moose Pt. Very wild rising at 100 yds.
 apparently all were young (gray) birds
 probably Butter-bills. The flock slowly
 passed down the Lake. About 8:30 shot Scooter
 a drake in Whale back Cove. Tried to
 drive them but failed. Returned to
 Moose Pt. and meeting Dr. Hill and Mr.
 Killings beat the marsh with them.
 No Shipe. Marine palustris all over the Longed Bay
 marsh looking as in early spring. It "mowing"
 was raining at the time. Leaving the
 Point I shot a Heldrake that tried to
 pass in sight. Next to Claspy Cove killing
 three Water and six small Culls up
 and out in the Lake. We paddled out
 and I shot a young Sterna hiemalis
 and an adult Larus juv. The other
 four were all Ferns, probably S. hirundo. Common
 Also saw two Phalaropes (Hyperboreus I Non-pere call
 think). In P.M. cruised in bay and for
 Ferns and Phalaropes saw the four for
 me and one of the latter but got no shot.
 At the outlet heard a yellow leg and Grass
 bird at evening. But birds scarce after dark. Bliss
 About 10 P.M. there was a Black Blizzard. Panther 289

in the front of one of the back Primaries.
After it is the middle, it puts a parallel
to the back, it was like the lower ribs. Since
each but much louder.

Sept 25. Clear and cool with high N. W. wind. The day up
 first clear day for a week. Started at 8 AM. Megalloway R.
 with Bill & Skellings for the Megalloway. ^{with} ^{Hill & Skellings}
 At midday a Pigeon Hawk passed me ^{Pigeon Hawk}
 at long range. I fired but the birds went
 on with the first but it kept on near
 the woods. At Mills Ferry heard a Sparrow ^{White-crown}
 calling whet whet like a least. ^{Sparrow}
 Shot it and found it to be a juv. ^{White-crown}
 towheey. ^{Sparrow} During the day
 saw nothing save a few ^{Sparrow}
 looked into every pond hole but found
 nothing useful. We reached Little Pond ^{Little Pond}
 pond in which was about 20 Black ^{Pond}
 Ducks. Skellings and I took stands, and ^{Black Ducks}
 Bill stalked them getting a long shot
 and killed but one. They flew over
 I who fired and missed. While eating
 lunch on the camp bank we saw 14
 Black Ducks circle and dip into the
 pond. I stalked them but they swam
 across to Bill's stand. His first barrel
 missed for he failed to kill as they rose
 with this second. Two passed me with-
 in long shot I missed with both barrels.
 Got in another shot just in time for some
 more Ducks but was unaimed and hit
 badly. He dropped 25 feet in the water.
 That we did not look for him. He
 was shot at sunset and lay there till
 dark. A shot. Several flocks of ducks passed
 high three being heard also a single Heron



1883

Sept 28

Lake Umbagog, Maine.

A dense fog up to 9 A.M. afterwards a radiant
 beautiful morning the air clear and sparkling. Trip up
 along the river. The sky cloudless in
 the afternoon with strong E. wind and
 gathering clouds. The Megalloween at 2
 A.M. For the first ten hours we moved
 on through the dense fog. No birds or
 animal life of any kind, only the
 damp chilly fog spreading the woods
 and river. As the fog had a sharp
 eddied passed and I shot first the
 sun was now visible and the woods
 darkly awake and beamed with life. The fog
 backed quail and ducks chimed, foraging
 every side came the loud whistling of
 cat adenses. I shot at a little bright point
 a *Sitta carolinensis* calling in the trees. Dotter
 creeping through the reeds. I came upon
 five Huffed Grouse. After a moment all
 flew off surely flitting up into a
 mountain maple but shooting ducks
 did not shoot at them. Had just reached
 the lower end of the pond when the
 Steamer passed and whistled. Three black
 Ducks rose and flew out. Creeping along
 the edge I came suddenly on a Wood Duck. Trip
 She was out of range, and I in full view
 but I stood perfectly still and presently
 she swam up and shot her. Huffed
 Heron and a large adult Eagle. Three Gray
 and a pair in the mist. Five Grosbeaks
 calling in the distance. Then went

Morning fog

Along the

River

Dotter

Bird

Huffed Grouse

Three black

Wood Duck

Three Gray

Five Grosbeaks

after the House Sparrows joined two and
I shot both sitting. Returned to pond
and spent the day there. No Ducks.

Evening at

moon at

little at

came in. To Moose Point for the night
shooting. No Ducks seen. All a Redtail
G. appeared, about 10. All birds in one flock.
Heard a Song in the twilight.

1888

Sept 27 Clear and warm, wind S.W. light. Went
 after breakfast shot a brace on the path
 to the spring. Then stalked (tramped) for
 waterfowl in meadows. In second meadow
 we found three Black Ducks but they were
 wild and rose wild. There was one left
 on. About 20 Black Ducks scattered about
 some feeding there on small banks sur-
 rounding the lake and getting them to-
 gether shot both barrels but they did not stop
 a second. Found on rising out of the grass
 that they had been too far off. Others
 came down by the pond. I dropped one
 clunked at head of meadow. Returning
 a large flock of Black Ducks rose from
 the grass. I shot into them and drop-
 ped one fully as it flew off. Hence by
 Long meadow. About a dozen Black
 Ducks feeding in the grass. Stalked
 them and stopped but spring only
 one barrel with birds got into the grass
 where Don quickly found them.

Lake Umbagog, Maine.

Duck shooting

Sept 27 1888

Meadows

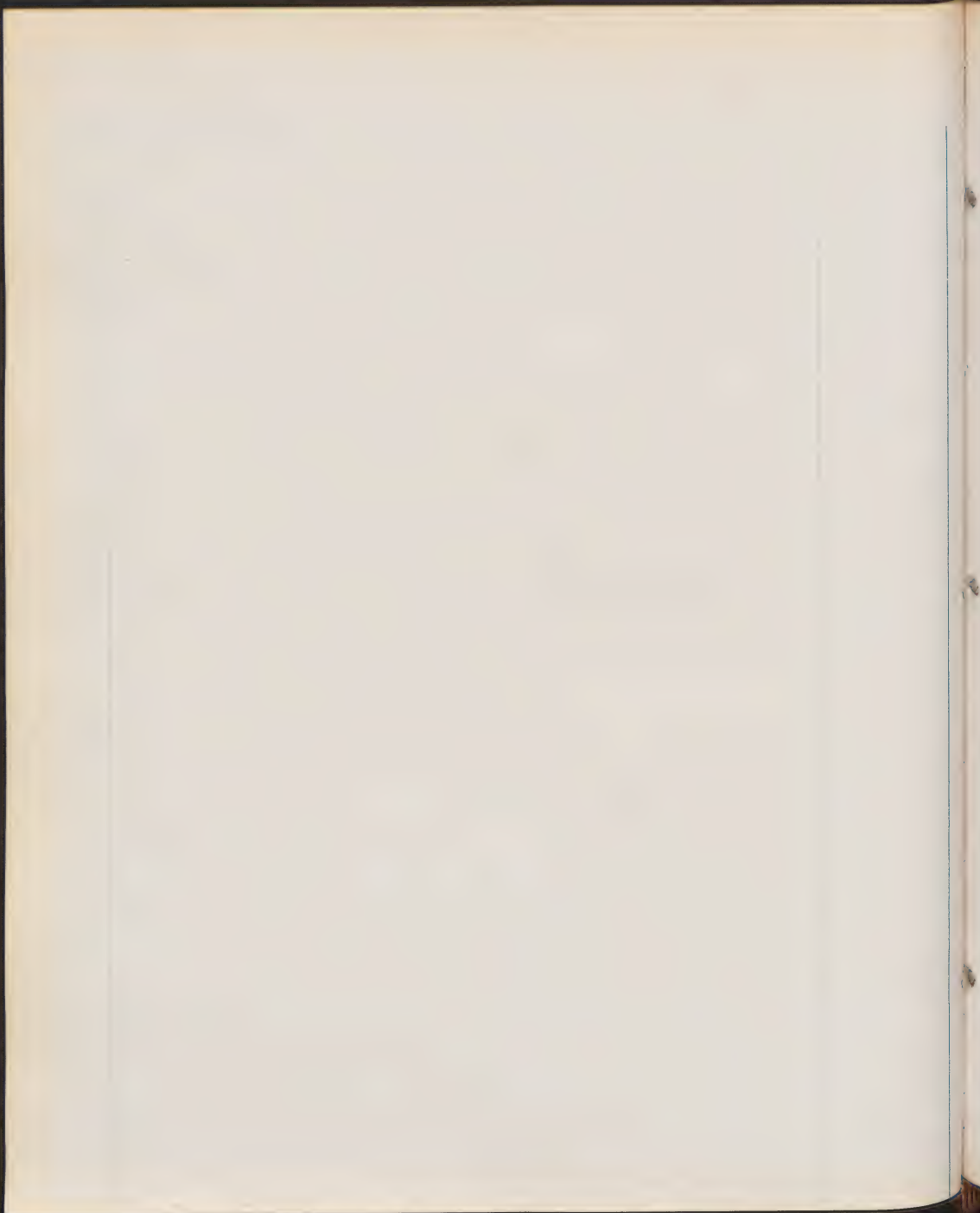
Don

Sept 25. Clear and colder with high N.W. wind.
 Started early for the duck-slaggin' Mead-
 ows. Just when the illegal day had a
 good shot at a fine adult Broad-wing-
 ed Hawk sitting on a stub. Got missed
 with both barrels. Entered Lewis Island
 on Stone and Dope taking the
 Meadow. They found about 100 Black
 Ducks there and bagged two. He did
 not get a bird all day and I had
 only one shot at a Jack Duck which
 rose from the grass. I wounded her
 badly and she dropped in the weeds
 but we did not follow her. He saw
 less than a dozen Black Ducks in all.
 Spent most of the day in a brush stand
 which we improvised to shield us
 and the boat. The water has risen
 about two feet since the last rains.
 Autumn coloring now superb.

Head of Lake

a wet shooting
in Carter M.

Autumn coloring



Sept. 29. Fair with intervals of sunshine and
 no fog and fresh a spin small.
 Crisp & snowed hard for a time the snow
 whitening ground and trees. Wind N.W.
 and very strong and cold all day. Head of Lake
 Off at 7 A.M. going first to Moose Point. Moose Point
 Willows all killed a foot under water. Moose Point
 Three Hooded Mergansers diving among the grass. Hooded Merg.
 the grass. very few. One Black Duck
 at Moose Point. One Red Marsh Hawk. Marsh Hawk
 Thence to Sweet Meadow. Almost full
 of black Ducks scattered about eating the grass. Sweet Meadow
 While trying to paddle
 within shot we checked two guns
 above us and all the Ducks flew.
 Three gunners had entered the pond
 after us and spoiled our chance. We
 began to stay all day and our
 rivals soon left. We worked back in
 the woods. Syngen started a grouse.
 Two Canada Jays came about attracted by gun fire. Canada Jays
 After lunch saw
 three Black Ducks alight in the grass. Black Ducks
 Syngen paddled out to them and
 I had a fine chance for a double
 shot as they rose but missed with
 my first barrel. Later several bunches
 of Ducks came in but were obliged
 to leave nearly dark when four Black
 Ducks accompanied by a Green-winged Teal
 Teal pitched down behind some
 bushes. He paddled to the bushes and

I peeped over the Black Ducks saw one
and then but the Gull had joined
Wood Duck's bunch of six. Four Ducks and the
Gull stayed. Sumner paddled me
down on them across open water a
fog hiding us and helping our
chances amazingly. I got about
five Ducks hunched and shot into
them at 30 yds. Stopped three and
cut down another as the survivors
rose. One of my fags afterwards
got up and off. Picked up two
Herd Ducks and a Teal. Swamp
Sparrows singing all over the
marsh in the twilight. ^{although the} Evening was
very cold. I was fairly numbed
when we started for camp.

1888

Lake Umbagog, N.H.

Sept 30 A cloudy gloomy day with chilly but light N.W. wind. At daybreak Sumner saw the flocks of sea birds descend to the lake from the shores. After breakfast we boarded the boat and Sumner paddled me to within fifty yards of the larger flock which we found composed wholly of adult ♂ Am. Black Scoters. They presented a superb appearance swimming slowly past. Two rows in broad long line about five or six Ducks abreast. Their yellow bills were very conspicuous. I shot ⁴ into them in the water and B.B. as they rose fully 30 birds were left on the water about 7 dead the others variously wounded. I kept on shooting at the wounded and chased several a mile or more. He secured in all 14. At 10 a.m. started for Lakeside, lunched at foot of Great Island. Thence to Sargeants Cove where we found a flock of 8 Surf Scoters. I shot three of them and also a ♀ Am. Scoter also a Red Phalarope swimming in the Cove. As we were going from the landing to the hotel in the twilight we heard and saw the big flock of Am. Scoters circling overhead ⁱⁿ great or more high in their way to the sea. The combined clamor of their cries was exactly like high lulls. (The remarkable shot into the flock of Winter-billed Coots described above was made with my 12g. Fox gun weighing only 7 1/2 lbs.)

Head of Lake

Cont. Shooting

Thirteen birds

I stop 20

birds with

in shooting

of two barrels

by 14 of

him.

and Scoters

Red Phalarope

1888

Oct. 1.

A clear, still, frosty morning clouding over by 10 A.M. and raining hard all P.M. We moved to camp by steamer at 7.30 A.M. Spent morning skinning birds. In P.M. rowed over to Hirsch Point for the evening shooting. Eight white-bellied Snails were skimming over the water in the twilight. I shot one and this was the only shot I fired. One or two flocks of Black Ducks drop into the marsh but neither came within range. Apparently there were no sea loons in the Lake today. Yesterday there were at least three and probably four flocks. The Steamer hands also saw five Phalaropes yesterday near Metallus Island.

Head of Lake

Hirsch Point

White-bellied

Black Ducks

Sea Loons

in Lake

Phalaropes

Oct 2

Cloudy and cold. Lake calm during
A.M. On P.M. high N.W. wind and
heavy showers of rain with snow
squalls after dark. By Bullet at 7:00
A.M. saw two red Phalaropes alight
on the flooded meadow and found
them swimming about in a patch
of grass apparently picking something
off the stems. Killed both with one
shot. Then saw a Duck which was
sure was a King neck floating
within 100 yds. Waddled within about
40 yds. when it rose I shot with bar-
rel at it without effect. Thence to
Moose Point. Shot 1/2 White-bellied
Snallows flying over the meadow
Thence to Whale Back Cove. Nothing
there, returning shot a Duck which
sitting erect on a shot. Got within
100 yds. and was about to fire a
third round when he flew. Thence
to marsh opposite Leonard's Pond. Six
Am. Wigeon feeding in a bunch of
grass. Shot one and shot into the air
stopping three. One got off wounded
badly, missed it with my second
barrel with another it settled out
in the Lake. Eaten within long
range and hit it again as it rose
but it got off. Shot a Summer Yellow leg
on a floating log. At Moose Point at
evening. Flying near about 30 Black

Red Phalaropes

King-neck Duck

White-bellied Snallows

Duck shot at Moose Point

Am. Wigeon

Summer Yellow leg
Moose Point
at evening

Moore Pi. Ducks came in. Got only one shot a
an eve. long double at a pair. Killed the
a late first missed the second, a Barn Swal-
Barn low flitting, about finally going to
Swallow. roost in bushes.

1885
Oct. 3

Cloudy with light N. wind, a very
dusky day. Off at 120 feet paddling
over the flooded meadows to the
Outlet. Then rising down the banks
again to Sweet's Meadow. After attach-
ing a grass screen to the bows of the
boat we entered this meadow. Near
the further end we saw three Black
Ducks and paddled nearly within shot
of them when they suddenly rose. They
flew past within less than 40 feet
but the grass screen prevented me
from either seeing them distinctly
or swinging my gun on them ab-
solutely and I missed with both bar-
rels. Did not enter Long (White) meadow.
Saw only one Duck there a young &
Mallard which rose at about 40 yds.
from the long grass and which I
knocked over dead. He landed at
the mouth of a large built a good
fire and smoked. Saw a pair of
Harrada Jays at the entrance to Sweet's
Meadow. Back to the lake at 2 P.M.
Paddled over the grounds about the Outlet
but saw nothing but four White-bellied
Swallows hovering over a patch of flood-
ed grass. In the evening we saw a
Barn Swallow, doubtless the same bird
seen last night at Birch Point. Reached
Moose Point at about 5 P.M. and en-
tered the boat on the outer edge of the

H. of Lake

Sweet Meadows

Black Duck

Harvey

Mallard

hatched in

Mile Meadows

East, N. H.

Canada

Jays

Tree Swallows

Barn Swallows

Moose Pt. Marsh Shortly afterwards four Black
Duck Ducks accompanied by two teal came
shooting at in. I alighted. Then a single Black
evening Duck came in. Then a pair of Hidgeon
Am Hidgeon. I followed me to the latter and
missed with my long gun. I missed
the first and killed the second.
Lightly after dark. Finally a large
flock of Black Ducks came in a single
bird swinging past within long
range and I dropped him into the
Lake with a broken wing. but he
got into the grass and escaped.

Oct. 4.

Clear with a gale of wind from the N.W. Spent the day about camp as it was impossible to do any shooting on account of the wind. Left in P.M. for multipled and we started out. On the marshes near the Outlet saw nothing but a white old Marsh Hawk. Leonard's Pond also proved blank. Just inside Moose Point we saw our first Duck a "Common winged Teal". It was swimming in a pond in the grass and was fully 80 yards away springing straight up about 20 ft. and flying very swiftly. I fired with barrels but it did not. Shortly after a single Black Duck rose from the middle of the marsh. He then took stands for the evening shooting. Lumen having my spare gun on this occasion. First couple four Black Ducks from Rapid River. They passed me nearly 100 yds. off and I fired only one barrel which had no effect. Next a flock of about a dozen Black Ducks when I was just in with in 8 yds. but directly behind me I loaded about as well as I could but only managed to fire one barrel and that at the tail end of the flock. He was heard but not killed. Passing over Lumen who killed him. Finally when it was nearly dark a single Black Duck practically levelly came over me flying very fast before the wind. It

Head of LakeOutlet MarshMarsh HawkCommon wingedTealMoose PointEveningMoose PointBlack Ducks

now that she lowered her flight and
gliding out nearly in gold, struck
the surface of the Lake. Then I saw
her take breath at her head and
killed her. Besides these birds we
saw two large flocks of Black Ducks
which passed over high and two
Ruffle head Ruffle heads (seen by themore) which
sailed over the end of the point. In
the twilight heard two Wilson's Snipe
flitting over the meadow.

1888
Oct. 5.

Lake Umbagog, Maine.

Cloudy with steady rain all the forenoon. Windy. Lake nearly calm. Spent morning at camp working on birds after dinner paddled over the Outlet and out as far as we could. Thence to Pine Point passing a rocky shore we started a Moose. Searching and hunting through the woods over a few acres we started no less than four. I shot two, one sitting on a log, another on a maple, and missed a few. Shot at a Woodcock which flew from a fallen tree. There was a large flock of Yellow-bellies etc. in the woods belonging to the shore we were upon. A fine ad. ♂ Skuasake flew out of range. Shortly afterwards a Black Duck paddled and turned into a circle the last word. He paddled in the boat brushed with grass. Heard Ducks splashing among the grass at the head of the cove. Finally three Black Ducks came over and rose going off directly into the woods. The last moment two others rose and came down past us within 30 yds. I caught them as they drew together and killed both with one barrel. Thence to Moose Point. First a single Duck passed out of range then four. Finally a single Black Duck circled around and turned back over me. I killed her as she was going off. The evening was perfectly still and I could hear no birds.

Partridge

at Pine Point

Loose water Duck

in full flight

Black Duck

Evening

Shooting at

Moose Pt.

wings 200 yds. or more away. A flock
passing high overhead made a
hissing sound as if escaping steam.
I could also hear Ducks splashing
in the water both in the Marsh and
in the Lake. Swamp Sparrows sing
on every side. Crows? White-bellied
Swallows.

1888

Oct. 10 Cloudy all day with steady rain mist of the time. Wind N.W. through 100 N.E. 4.5 E in P.M. very light all day. Weather rather warm. Off at 8 A.M. to marshes about Outlet. A flock of about a dozen Swallows on A. horizon the rest of flock. A perfect cloud of Larks at least 200 circling over the marshes alighting and flying again. Down the river some 300 came upon two *Tringa maculata* sitting on a mat of floating grass within ten yards of shore was a Red Phalarope, sometimes swimming some times walking in the grass. Shot the Phalarope. Shot Grass birds five off and pitched down near the Outlet. Going to the spot we started a flock of ten I killed eight of them in a few minutes several others flying. They were absurdly tame. Heard a Moose near Moose Point came within Greater Scaup. Scam Ducks. They were in the grass and rose out of range going into towards pond. Followed them but failed to find them. Came in a Green winged Teal, however, behind the island and paddling within 30 yds that it as if sat in a snag showing its feathers. Our boat was grassed at the time. When the Scam Ducks rose a Snipe also started near us and I shot it. Afterward saw three at Moose Point. They

Mead & Lake

Outlet marshes

Tree Swallows

Swamp Swallows

Flickers

Flickers

Red Phalarope

Flickers

Greater Scaup

Swamp Scaup

Teal

Snipe

rose from the grass where the water
was a foot deep. Found a Black
Duck dead on the bank where I
lost a wounded one a few evenings
ago. Thence to Whale Back Cove. Shot a
few Mallards. Succeeded at Erickson's
Camp ground. Shot Barnard Thrush
making much noise. Returning to
Camp saw a Duck Hawk perched
on a post only six feet above water,
unmolested. It flew and passed me
at 75 yds. shot both lamps without
effect. Saw a flock of about 30 Black
Geese off rock and went in pursuit
but failed to get a shot. Saw a White
wing in North Bay.

Duck Hawk

Butter bird

Coots

Wings

Coots

1888

Lake Umbagog, Maine.

Oct. 7. Cloudy; wind N.W. light; pouring rain all day. At daybreak a number of Loons were seen on the lake off the R. Byrd shore. Head of Lake
 We started for them about 7 with a care- White wing
 fully grasped boat. They proved to be White Loons
 winged birds all right and so they
 that we could not get within 200 yds.
 Later in the day a flock of at least Fewer's Gull
 thirty birds was seen in the same place
 they looked like Butter-bills through the
 glass. Crossing the lake we saw three Green Swallows
 white-bellied Snallows. returning in
 sight for the meadows at the Outlet.
 It was raining like a thunder shower
 we left our camp a most unwise step
 as the sequel proved. We had crossed
 the marsh and were paddling down
 the river when I saw three Ducks just
 over the bank they swam off as we approached
 and when they started jumping and I had to
 shoot were fully ready off. I fired only one
 barrel and stopped both at once
 made for the grass and although we
 searched long for them we lost both
 one started from a bunch of grass near
 us but at once dived and was not
 seen again. I think these Ducks were
 the same three seen yesterday. They were
 either Greater Scaup or Ring-necked (I am
 doubtful which). While looking for them White Gull
 we heard a Winter Yellow-bellied whistle. I
 called him down and shot at him break-

ing both legs and wounding him other
times so fell on the other side of the run
but when we went for him we missed
the right spot and he rose behind us
and again angled this time in the
marsh. We went to the place but failed
to find or shoot him again. While look-
ing for him Sumner shot a Vigors Hawk
flying over a low stub. I fired a long shot
at him and wounded him badly. He
followed him some distance and shot firing
three more shots & killed him. In the evening
as he was looking he fell a White-crowned Sparrow
and killed it necessarily for several moun-
tains but I could not see the bird. On the
Point a Wren was making a great racket
calling ex-ruck and od-od by turns. All
the while the Wren was perched on a
bush and finally we got enough of it
and returned to camp. Saw one Snatch
flying over me tonight. Ducks all the way
they had black heads and white bellies
and were doubtless Greater Scaups. at 4
P.M. the Wren came in with the
steamer and made us a call. Sumner
left us when she returned. At 4.30 I
started alone for Moose Point for the
evening shooting. On the way started
a Woodcock bird from under the
bank. It dove and disappeared.
I was probably one of the Ducks. I shot
his morning. As I neared the Point

Pigeon
Hawk

Hummer
Pine Finch

Wash. Duck
Duck

Three Hooded Mergansers passed and ^{Hooded}
dropped into the pond. They rose wild ^{and}
as I approached and I shot both ^{and}
barnets in vain. Saw about 30 Black ^{Black Ducks}
Ducks one flock alighted in the Lake
and after sitting a while flew into the
marsh. I did not get a single shot.
Swamp Sparrows singing at sunset. ^{Swamp Spar-}
^{rows singing}

1888

Long Pond, Maine

Oct. 8. Cloudy all day with raging N.W. wind and heavy rain. occasional light showers. Off at 11 A.M. Hunt over the marshes first but saw nothing of any interest there except a large flock of Black Ducks which rose when one of them left the flock and alighted in the water near Leonard's Pond. We had forgotten it and was rowing carelessly along when it rose only about 25 yds. ahead. It alighted in Leonard's Pond. Going in, after it we again got within 30 yds. before seeing it. It then rose and I shot it. Went to Great Meadow. Enclosed this Great Meadow. Saw four Black Ducks swim in Leonard's pond. He were getting up to them slowly when several blasts were exploded at Great Pond. Our Ducks rose at once and from the west side of the pond a perfect cloud went up fully 100 birds, all Black Ducks. They shuddered to the East. We pushed on cautiously however and soon discovered about 15 Black Ducks in the edge of the grass. Jim pushed the canoe up within about 40 yds when a Duck raised its head. They were well clustered so I fired at once stopping four with the first barrel and dropping down a single bird with the second. One of the wounded soon rose and I shot her down again at very long range. Jim found three of the wounded in the grass. We then landed and while Jim was building

Black Ducks

Great Meadow.

Black Ducks

I bag 5-
Black Ducks
with two
barrels, the
majority
were killed
in this way

a fine I looked for Grouse. "Omn" rounded
and pointed out at which I missed
a bird flying shot. Soon after saw either
the same or another bird on the ground
and shot it a fine plumaged adult
& while eating lunch a flock of Parus
hudsonicus came about. After lunch
watched all the afternoon for Ducks
but curiously enough only one came
back and that we failed to get a
shot at. Just at evening heard a
Grouse quit behind us and rising
saw it walking leisurely along and shot
it. A fine adult Marsh Hawk coursed
all over the marsh late in the day.
There were three White-bellied Swallows
two also and some Killdeer. Saw a
Picoides arcticus in Leonard's Pond.

1888
Oct. 9

Cloudy all day with high N. W. wind and almost incessant snow squalls. At day light it was snowing steadily and the ground and trees were as white as in winter. On nothing was seen lay all day to the depth of an inch or more. The autumn foliage still at nearly its highest point of coloring was very fine, fringed with the snow (left at 8 A.M. in the Outlet. Water very high and even the high river banks under with only the grass showing. A Herring Gull floating near the bank. Tried to paddle within shot when we started a flock of about 20 Black Ducks accompanied by four Hidgeon. A single Hidgeon straggled after the others and I shot it a fine adult ♂. Next a Goldeneye passed near and I shot both barrels at it. It fell out in the lake where we picked it up. Next to Moose Point no birds there. There is a large flock of about 15 Black Ducks in the grass behind the island. Not within range when we put up its head and they all flew. I shot both barrels without effect. Next a Bullhead came in and alighted. We paddled within shot range and I killed it sitting. Hundreds of Warblers, Sparrows and Robin Thrushes along the shores also about 30 Ruby-crack birds, six Bluebirds and a Phoebe. Next out into river, saw six Hidgeon alight near

Heavy fall.
Snow stormAutumn
Foliage

Herring Gull

Black Ducks
Hidgeon

Gooseander

Black Duck

Bull-head

Small birds
in snow storm
on shore
of lake
Hidgeon

Hidgeon

In shore they came into the grass and
 we paddled within 40 yds. They were well
 bunched where I fired and my first bar-
 rel stopped four. With my second I knocked
 at once a little only one escaped. Three of the
 wounded flew as we approached and had
 to be shot over. There were two Canada Ducks
 with these Gadgers but they both escaped.
 numbers of Grackles and Sparrows along
 the shore. A lot of *S. palmarum* and *S. sp.*
maritima and saw a young *Son. leucophaea*.
 At least 200 Killdeer over the meadows. A
 Cooper Hawk chased one for about 500 yds and
 made at least 20 swoops at it but missed
 every one the bird finally escaping. The
 Hawk then alighted on a stub but flew as we
 approached. Returned to camp for dinner. On
 the way saw many Grass Birds (Pewee) Meadow in
 E.M. West of Black Ducks at the usual place. Wa-
 ter level so high we could not approach them. Near
 the head of the lake found a Buffle-head but
 he rose wild. I shot both barrels but failed to stop
 him. A fine old Marsh Hawk beating over the lake
 at least 200 Killdeer in this meadow. E. Moose
 point at evening saw about 30 Black Ducks a pair came
 past me. I shot the first and missed the second.
 Then four came directly over me. Missed with both
 barrels quite unaccountably for they were near
 enough. Heard a Snipe. Water now over seven
 inches and more. But Marsh a lake thick of
 Mallards, Harems and Killdeer to say simply
 amazing thousands of small birds everywhere.

Swamp
 Ducks

Warblers

Depression

Water of

Level

Pigeon

Hawk

see

Tire

Reserve

1st at M.

Black Duck

so high

could not

approach

them. Near

the head

of the lake

found a

Buffle-head

but

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both barrels

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Snipe. Water

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inches and

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Marsh a lake

thick of

Mallards,

Harems and

Killdeer to say

simply

amazing

thousands of

small birds

everywhere.

1888

Oct. 11.

Cloudy with light N.W. wind and light ground
snow. Small, nearly a duplicate of yesterday but colder and less snow falling. Heard
the fawn in places among the grass. Ground
in woods covered with about 1 inch of snow.
Off at 8 A.M. going first to Outlet Meadows
entirely under water and no birds. Thence
to Moose Point. Started about 20 Black Ducks
out of range. Saw three Marsh Hawks (two
adult 3) and a Peregrine Hawk all feeding
about noon on a log as so at once. Next saw
two Black Ducks feeding. They discovered us
and flew but one alighted where in a pool
among the tall grass. One of the Marsh
Hawks dashed down at her at least a dozen
times. We could not see the Duck but at each
swoop of the Hawk she quacked loudly.
On reaching the pond we found the Duck
gone. I put "Don" into the grass and he
soon started her and I shot her as she
rose. Next to Lemons Pond. Saw fawn
startled and went out then a Black Duck.
We then discovered four Wood Ducks and a
Green winged Teal. I approached and stalked
them but could only find the Teal which
swam repeatedly past me within a few
yards quacking incessantly in a nasal
cracked tone almost like the scarp of a
Snipe. At length he put his head under
his wing and went to sleep failing to
get a shot at the Wood Ducks. Finally
shot the Teal and quickly replaced the

Head of fawn

Moose Point

falls

Moose Pond

Scarp Ducks

Marsh Hawk

Peregrine Hawk

Sloops at a

Black Duck

Scarp Ducks

Wood Ducks

Green winged

Teal

Leonard's exploded shell The Wood Ducks flew from
 Pond the shore beyond, swept past our range,
 then turned and came back within 40 yds. and I dropped one with each
 barrel. While stalking these Ducks I heard
 a Chick sing several times. Near me
 were hundreds of small birds, chiefly
 Winter Wrens, House Wrens and Yellow-rumps. In
 many rocks along the shore, they rose
 in clouds as we passed. There were Rusty
 Blackbirds and seven Bluebirds and I
 shot a *O. hypochrysea* the first for this
 locality, also saw a ? Black-throated Blue
 Warbler, Swamp and Song Sparrows swarm
 ing. All these small birds kept near
 the water especially among fallen tree
 tops. Thence to Sweet Meadow marsh, a
 low grass shot at a Sheldrake on the way.
 In the meadow started about 30 Black
 Ducks. Two all went off, was not at
 the water was too high for any chance
 at a shot. Saw a Sharp-shinned Hawk
 while about to shoot a Sharp Hawk dashed
 past me. I missed with the first but
 brought him down with the second bar-
 rel. Red-shouldered. He fell through the branches of a
 leafless maple. We left him for ten min-
 utes or so feeling sure of him then going
 to the spot could find no trace of him
 at first. Finally, I found where he
 struck the ground and there climbed
 upon a low stub the snow all bloody

Leading to this spot was the track of a
Red Squirrel leading away from it the
same track with a spot of blood about
two inches in front of each mark of the
five paws. The influence is plaid. A
squirrel saw the Hawk fall seized him
and carried him off. I followed the track
into a tangle of alders and fallen trees and
finally had to abandon it. Don failed
to show any signs of scent. An added proof
that the Hawk was taken off suddenly.

Tramped in the usual spot. Woods filled
with Yellow rumps. Yellow rump over the meadow
two in swarms. Thence into Curtis' meadow
on Yellow rumps in flock of 30 or more.

Among the grass growing on the
floating stems. A pair of Red Tailed Hawks
among the stubs. Another Pigeon Hawk.

Three Black Ducks came in and alight
ed. They rose wild and came down
past us about 50 yds. off. They turned

and came past again at about 100 yds.
I shot both barrels each time but only
wounded one which flew out of sight.

Near the outlet of the meadow a Sheld
drake started. I shot at her at about 20
yds and missed. Another passed over
high on the river and I missed a

glow then back to Leonard's Pond.
Two Wood Ducks where I shot the two
this morning. It was too late to stalk

them and they rose out of range as we

Small bird
Dawning
Curtis' Meadow

Red Tailed
Hawks.

Pigeon Hawk
Black Ducks

to aander

Leonard's Pond
Wood Ducks.

Pigeon
Hawk

Moose Pt.

Black

Ducks

up hill towards the top. Another Pigeon
Hawk seen here. Thence to Moose Point
a flock of at least 50 Black Ducks feed-
ing in the flooded meadow. Jim let
the canoe drift before the wind and
we got within about 100 yds. before they
piled up their necks. I shot into a
solid mass of them with #4 and
neglected one which we got easily.
It was as long a shot as I ever saw
made with a loose charge. Took the
same stand as last night. About 20
Black Ducks came in but I got only
three shots all long ones and all misses.
I did not miss a fair shot all day
but had a surprising number of chances
at 70 to 80 yds. and all but the flock
that missed. The flight of small birds
these last two days has been simply
amazing. Saw at least 500 Yellow Warblers
today. Among the Black Ducks at
Sweet's Meadow were four Widgeon.

Abundant

small birds

Widgeon

1885

Oct 11.

Clear and cool with strong N.W. wind. The first fine day for a long time. W. saw birds from 8 till 8 P.M. While watching a flock of dusky Black-birds a fine adult ♂ Pigeon Hawk dashed past and alighted on a stub where I shot it. A few minutes later saw a flock of Black Ducks alight behind the island. Hunted and made a circuit of about half a mile through the woods coming out at the big pines. The Black Ducks there but presently a pair of Wood Ducks alighted and swam in nearly sightless shot when they caught sight of me and swam off again, finally taking wing. Shot a pair White-throated Sparrows and a Sitta carolinensis the latter one of a pair. Saw a Sharp-shinned Hawk ^{near} the pond. Many small birds in the woods. A red squirrel came about and finally smelled my foot, crept away and then starting off in a panic. Jim finally appeared, coming through the woods. The Black Ducks had passed me somehow and appeared near the boat where he left them. I returned with him by land but found them gone. On the way shot a Grouse which started from an old pine log and alighted on the ground. Near the outlet of the pond saw a Red-billed Grebe (identified him posi-

Leonard's I.

Adult ♂
Pigeon Hawk
Shot.

Black Ducks

Wood Ducks

White-thr. Spar.

Red Squirrel

Partridge
Hare.Red-billed
Grebe.

Return
to
Laysan

Horned
Grebes

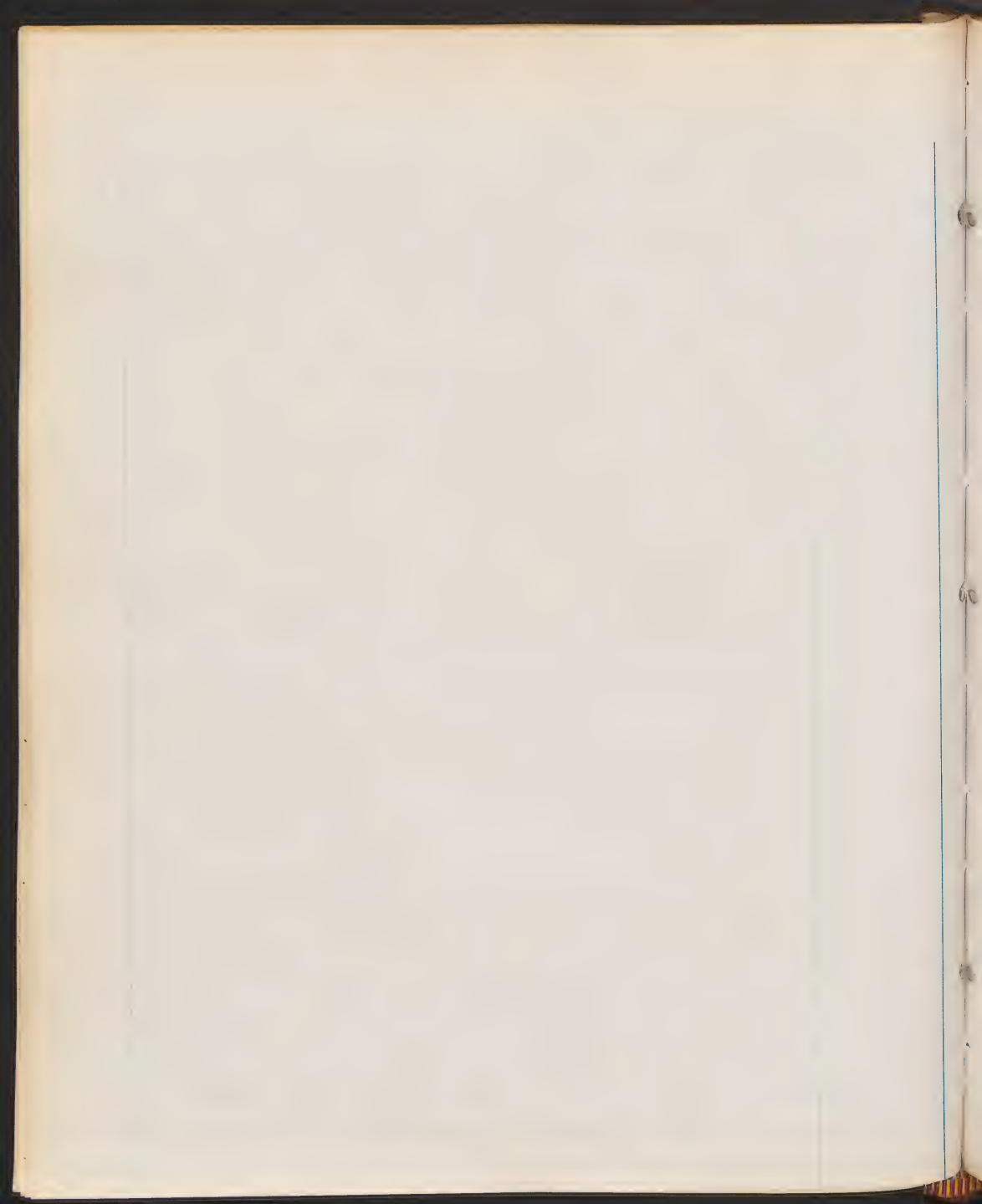
leily. Took camp at 4 P.M. and went
by Steamer. Off Great Island saw
three birds which I took to be Ducks.
left Steamer and Jim paddled me
to them. They proved to be Horned Grebes
one dove and two flew. I missed a
fair cross shot at each of the latter. At
B Point missed a Sheldrake with both
barrels. Saw a flock of about 15 Coots.

1888

Oct. 12

Lake Umbagog, Maine.

Left Lakeside at 4 A.M. and went ^{Return to} Cambridge before dark. Day rain-
y and dark with S.E. wind. On the ^{Cambridge}
Hitch saw two. One was a fine old ^{Partidge}
"hummer" walked deliberately across
the road, his tail raised and spread
like a fan his puffs twitching, shaking
his head as if he were trying to dis-
locate his neck. When the fenses were
within ten feet of him he stopped
and stood erect and still looking
like a bunch of withered leaves. When
we passed he began picking at
some berries. Saw very few small
birds during the drive.



Revere Beach, Massachusetts.

1888

Oct. 23 Cloudy and warm wind S. W. threatening rain (which came heavily during the following night and day).

To Revere Beach with Mr. J. Dwight Jr. by 9 A. M. train. Left the cars at Point of Pines and spent the first two hours in the hotel grounds which were swarming with birds a heavy flight having evidently settled the the previous night. There were about 200 S. coronata, a number of Ludus pallasi, many Sparrows, chiefly Junco & White Throat with a few Field & Swamp Sparrows, some Kinglets (R. satrapa and a single Dendroica p. hypochrysa). I shot the latter, a ♀ Junco, and a fine adult ♂ Swamp Sparrow.

We next crossed the railroad and began to beat the salt marshes. Dwight started a Passerculus princeps which flew past me. I missed a long cross shot at it but soon afterwards flushed it again & killed it.

The tide was nearly at full flood and we began searching for Sharp-tailed Finches in the beds of long salt grass that fringed the river and its tributary creeks. In nearly every bed of any extent we flushed one or two of these birds and in the course of the next two hours killed twelve - all that we saw. We shot them all flying. They invariably ran wild at first but after the first run lay rather closely. They looked very blue and small & flew with a slightly undulating motion. Dwight got seven of the twelve. He also shot a Cistothorus palustris. There were a few H. larks flying about over the marshes.

Chadbourne joined us at noon. After lunch I shot another P. princeps which the train started from the railroad embankment and which settled in the marsh when I flushed & killed it.

At the "Narrow Gauge Hotel" we hired an old and very

lately day in which at some point we crossed the river to
the marsh over the Eastern R.R. side. As we landed a
Gull-winged (G. melanoleuca) rose and circled around us
keeping just beyond gun range. On this marsh I
did not start any of the Finches but D. & C. found
two one of which they bagged. We saw a Cormorant
(C. dilophus) flying over the bay. Off the beach there
was the usual great bed of Herring Gulls. No Ducks
were observed.

The salt marshes are very beautiful at this season
when the grass has been left uncut. Its color varies
from russet to deep wine red. There is an Exquisiteum,
very abundant in places, of a brilliant coral color.

Concord & Wayland, Mass.

1888

Oct. 26

Clear and warm for the season; clouds gathering in P.M. Trip up
Wind N. E., a storm threatening late in the day. The Subury

With Chadbourne took 6.30 A.M. train for Concord. River from
Found my boat (which has not been used since June) all Concord to
safe and launching it started up the river. Found the Wayland
water nearly as high as in April and most of the
meadows flooded. A light N.E. wind ruffled the surface
and helped us on our way when we chose to use the
sail. Just above the town in the alders at the spring
by the Cattle Fair grounds we found a flock of six Rusty
Blackbirds with which was a young ♂ Red-wing. Tried to explain
get a shot at them. Just above French's Bend saw
a Butte, probably *B. lineatus*. Opposite the Cliffs landed
& beat for Lurell. On the edge of some tall scrub "Dog"
found & pointed a bevy of about twelve. They were
wild and the result of three barrels fired after them
was only one broken winged bird. Followed them into
the scrub, a perfect tangle with most of the oaks still
in full leaf. Fired a number of shots, most of them
on points, but got only one more bird. Flushed a
Grouse twice. Left the place at 2 P.M. & kept on up
river. Started a Heron (*A. herodias*) at the place where
we landed.

Detail shooting

Ardea herodias

Just beyond Martha's Point saw a Blackbird, a very
brown one. It alighted in a thicket near the
bank & Chadbourne fired at it from the boat but
missed.

Agelaius phoeniceus

Sailed from Fairhaven nearly to the bridge at the
head of Soudbury Meadows. The water was about
three feet deep over the marshes & disregarding the
river channel we steered a straight course most

(Oct. 26) of the way after passing through beds of reeds which rattled audibly against the sides of the boat. The sunset was a rather dull one but the scene was enlivened with the great expanse of water hemmed in by russet woodland and dark green pines.

Near the middle of the Sudbury Marshes saw a flock of seven scaup ducks (*A. marila*!) (which I saw) regularly over the marsh many times now rising against the sky now pitching down & skimming close over the water. Also saw four Red-winged Blackbirds, two flying high, two rising from a bed of tall reeds alarmed by our boat.

Just above the lower Hayland Bridge three ducks which looked very like Widgeon flew swiftly past us nearly within range. It was nearly dark at this time and quite so when we reached our destination. The water was so very high that we paddled up the brook nearly to the hotel where we spent the night.

Mayland to Concord, Mass.

1888

Oct. 2

Cloudy and misty with occasional showers of fine rain ^{between 6} and heavy rain in the early evening. Wind S. by E. light. Warm river.

Left the hotel at about 8 A. M. and paddled down the brook towards the river. Saw a Shrike alight on a tall, leafless Larix maple and paddling within range I shot at but missed it. Chadbourn landed and pursued it but failed to get a shot. He started a Meadow Lark, however, and had three good Stumella flying shots but missed them all. This bird was in a meadow where it lay rather closely rising within 30 yds each time.

In the meadow below the railroad bridge we saw a single Duck flying, a small bird, perhaps a Hooded Merganser, but too far off to be surely recognized.

In the Sudbury Marshes proper we started three Black Ducks from the grass and saw the flock of Scaps observed yesterday evening. They were flying about but did not alight. Cross obscure

Landed at the foot of this meadow and lunched in a pine grove on the crest of a knoll. Some Chickadees, three D. striata and a Cuthra feeding about us, jays screaming in the distance. A flock of seven Crows came into the pines and alighted directly over us. We rose & they flew when we both fired at the same bird bringing it down. It proved a superb specimen. All this time it had been raining hard but the rain ceased as we reembarked. Landed next at the hill below the bridge and took a long tramp back into the woods following a deep valley between two oak clad ridges. On one of these "Down" found a Grouse which he pointed so strongly that I made a circuit getting above the bird which C.

Grouse shooting

(Oct. 27) remained below. Finally the gun started and came out past me over an open field. I missed with my first but killed with the second barrel. Saw nothing more at this place excepting a few jays, sparrows etc.

Landed next about half a mile below Partridge Brook and made a short search for a Hairy Woodpecker Reis villosus which we heard calling in some oak 'woods'. Failed to find anything but some jays.

When we crossed Fairhaven it was beginning to get dark but we landed opposite the cliffs and beat a wood field in the hope of finding the Gaird seen yesterday. In this we failed but I shot a Shrike in an apple tree on the crest of a knoll.

Sparrows br.

It was a very brown specimen and, I think, the same bird seen on the 26th near Whittier's Point.

Just at this place we saw three large flocks of Blackbirds flying up river to the old tree roost in the bottom bushes at the Bay. There must have been over a hundred birds in all.

Blackbirds
flying to roost
at Fairhaven

The remainder of our voyage was uneventful but very pleasant despite the rain which poured down miserably most of the time. At the Masses the trees were dripping incessantly into the first river in which the lights of the houses & bridges were reflected on any side. It was one of those soft, peaceful rainy nights peculiar to this season and very good to be out in

Spurwink, Massachusetts

1888

Oct. 30. Cloudless & cool with N.W. wind blowing nearly a gale at times. A radiant ~~clear~~ day with bracing air as pure and transparent as possible.

Spurwink with Chadbourne by 7.30 A.M. train. Took a boat at Stone's and started down river with a strong ebb tide in our favor but the wind more or less ahead, & an ugly chop sea running in the tide rips. Landed first on a marshy island opposite the Neck & beat the sedge for Ammodramus. Flushed only A. candacutus one which I shot - a typical candacutus.

Landed next at the sand hills. A flock of Horned Larks swept past and I dropped one. Spent an hour or two beating the beach grass for Sparrows. I shot in succession a Savanna, two Spurwicks, and one Tree Sparrow making, with the Sheep-tail & Hawk, six birds killed flying in six shots & this with the wind blowing nearly a gale. We saw several Savannas but only the two Spurwick Sparrows.

Lunched in a sheltered, sunny nook on one of the highest points of the sand hills where they merge into the great pasture hill. Looking off over the channel to Plum Island and beyond they were unusually fine with white capped waves rolling and heaving as far as the eye could reach and the sand hills of the Island gleaming in the sunlight nearly as white as snow. In mid channel a large sand spit was crowded with Herring Gulls, over 100 birds at the very least. There were many Ducks, also, mostly Oldsquaws & W. H. Three or four miles out to sea I saw an immense flock of birds which I took to be young Sooties. They swept along close on

the water for a mile or more flying in a wide bar or ribbon which was apparently two or three hundred feet long and ten or twelve feet broad. This ribbon looked very brown in color.

After lunch we climbed the great hill and rounded ~~to~~ the southern side. Here we found a ploughed field of perhaps ten acres fairly swarming with Horned Larks. There must have been at least 200 assembled there scattered over the entire field. However the eye rested for a moment several could be discerned creeping like mice along the furrows or crossing their intervening ridges with here & there a single bird standing erect and still on a prominent clod or rock his yellow throat and black cravat conspicuous in the strong light. After we had fired a few shots at them they all left this field and scattered over the grassy hill tops where we followed them about 50. Two or three hours killing about a dozen each. Most of my shots were at single birds, flying, and I missed very few. After returning to the boat I added eight more Larks to my bag. These were killed on the flat near the landing. To this place they came in great numbers alighting on the beds of coarse pebbles where it was more difficult to see them. Chadbourne killed a pair & I another single bird on a strip of salt marsh on the way up river. We reached town about dark (5 P.M.).

Besides the birds above mentioned we saw a few Crows (not above a dozen) but no Hawks or Owls. I had expected Snow Buntings but not one was either seen or heard.

Wellesley, Mass.

1889

NOV 2

Clear and warm (Thurs. 70° at noon) with strong S.W. wind.

To Wellesley by 100 train meeting Dr. at the station. He had a horse & carriage waiting and we started at once, driving about two miles out of town and, leaving the horse tied by the roadside, began the day's hunt by beating a range of birch swamps & runs. In them we found two *Ruffed Grouse*. I did a long shot at the first which shooting went out by D. who thought it badly wounded. It flew through an orchard, past a barn, & when last seen was skimming, low down, over an open field in which it probably fell dead. The second was behind me on the edge of some scrub. Wheeling & cocking our barrel I killed this bird within thirty yards. In some oaks beyond the Baker pond we flushed a third Grouse which was very wild & went off unshot at.

Next entered an extensive woods of white pines, fine old trees with many dead limbs & fallen logs, altogether a remarkably primitive, shaggy forest for this part of the State. Saw no grouse here but the woods were alive with small birds, at least 50 Fox Sparrows, half as many Juncos, several Hermit Thrushes, Chickadees & Creepers, two Kinglets, *R. satrapa*, and six *Sitta canadensis*, *Sitta canadensis* and a *Picus villosus*. I shot at the latter & *Picus villosus* hit it hard but it "towered" high, over the woods and drifted off out of sight.

Lunched near the bank of the river on the edge of a large field where I found several "dustings" in the side of an ant-hill but failed to find the

(Nov. 2) Quail. He flushed a Grouse, however, within 50 yds.
the spot where we lunched and I shot it.
It was a very red bird (skin preserved). Another,
equally red apparently, was flushed twice in the
same woods. Denton shot at but missed it.

On our way to the next cove we started
a solitary Snow Bunting from the roadside. *Pse. nivalis*
I shot it.

We next left the house near the "apparition"
of the sea locally known as the "Duck Roost"
and finished the day by a long hunt up
several birch & alder runs. In one a Grouse ran
above the trees. I dropped it with a broken wing
and a moment later D. seeing it running in
a path shot it again killing it. In another
we found many old and a few perfectly
fresh Woodcock signs, and D. finally flushed
the bird, a small ♂, on the edge of the cove.
He shot at it but missed when it hopped by me
about 50 yds. off and I killed it. My bag
had the day was three Grouse & a Woodcock killed Woodcock
in five shots.

After leaving this cove we drove to the Hammerwell
place where the gardener told us that Crossbills *Loxia curvirostris*
are found throughout the year. A flock was
seen by him this morning. He is very sure they
feed on the place, which has many large Norway
spruces).

Saw numbers of Robins, one Thriller & several
Downy Woodpeckers.

The fields as still as green as in summer. Most
of the leaves in the woods have fallen.

1888

Nov. 6

Cloudy morning clearing at 10 A.M. Afternoon partly cloudy
partly clear. Very warm - Ther. 70°. Strong S.W. wind.

With Spelman started at 9 A.M. for the Bryant farm
in Lexington where according to popular rumour many
Quail have been seen of late. We set off in a corned buggy
taking "Don" of course. Near the further end of the Wilsons
saw a fine adult Buteo lineatus soaring over the road.
Nothing else - save a few Crows - was observed on this drive.

Reaching the Bryant farm we stabled our horse and
crossing the fields to the south began to beat the range
of birches, alders & weed fields where, on my last visit with
Robert Nettitt ten or twelve years ago, we shot several Hens
in a bog meadow among tussocks of tall grass.

Scarcely had we entered this meadow to-day when "Don"
drew to a doubtful point holding his head high, a
puzzled expression about his face & attitude. I was working
out to him over some very soft ground when a large fox
started about 20 yds. to windward of him & galloped quickly
out of sight.

Fox

This entire cover with its bordering fields proved blank as
far as game birds were concerned but in the birches we
found a large flock of Robins and in a maple swamp I
shot a ♀ Picus villosus. Don made some fine points
at a flock of pigeons in a grain field and I took
several photographs of him.

Picus villosus

Crossing the road to the north side we spent the afternoon
beating the birch swamps and buns lying in that direction.
We saw several flocks of Robins, some Blue jays etc. but no
game birds until we reached the edge of the meadow where
"Don" made several points on Green Grass ago. Here in a
belt of alders "Don" came to a stand. I stepped in ahead

and flushed two Grouse getting a fair shot at one but
missing it. Shortly afterwards the pointer found one of *Ruffed Grouse*
then birds a second time and stood it staunchly among
scrub oaks on a hillside. I flushed and shot it.
He could find nothing more so returned to the barn,
branched the horn, & started homeward.

Reaching Prospect St. & finding that there was still
a brief time of daylight we tied the horn & beat the *Mundaing*
birch runs. Found no game but saw some "dushties"
of hair among oak scrub. There was an immense
flock of Robins here, in birches, fully one hundred birds.
They passed over us on their way to a roost on Rock Meadows.
I shot one as it went over me. We saw many going
in the same direction from other quarters. Saw, also, fair
field sparrows among some bushes. *Spir. pusilla*

The day's adventures closed here our ride home being
in the twilight.

Spurwich, Massachusetts

1888

Nov. 8

Cloudy, wind N.E. a storm gathering all day & breaking at nightfall.

To Spurwich with Spelman & Denton by 7.30 train. Took a boat of Stone as usual and pulled down to the mouth of the river. The tide was low with the young flood coming in strongly, and we had a hard row before we reached the Neck where we landed Denton who spent the day on the great hills to the north of the river. Spelman and I crossed the river and landed at the sand hills. Flight of Crows. Crows were flying south in considerable numbers. We saw them all down the river, at its mouth, and over the great sand hills, perhaps 200 birds in all. Spelman got a shot at one but missed. He also had a shot at a pair of Sheldrake which flew over the boat but missed them also.

Most of the forenoon was spent beating the sand-hills for Sparrows. They were more numerous there than I have ever seen them before and I killed twelve, eleven of them, including one double shot, flying. I did not miss a single bird but had to shoot one wounded one over again. One I killed on the salt marsh flushing it from a ditch. The beach grass is unusually luxuriant this year and afforded such perfect concealment that nearly all the birds were very close and were hard to start.

Shortly after lunch we climbed the big hill south of the Sparrows ground and north of the light-house. We had seen and heard shore-larks and Snow Buntings at frequent intervals during

(100.5)

In afternoon most of them "trading" between the
Muck and this big hill so that we expected to find
the other mixed with them. In this we were dis-
appointed for there were fewer birds than at my
last visit. Still the number was large probably over
a hundred Horned Larks & perhaps fifty Snow Buntings.
They were all in the ploughed field at first but
after we had fired a few shots they scattered over
the neighboring grassy slopes. I shot twelve or
fifteen, mostly all single birds flying. I neither saw
nor heard any Songspurs to-day.

There was a heavy sea running off shore & breaking
on the bar. Many Gulls skating about. A seal at
the base of the hill, Coots and Sheldrakes flying in
small bunches. Two Geese on the hill, perhaps
Swans but I could not make sure. A single
Atlatl. Six Coturnix in a bushy hollow, all apparently Coturnix
wild. A single Cormorant (C. dilophus) flying high
following the shore.

Returning through the sand hills I shot three Spermophiles
(included in the two previously mentioned) my last shot
being the double.

Started up river at 4 P.M. picking up Benton at
the Muck. He had bagged a dozen birds, ten Horned
Larks, one Snow Bunting, & one Branchia peruviana. The Branchia
latter was accompanied by another sandpiper which
D. took to be of the same species. Both were very shy.

We had a delightful row up river in the twilight.
The tide was very high but falling fast & hence against
us but by taking advantage of the ebb we made
rapid progress. Near the second bend of the river we
saw a Bittern flapping low over the marsh.

Branchia

Bittern

Grantville (Wellesley Hills) Mass.

1888

Nov. 13

Clear, still, frosty. Ther. 25° at sunrise. Grouse frozen and foot skinned over all day in the shade.

To Grantville by 7.45 train with Spelman. The depot carriage took us out on the turnpike to the swamp behind Henshaw's and returned for us there late in the afternoon. Our days beat was over nearly the same ground that Henshaw and I traversed last year leaving out that behind Heekles.

In the first swamp by the turnpike a Grouse started behind me. It was forty yds. off before I could wheel and fire. My shot brought a cloud of feathers but the bird kept on and we could not find it again.

The second bird, a very red one, started from a brushy hollow where Henshaw shot a Woodcock last year. I fired and it fell in a curious way coming down lightly and gradually with its wings spread. It then spun about among the leaves making a great fluttering. When I got to it however its head was raised; it acted as if it might fly again but I caught it easily. Apparently its legs were wholly, its wings partially, paralyzed. It was a beautiful specimen without a stain or a feather missing.

My third shot was among low feathered pitul finis in an old pasture. I saw this bird start from under a bush and run several yards before flying its tail, wide spread, catching my eye at once. When it rose I fired bringing it down stone dead. It proved a gray bird, like the first a ♂

(Nov. 13)

After this we started four more Grouse but I had only one good shot which I missed with both barrels. The bird started within ten yards among some scrub oaks and made so much noise that it startled me and I fired wildly.

All the Grouse seen to-day took very long flights and were hard to follow and find a second time.

The country was traversed was almost destitute of small birds. We saw a few jays, chickadees and Tree Sparrows, one Creeper, a Hairy Woodpecker and two or three Crows but no Robins, Juncos, Fox sparrows or Thrushes.

Springs, Massachusetts.

1888

Nov. 15 Warm (ther 57°) and cloudy with heavy rain storm beginning about 10 a. m. and lasting into the night. Wind S.W., moderate.

To Springs with Spelman & Denton by 7.30 a. m. train. Took a boat of Stone as usual and pulled down to the sand-hills making the distance very quickly as the tide was ebbing strongly in our favor.

Found many Horned Larks on the pebble banks and shot eight or ten. Then began beating the sand-hills for Sparrows. Started seven or eight and killed all but one. Later in the day shot three more on the same ground being two of them come in on the sea. I killed seven in nine shots, all flying.

Very soon after we entered the sand hills it began to rain and during the remainder of the day showers followed showers in quick succession. At times it fairly poured but having rubber boots & coats we kept on until three o'clock when we started back for town.

After leaving the sand hills we visited the great hill to the south. The ploughed field held a few Horned Larks but not above twenty were seen altogether on all parts of the hill. On the eastern ridge there was an immense flock of Snow Buntings feeding on the green turf-fully two hundred birds. Several of them looked like adult males in breeding plumage but

I could not shoot one of these for the scattered birds forming the outer circle would rise and give the alarm. I shot three young birds when the flock departed.

Shortly afterwards I came on a smaller flock. ^{As they} rose and wheeled once down over the turf I distinctly made out a single Lapland Longspur among them. L. lapponicus Keeping my eye on him after the flock alighted again

(Nov. 15)

I walked rapidly towards him but when I was still at least 40 yds. away the flock rose again. I instantly fired a snap shot at the long one and, although he had gained ten or fifteen yards by his flight, killed him.

Don't forget *P. princeps* and a few Snow Buntings & Horned Larks. We saw many Snow Buntings on the beach just above high-water mark. In all we probably saw 300 Snow Buntings, 50 Horned Larks and about 13 Sparrow Sparrows. I shot nearly as well as during my last trip making one double at Horned Larks and missing my first fair single shots.

Crows were migrating all day in small numbers straggling along over the marshes and sand hills. There were fully 200 Herring Gulls in the river. At high tide they collected in a snowy "bed" on the marshes, at low water they were sprinkled over the flats. On the River marshes just north of Oak Island we saw a solid mass of these Gulls sitting at high tide on an elevated part of the marsh within 100 yds. of the railroad tracks. They covered about half an acre and presented a beautiful appearance.

Larus argentatus

While we were eating lunch a Tree Sparrow sang several times in a bushy hollow on the edge of the sand hills. There was a flock of about a dozen of them. I killed two of them at a shot. One was the darkest I have ever seen.

Spiz. monticola
virgatus

The Snow Buntings were much tamer than usual. Several times I got within ten or fifteen yards of the outskirts of a flock. The great flock presented a fine appearance as they wheeled low over the green turf.

P. nivalis

There were many Coots in the Plum Island channel & a pair of Sheldrakes in the river.
Found a plant of the sea rocket (*Kalila americana*) in flower

Grantville (Wellesley Hills) Mass.

1888

Nov. 17

Clear and cold Wind N.W. - moderate all day.

To Grantville with Spelman by 10.15 A.M. train. Reaching the station we again employed the depot carriage to take us out a mile or two on the "Back" road. Our beat to-day began at about the point where it ended during our last visit, and we covered nearly the same ground. In all we saw about ten Ruffed Grouse and a covey of three Quail. Six of the Grouse were in the westernmost piece of woods, one by the aqueduct bridge, and three in dense oak scrub on the great hill south of the turnpike.

I shot three Grouse and two Quail. My first Grouse started among dense oaks & birches & skinned off low on the ground. It fell wing-tipped ran about 20 yds. and hid in a hollow among oak leaves, merely squatting. "Don" found it easily but missed it for a specimen when he caught it by pulling out all but one tail feather. My second Grouse lay closely in dense oak scrub on the high hill and when flushed one Don's point rose straight up like a Black Duck giving me an easy and nearly open shot. The third bird, a ♀, after being started and shot at twice lay as closely as a Quail on a steep hillside, open underneath, but with rather densely growing oaks interlacing their branches above. "Don" pointed this bird very staunchly and when I stepped in ahead of him it rose within five feet of me. There was absolutely no ground cover and it must have merely squatted among the oak leaves. Like the second bird it fell dead or nearly so, at

(Nov. 17) my shot.

I did not miss a really fair shot all day but fired a number of ineffectual ones at long range or through dense brush. In one place "Don" came to a point among barberry bushes on the edge of a meadow and three Grouse went out in different directions but all in such a way that they were covered by the bushes until nearly out of range despite the fact that the place was very open with nothing much higher than one's head.

"Don" found the Quail in a weed field. I shot one as they rose (firing only one barrel) and the other among thick scrub on the hillside to which they retreated.

In all "Don" made probably a dozen stunch points on Grouse. The scent was evidently very strong all day owing, probably, to the fact that the leaves were soaked by yesterday's rain.

We saw almost no small birds. A few Blue jays and Chickadees, a flock of about 20 Chrysomitris tristis, a Tonotrichia albicollis, and a Woodpecker not identified but probably a Picilossus.

Grantville (Wellesley Hills), Mass.

1888

Nov. 28

Clear and for the season mild with soft S.W. wind.

To Grantville, alone, by 10.59 train returning by 5.10 P.M. train.

Spent the day hunting Grouse going over nearly the same ground covered during my last visit with the addition of a large tract of open chestnut woods which I have not previously explored.

Ruffed Grouse
Hunting

In the first cove I started a Grouse among thick young oaks and fired a further snap shot at him at the western extremity of the same woods "Don" put him up again, running in on him. I was out of shot most unfortunately for he towered straight up to the tops of the birches. Crossing a wide field he disappeared in some chestnut woods beyond. Following on we found him again the dog pointing him this time. I had a fairly open but rather long cross shot and missed.

On the edge of a run beyond I put up two fresh birds. Both were rather wild and my shots at both proved misses. Following up then bird "Don" found one among some oak scrub and I killed it over a stamch point. The other I flushed from a fallen beech top but failed to get a shot at it. It went only about 200 yds. and "Don" flushed it among some upturned stumps. I had an open but long cross shot and missed. The bird crossed a wide stretch of mowing fields and I failed to find it again in the woods beyond.

During the remainder of the day I tramped steadily through various kinds of cove but with such poor success that I did not see another

(Nov. 28)

Grouse hunted near sunset when "Don" found two on the edge of the deer oak scrub where we saw a Cut Bird late last autumn. I did not get a shot at either of these birds.

Bunched on the bridge over the large brook that flows through the western ground. Met two men there who were searching for a bevy of about a dozen snipe which they have been, they said, heard times this season. They were armed with musk-loaders, & were right in their traps.

During my tramp I saw one jay, a small flock of Chickadees and three Tree Sparrows. Small birds are certainly very scarce at Grantville this

Scarcity of
small birds.

1888

Dec. 14

Clear and very cold. Ther 6° at sunrise (Cambridge), 12° at sunset (Great Island). Wind N.W., very strong all day.

Started for Great Island at 8.15 with Mr. & Mrs. Cory. Reached Hyannis about 11 A.M. and drove over to the island at once. When near the pond below the house came on a Killdeer Plover by the roadside. It was sitting still with its head drawn in and looked as doubtless felt, half frozen. Saw also some Meadow Larks.

After lunch started out in search of Plover. It was bitterly cold with the creeks, marshes and even most of the Bay north of the island, frozen. The sand dunes also were stiff with frost and as hard as pavement. With the cutting wind, the broad areas of white shining ice, and the Gulls beating along the shores the scene was as wintry as possible and suggestive of Snow Buntings & Snow Owls rather than of Killdeer. Nevertheless we quickly came upon five of the latter feeding on the sheltered side of a hill in a pasture. They were very wild but tame and scaled over C. who fired two shots and brought down one bird. At the report of his gun a flock of fully fifty Killdeer rose from a hollow and skinned off close to the ground flying in a compact bunch like Tringae. Shortly afterwards I saw seven more fluttering about in a salt marsh where I could not get at them as a tidal creek intervened.

As I was returning to Cory a single Killdeer came in over the hills and swept down past him. He shot it and gave me the specimen.

Shortly after this Cory returned to the house but I kept on. Shortly after sunset I flushed a pair of Killdeer from a bit of ploughed land in a hollow. They

rose within twenty yards but before I could get off my gloves, cock the gun etc. were nearly out of range. fired our barrel only and that without success. The birds alighted again in the marshes but rose the moment I appeared over the ridge although they were fully 200 yards away.

I also fired a long and fruitless shot at a Meadow Lark of which bird I saw at least a dozen. Horned Larks were numerous in all the ploughed fields but I did not shoot at them to-day.

Reached the house at dark after a long and very pleasant walk in the bracing wind.

During the early part of the afternoon we drove around the park. On the east side saw a bird which we took to be a Podiceps lobellii sitting or rather lying on the top of a kale-covered rock several rods from shore. It raised its long, slender neck and watched us shyly but did not start although we passed within seventy yards or less.

Red-necked
Grebe lying
on top of
a rock.

Great Island, Hyannis, Massachusetts

1888

Dec. 12

Fair and warm but still sharp & frosty. Ther. 20° at 8 a.m.
Strong N.W. wind through forenoon. Dead calm in P.M. Sun
warm and pleasant.

After breakfast went first to the place where we saw
the Killdeer yesterday. Found three there this morning
feeding along the base of a steep ridge. I made a long
circuit and came upon them from behind. The moment
I showed my head over the ridge they started with shrill
cries of alarm (Kill-dee - kill-dee kill-dee, kill-dee kill-dee).
Although they rose within fifteen yards they doubled &
twisted so that I succeeded in firing only one barrel but
that was effectual the bird dropping stone dead on the
ward at the base of the hill where it lay with its
beautiful tail spread out like a fan.

We next drove to the deer forest through which we walked
starting about fifteen deer among them some pine birds.
Seven started in one herd in the great opening
presenting a most beautiful sight as they bounded off.

In some dense pine (P. rigida) woods at the east end
of the park we came upon a mixed flock of small
birds, about ten Chickadees, several Kinglets & Nuthatches
(S. canadensis) and two Chrysomitris tristis. The latter I
killed at one shot. Hearing the Nuthatches whining in
peculiar low excited tones and incessantly, I went in search
of them and found them dancing about among the
branches of a bushy pine. I suspected an Owl and looking
closely soon discovered one sitting erect and still on
a horizontal branch. It looked gray and saggid like a
weather-beaten piece of bark. I took it for a gray Scops
but on shooting it found I had a Nyctale acadica.

I gave the specimen to Cory.

(over)

Sitta canadensis

Nyctale acadica

(Dec. 15)

Returning to the house I began shooting Horned Larks. My first four shots were two successful doubles. The second bird of the second double proved to be a fine young ♂ *C. a. pratensis*. I killed it at fully seventy yards range and directly in front of the house in a ploughed field where these birds come to feed at all hours of the day.

Encouraged by this prize I set off again driving to the peninsula called the "Cow-pasture". Here over some extensive grassy flats Horned Larks proved to be numerous and I shot ten in the course of an hour all but two being killed flying. The ninth bird was another *pratensis*, a beautiful adult ♂.

After lunch we drove to the duck boxes, where C. had had holes cut in the ice. In these openings some wooden decoys were placed and sitting into tin can-like boxes we sat patiently for upwards of two hours. Not a Duck came within sight of either of us during this time. Through my loophole I saw only an occasional distant Gull or a flock of Horned Larks illumining over the bare hills.

Just before sunset we left the boxes and went across the marsh to the beach ridge. Here I flushed a Meadow Lark from the beach grass and shot it, a ♀ in fine plumage. As it had now become chilly we started back for the house on foot and walked as far as the bridge before the carriage met and took us the rest of the way.

On reaching the house as there was still a little day light I started out into the bare hills to the south hoping to find a Meadow Lark. In a hollow filled with dense beach grass I flushed two firing a barrel at each and killing the first a large fine ♂.

1888

Dec. 16

Clear and warm with strong S. wind, late in the P.M. the wind hurried into the S.E. the sky clouded over and the day closed chilly gloomy and threatening a storm to-morrow.

Spent most of the morning hunting Horned Larks using a Scott 20 g. gun which C. has from Read's on trial. In the fields near the house I got eight or ten shots beginning rather badly with several misses. In the "Cow-pasture" I found only one flock of birds at which I shot down or eight times killing nearly every shot and making one double. In all I took about twelve birds all typical *O. apertus*. I gave them all to Cory.

Returning C. joined me and we drove to the deer forest through which we took another long and very interesting walk starting many deer (all does, but seeing nothing to shoot at. The forest has played havoc with the small game in the park and there are but few Pheasants or White Hares left. We saw none of either.

At 11 A.M. C. went back to the house while I crossed the sand dunes to the beach near the boat landing where I lay for an hour or more concealed behind a pile of boards hoping for a shot at a Gull. There were many *L. argentatus* beating up and down along the line of breakers within easy shot of the shore but all of them kept off out of range as they passed my ambush. How they discovered my presence I am at a loss to imagine for I was perfectly concealed. Six or seven Crows came along finally beating the beach like Harriers. I had a good double shot at them but missed my first bird. The other fell into

(Dec. 16)

the water but the strong wind soon brought it ashore.

As I lay in this ambush it was interesting to watch the Ducks diving off shore. In one flock there must have been fully two hundred Wistlers and small bunches of Wistlers and little groups of Oldsquaws flecked the water in every direction. Some of the latter came within seventy yards or less of me.

On my way back to the house I flushed a Passerculus princeps from the crest of a ridge covered sparingly with beach grass and Hedonia. It flew over the crest of an adjoining ridge and I failed to start it again although I searched long and closely for it.

In the afternoon we tried the Duck boxes again. There were large openings in the ice to-day and about one of them fully two hundred Black Ducks sat huddled closely together. Four others were standing well out in the marsh. The latter allowed us to drive past them and slipping out I crept to the crest of a knoll and fired a shot at them from C's 8 gauge single barrel at about 150 yds. range. All four went off, however, as did the big flock on the ice. We then took to the boxes and spent two fruitless and very stupid hours without getting a shot.

Later in P.M. we crossed the marsh to the beach ridge C. killing a Killdeer Plover by the way. On the ridge we concealed ourselves in some open boxes and watched the bay side for an expected evening flight of Wistlers. Four flocks passed us, two out of range, one nearly over my stand but very high, one over C. I missed my flock with both barrels. C. killed one bird from his flock dropping it within the 8 gauge at about 80 yds. It was a ♀. The flock that passed over me was composed wholly of adults. [We returned to Boston by the 7 A.M. train on the 17th]

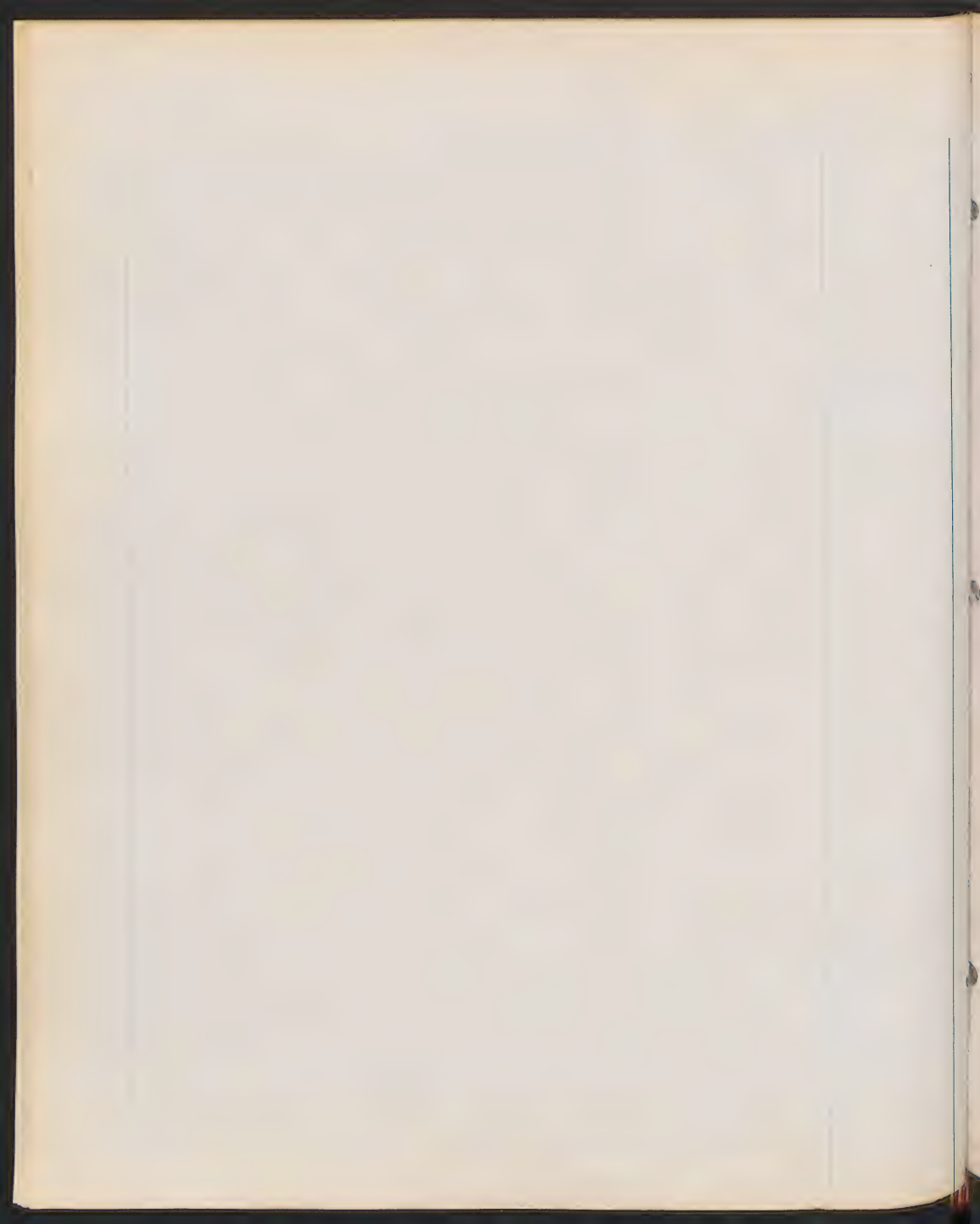
Washington, D.C., to Richmond, Va.

1889
Jan'y 19

Clear and cool.

Left Washington at 11 A.M. for Charleston S. C. The country between Washington and Richmond along the line of the railroad is similar, in general appearance, to Massachusetts, being very broken and hilly with deep ravines. Corn crops seems to be the most numerous and characteristic grain. There are many oaks of various species, all leafless of course. The fields are brown and bare but in some of the towns the grass was faintly green on sunny banks. I saw few birds. Two large flocks of Agelaius phoeniceus and a single Zenaidura near Quantico. In places immense flocks of Crows faintly blackening the fields. Cathartes aura almost constantly in sight. Not a single Duck or other water fowl off the fifteen miles or more of Potomac shore which the railroad skirts.

After passing Petersburg, Va. I saw a few Hawks (Struxella), and innumerable Sparrows which rose from cornfields and stubble as the train passed. I took them to be Poetes but could not make sure.



Charleston, S.C.) to Sanford, Fla.

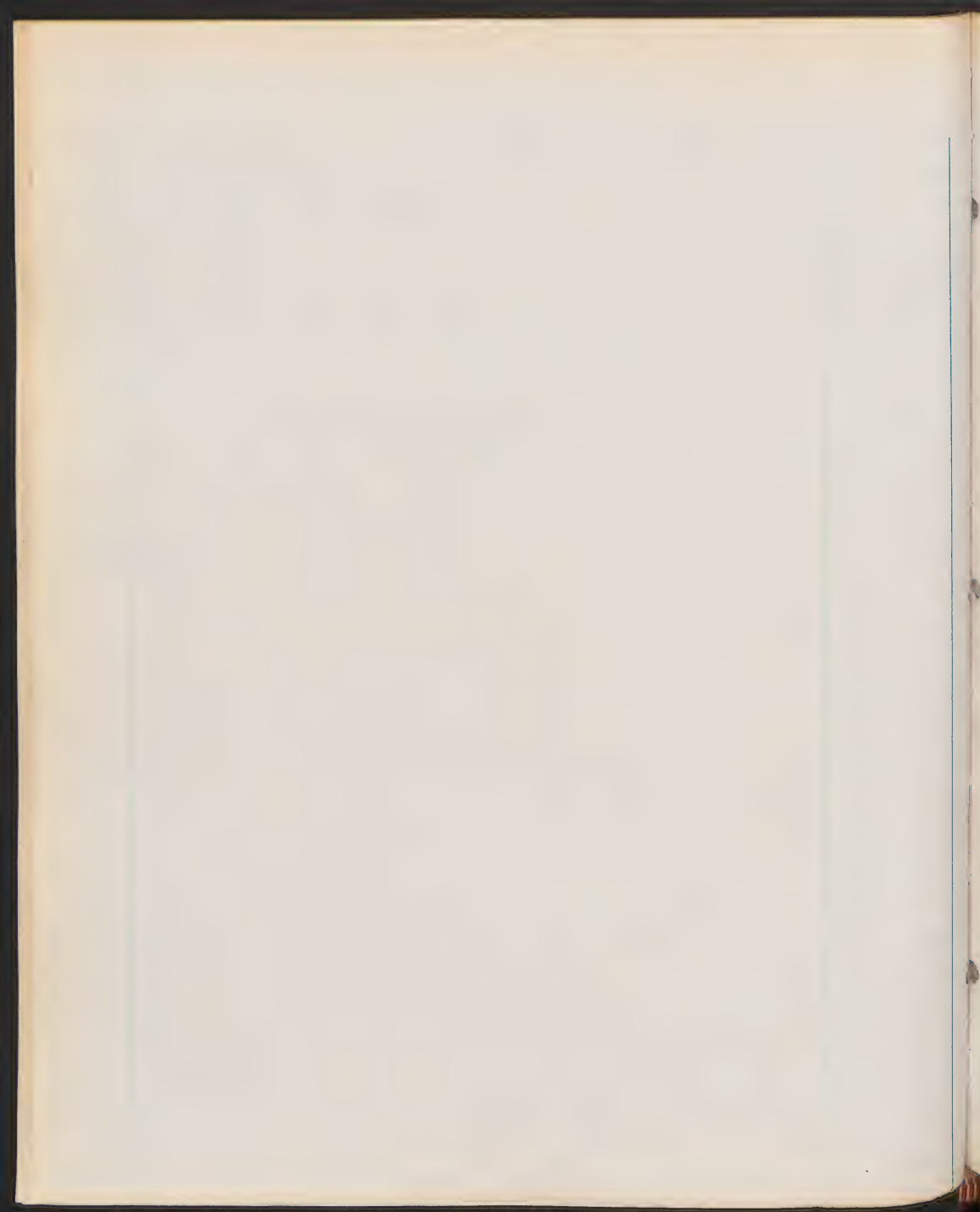
1889
January 30

Clear and rather warm.

Left Charleston at 7 a.m., joining Cory on the train by appointment. We reached Savannah about sunrise. South of Savannah saw palmetto became abundant but it was of low growth, not one 2 ft. high as a rule. South of Jacksonville it became higher (4 to 8 ft.). The tree palmetto became numerous at Jacksonville; also water lily leaves ("Nymphaea") very green and attractive to the eye. Near Green Cove Springs saw in bloom a few wild blackberries and an elder which looked like ones having similar large showy cymes of whitish flowers. In the swamps the cypress and larger deciduous trees were perfectly bare but many of the softening sweet gums were scantily covered with young foliage, the leaves perhaps $\frac{1}{3}$ grown. At Disson, a place north of Jacksonville we found *Bartonia* in bloom, a pretty little flower very like *Houstonia*.

During the day, I saw about 30 Black-bellies (not one *C. aura*) a pair of Wild deer (at Disson) and one Crow—absolutely nothing else.

We reached Enterprise Junction at 6.40 and I got off to wait for the baggage (which was expected by the next train and take it over to Enterprise. After waiting three hours (during which I had a long and very interesting talk with a "plum hunter" of the region) the train came but neither baggage nor dogs did it bring. Accordingly I took it and went to Sanford for the night, Cory having gone on to the same place by the earlier train.



Sanford, Florida.

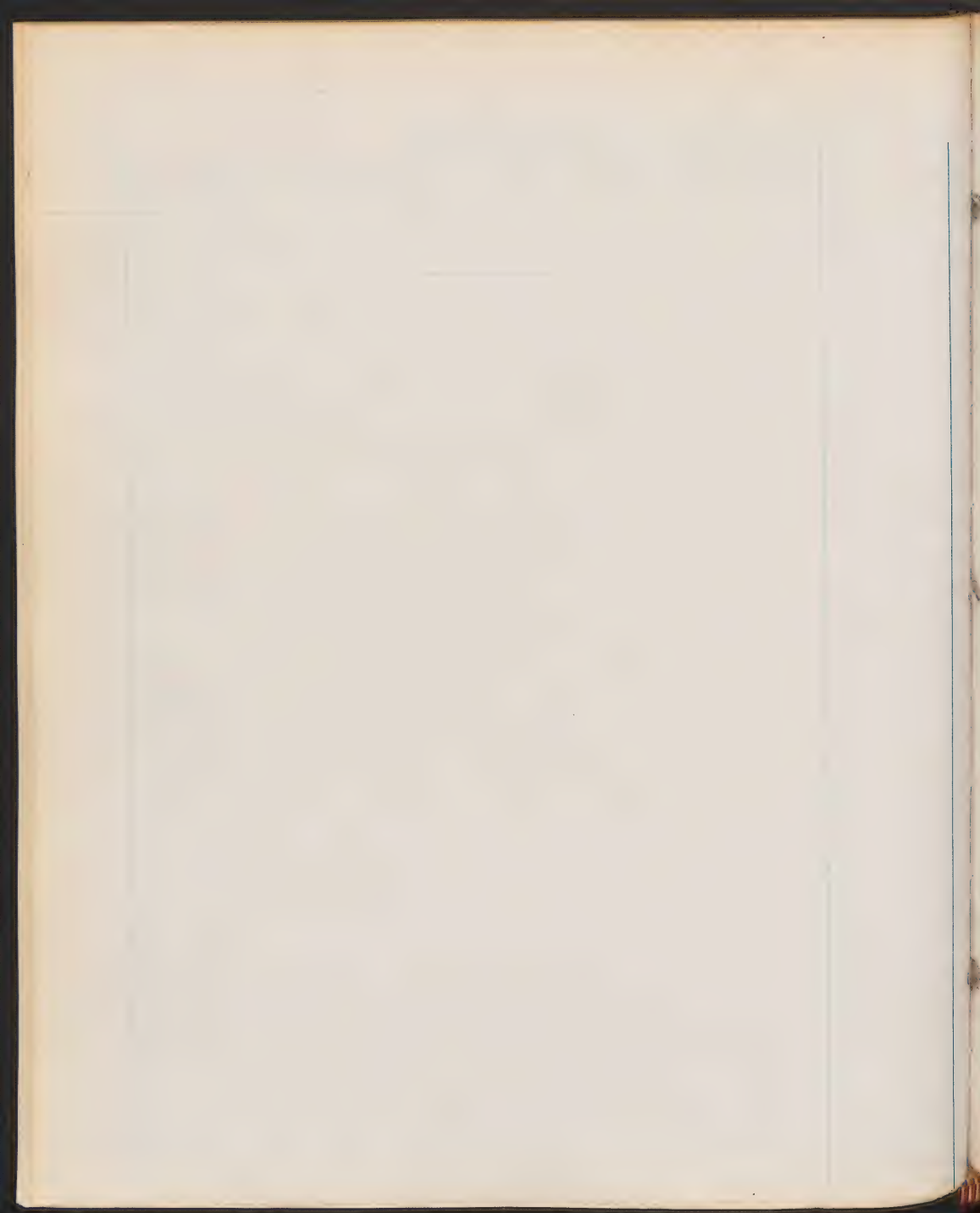
1889

January 31

Cloudy and mild with light S.W. wind.

Spent last night at the Sanford House and had about two hours to wait this morning before the steamer arrived to take us across to Enterprise. All the birds recorded in my field list under the above date were seen near the hotel, most of them along the lake shore, in a belt of palmetos or about the garden. In this palmetos were fully 75 Leiscalus major, many making the corn stalk fiddle cry and flopping from tree to tree. Apparently they make this place their rendezvous if they do not breed in it.

There were two Mocking birds and perhaps a dozen Yellow-rumps (D. coronata) in the garden, the Mockers silent of course. A Titlark (lutescens) flew over the hotel several times and when we went down to take the steamer I saw him alight on a shed near the end of the long wharf.



Centurion, Florida.

1889

Feb. 1

Clear and cool with N. wind.

Off at 8.30 A. M. getting back by 3.30 P. M. Drove about 18 miles, most of the way through open pine woods, much of the time working the dogs (a black Gordon and a black & white "field trial") from the wagon. They ranged superbly and found two coveys of quail, pointing both. Coy shot two from the first covey but lost both in palmetto scrub. I fired three shots and missed all of them. From the second covey I shot two and C. two. I also shot a quail that ran from a wet place in the palmetto scrub. As we drove through the pines, following our path, we started several P. aestivales and large flocks of Spizella on myrica. Blue birds were numerous in the trees and we saw a pair of Picus borealis but very few other birds & to my surprise, only three or four Sitta pusilla.

We next drove to Shore Hill Prairie a large expanse of marsh, partly flooded, partly dry or rather only muddy. Here we began to beat for quail of which we started 14. Of these I killed eight (missing only one bird) and C. four. They were well scattered and lay like stones. At the first report of our guns clouds of birds rose all over the marsh. There were fully 200 thousands, 3 or 4 Ardea egretta, about 8 A. ludoviciana and perhaps a dozen Hib. due. Besides these there were some 25 Tringoides bicolor and a single Sitta carl. We also started a Bittern and a short-billed Marsh Wren. Meadowlarks

were scattered all over the meadow in large flocks. As usual they were abundantly tame.

In the afternoon we hunted Quail starting two coveys, one of four birds only (killed them all) in pine woods, the other of about 18 in tall broom grass. From the latter we shot four birds.

On the way home saw two Parus l. atkinsi sitting in low pines by the roadside. One, a young bird, allowed us to pass within 10 yds. We also saw several Ardea herodias and one A. egretta about ponds in the woods.

On the drive out in the evening saw my first Florida Jays, two, in oak scrub by the roadside. They were very tame and I easily secured both of them.

Enterprise, Florida.

1889

Feb. 2

Clear, cool in the morning, warm at noon.

Spent the entire day hunting Quail along the road to Orange City, starting at about 8 A. M. and getting in before breakfast. He started nine coveys and shot down thirty-five birds of which we each shot fifteen independently, five falling to both guns fired simultaneously. Of these however, six were lost as neither of the dogs is a true retriever. On two occasions we both made a double shot but two birds were lost of the first and one of the second.

The dogs worked superbly in the forenoon but were nearly useless in the afternoon as both became very tired. They pointed very keenly, however, and about all the single birds. The black dog found all but one being but "Robin" backed him staunchly on each occasion. When we stopped for lunch we discovered three fine setters pointing a covey of birds within ten yards of the house across in the dense ground Scaevola. The black dog usually drops at point.

I shot poorly at coveys in the morning but missed only two single birds. In the afternoon I had only two chances, both at coveys, both times killed my pair of birds.

We saw many small birds. heard Florida Jays in oak scrub, Flickers (one singing) among the pines, a few Ground & Turtle Doves, about fifty Meadow Larks, a pair of Centurus and about fifty Robins.

An old field grown up to weeds and
broom hedge was fairly alive with Sparrows.
Most of them were *C. passerinus* but I saw
fully a dozen *Peucaea aëstivialis*. One was so
tame that I thought it wounded and
nearly caught it in my hand. Heard
a Pine Warbler and a Flicker singing. Nothing
else in song yet, not even Cardinals.

Most of the country covered to-day
was open pine woods with but little ground
scrub. We found four beaver of land in
the space of eight or ten acres. They are
tame when they have not been hunted,
and often fly only thirty or forty yards
before alighting again.

I shot a fine adult *Ardea ceryle* from
the wagon. It was sitting on the top of a
tall dead pine by the roadside near a
pool of water.

We found many small Cattle in two
of which numerous Quails (*P. p. discors*) were
scattered about.

Guthrie, Florida

1889

Feb. 3

Clear and cool with N. wind.

Did not hunt to day but spent the forenoon driving C. taking a 22 cal. Colby's pistol with which he shot one and 2 two Florida jays in an old field grown up to oak scrub. We saw fully eight of them here. They were very tame, alighting on fence posts & the tops of the oaks where they sat erect and still. There were also many Towhees (*P. alleni*) in this field.

In a hollow by the edge of a marshy pond hole we saw a fine *Geococcyx* with apparently long plumes. It was within 30 yds. of a barn from behind which C. shot at it with a revolver but missed.

In some burnt scrub we saw a single adult ♂ *Geothlypis trichas*.

Along the roadside saw many common birds and one Dead, *Lophortyx* among many thin *Desmodium*.

On the way back visited a famous Indian shell mound. Saw House Wrens and Cardinals near it.

^{the old Indian} Hackleberries, in full bloom everywhere by the roadside; also yellow jessamine.

In some burnt woods (pines) *Ceratiola coccoides* a curious yew-like shrub (allied to *Empetrum nigrum*) formed a dense undergrowth two to six feet high. I collected specimens of *Andromeda ferruginea* which was common in moist places along the roadside.

1889
Feb. 4

Enterprise, Florida

Clear and warm, Thur. 70° at noon.

Spent the day Snipe shooting leaving the dogs at home. Drove first to Mouse Hill Prairie where we started only six Snipe killing four of them. Thence to Dago Prairie a long drive through the pine woods, most of the way following us round. Reaching the prairie we beat down one side without starting a bird. Then hunched in a isolated grove of palmettos. After lunch heard heavy firing on the other side of the prairie and driving over there found Mr. Cosens working a brace of red setters and pulling up Sniper in great numbers. He was soon in the middle of them and in the course of a half hour bagged nine or ten birds each. Moving on a few hundred yards we struck a fresh lot and repeated the experience. All the birds were feathered about and lay very closely. Later in the afternoon, however, as we were on our way out of the prairie we started a perfect cloud of Sniper which acted very oddly, rising at long range and flitting on about a few rods at a time. Occasionally one or two would lie more closely and after we had fired a few shots and scattered the birds we had fire shooting. I made two double shots in succession and missed but few birds all day. Our total bag was 44 Snipe of which I killed 23 and 4 Linn's Grouse.

shot two. We started the deer as we were driving through the pine woods and shot down 2 but having no dog lost two. I lost only one deer all day.

On the drive out I made a very long shot (fully fifty yards) at an Ardea egretta which was standing in a pond among reeds near the roadside. I also shot two Cot. bennettii on Days and saw another three. The most interesting birds seen were five Sandhill Cranes two in one bunch, three in another, which we started while driving across Days. They rose to fully 500 yds. and flew out of sight, carrying their necks stretched out to the full length.

The morning was very beautiful, the sky cloudless, the evergreen foliage of the oaks, myrtles etc. glistening, as if wet, in the sunlight. It was so warm and sunlike that it seemed strange not to hear birds chirping but the woods were silent everywhere.

On the drive home just at dusk a Bluffornis flew out of some scrub and alighted in the middle of the road just in front of the horses. I saw the white on the tail distinctly and thus made sure that it was a male.

Mr. Cozens shooting wholly on Days bagged 47 Snipe to-day. Thus our three guns bagged in all 91 birds the last of which Mr. Cozens killed twelve snatching one hundred birds in all.

Indian, Florida

1897
Feb 6

German and also with much more.

Went off at 8:00 a. m. to hunt Quail taking with us a young man from the farm who came over by appointment to show us his dogs. He brought two, a better one - a fine & well skilled pointer, little better. Mr. Long also had his own of setters.

As usual, seeing the best birds, found the first bag but the pointer was also behind him and flushed the birds before we got within range. This disgusted C. who at once took up his dogs and started back hunting a little by the way, finding four birds for which he bagged the two birds.

I kept on with the long point man and we also found four birds from which I killed nineteen and my companion two Quail; I made two doubles and missed only three birds. The dogs worked very well especially the pointer. But scottish was staunch or well broken. Four Quail during the day, took to trees, one alighting in a tall pine near the top the other three in low black jack oaks. At the first bird I fired three shots aiming about three feet to one side hoping to make him fly but in vain for we had to finally bear him there. The other three we started by throwing up shells and I shot two, missing the third.

We saw one White Heron (*Ardea herodias*) large *Hydrotona peliatus* (said to be rare here now) and several large flocks of *Tringa magna*.

Estancia, Florida

1887

Feb. 7

Clear and cold for Florida with strong N. wind.

Off with Cox at 8 a. m. taking the Range City road. I had with me the pointer bitch "Nelly" which I tried yesterday and which I have tried for a week. As she is not steady I kept her in the wagon during the forenoon C. hunting his brace of setters. He covered miles of good ground without finding a single bag, although the dogs struck - had been in one spot. Most of the way was through open pine woods the ground grassy with occasional patches of brown sedge. In a hollow among this grass the blood setter dogs and finally flushed an odd looking bird which proved to be an Orel (Oreops a floridana). It rose directly from the ground and alighted on a low black stem. I shot it.

Oreops a floridana

In an old field among weeds I saw on a Panama notatus which was so tame that I very nearly put my cap over it after looking at it for some time from a distance of not over three feet. As it flew a Boggyhead Shrike darted down from a tree top and pounced into the grass after it missing it however.

As we approached the place where we landed on our last trip to this locality the setters found a small bag of Quail in the brush. I and I both shot at the first bird that rose killing it and on both sides with a second barrel. Following these birds he killed one & I missed another. He marked it close, and

approached the spot where Robin" pointed. A bird
ran and I killed it when a bevy of at least a
dozen birds flushed. C. killed one and I missed
with the second barrel. He flushed only one of them
birds a second time C. missing it.

After lunch I started out on foot taking the
pointer. First hunted some low scrub where I saw
three Florida jays. Approaching an old field the
bitch drew and pointed. A moment later she flushed
the birds thirty yards off. I shot at one only &
marked it down wounded. The bitch found it &
made a pretty point which she held allowing me to
go in and pick up the bird. I could find only
one of this bevy in the oak scrub where they settled
but killed this one.

Drove a mile or more through pine woods when the
bitch struck the scent of a running bevy leading them
some distance and finally pointing heavily. C.
killed a brace I only one missing with my second
barrel.

He then took up the pointer & put down the latter.
"Pointer" soon found a bevy among palmettos. They were
highly like scattered birds. C. shot a brace and I
then missed missing one. My last bird flew about 100
yds. and dropped dead in oak scrub where we found
him after some trouble. He ended the day's sport.

In nearly all of the numerous small pine land
parks that we passed were from one to eight or
ten Greys (*Apodreps*). We saw only one Heron and
adult *A. carolinensis*. Sparrow Hawks were rather
numerous. Saw several large flocks of Carolina Doves.
Only one Meadow Lark seen to-day.

1889

Feb. 8

Enterprise, Florida.

Clear and warm with occasional intervals of cloudiness.

Started at 8 a.m. for Dapo Prairie Mrs. Cory going with us. The drive out was pleasant but uneventful. We passed a *Buteo* *alleni* sitting on a tall stub by the roadside and saw three Florida jays in holly oak scrub. We reached the prairie safely but as the wagon struck the railroad track at the last crossing both whiffletrees broke. There was nothing to do but sent the driver back to Osteen with one horse to have the broken parts mended or replaced. This last scene of the day and left us "stranded" meanwhile. Fortunately we were at the beginning of the Super ground and by beating the ground closely over the space of twenty or thirty acres we put up about forty, five of which I killed eighteen and Cory twelve. I hunted the prairie Velly. She worked beautifully and made a number of stomach pouches but the report of a gun sent her off like a shot. I accordingly attached a long check cord to her collar and being ten other cord about my wrist had no further difficulty. She found all my dead birds except one. "shot rather poorly" missing fully eight shots but several of them were very long ones and others wounded the birds slightly.

At noon it was very warm in the sun and Pine Warblers Bluebirds and Flickers were in full song for an hour or more. Meadow Larks were also singing all over the prairie. Out a half mile or more over the open marsh I saw a flock of about twenty gray birds which I took to be Sand hill Cranes with an equally large

now white bird which may have been a Whistling Crane leading the way. This flock finally alighted in the marsh.

In a cypress swamp thickly lined with *Sida* a Barred Owl hooted repeatedly in the early afternoon.

We started for home about four o'clock but had gone only a little way when the setters struck the trail of a running covey of Quail. Before they could work it out, however, Anderson, the guide, rode into the midst of the covey flushing it. There were some ten birds only and all pitched into low palmetto scrub after flying about 100 yds. The dogs came to a point together and ~~there~~ or eight Quail rose in quick succession. C. shot down five without a miss, but only three were afterwards found by the dogs. I killed my first, missed my second and killed my third. A little further on I killed two more single birds over Prince's point. Only one of them started got away.

The drive home was very pleasant the air warm and still and heavy with the smell of the pines. On the knolls there was a strong scent of dead oak leaves reminding me of the north. At sunset a Heron (*A. wardi*) passed us flying just above the trees. After it was nearly dark a Whippoorwill flew from the sandy road rising just in front of the house. In the numerous marshy ponds a few "crackling" Hops were singing. We also heard a single note at short intervals from one of these pools that I took to be a bell frog.

The setters ranging about in the scrub palmetto put up a dozen or more Bachman's Finches. The scent of this bird is very strong & our dogs often point there

Calapine, Alaska

1867

Feb. 7

Clear and hot, the 70° of sun with a wind
started at the usual time taking the road past
the old camp place and thence over an extensive
meadow into a forest with *Populus*
trees.

We started our first line of birds in high
ground in pine woods. "Robin" finding them on
the side of the sandy road. We killed one each
at the first line. Very early, the others flew
only about 100 yds. alighting in an open place
on the side to down with wind. As others they
did not take until I reached a second time. We
killed five single birds, A. three and C. two. Both
missing one shot.

Continuing on we reached at least two more
before finding the next big flock. "Robin" pointed
in a grassy place by the roadside. I killed two
and I our bird at the first line. The others
scattered in every direction and we picked up only
four of which I shot two. The dogs returned only
one bird at the place where the big flock was. These
birds like those in the other big flock were about
100 yds. The total bag was only about 10 birds of
which I shot 8 and C. 2. One bird falling to the
one our first line. However.

The last bird that we flushed was under my
foot and flew directly in line with the dog
which was some 20 yds. ahead, being this I
did not fire but C. unfortunately did not
notice the other and was at the bird missing
it but killing two "Robin" who shot C.

and as if a forest with large trees and birds
not so far off. On examination we found
that the shot had penetrated his lower, over
his left, while his breast was also badly stained.
However he proved to be only lightly injured
and on careful hunting it was and des-
troyed him.

We saw many pine wood birds today and the
most number of common ones. The birds of the
winter in hills were heard singing. I found
two *Buteo alleni* and I shot at one from the wagon
wounding it badly but losing it.

In the open pine woods I saw a hawk which
I saw only once was *H. calurus* but I did not
shoot it. C. called out that Robin
had found a bag of fruit (the second) and I
lost the chance to verify the identity of it.

Mr. Carson called this afternoon. He hunted
yesterday with the Kuper team and was a pretty
good pointer and together they bagged only for
fruit.

There are but few flowers in the woods. Among
them the most conspicuous are the huckleberry, a
yellow flower single on a long stalks there and a
white star shaped flower which grows in clusters among
small stems among broad leaves, both flowers and leaves
found flat on the ground.

Whiskets and goshawks were very noisy in
the orange groves this evening but I heard no hawks.

Mr. Kuper brought in an alligator which measured
8 ft 2 inches in length.

Enterprise, Florida

1889

Feb. 11

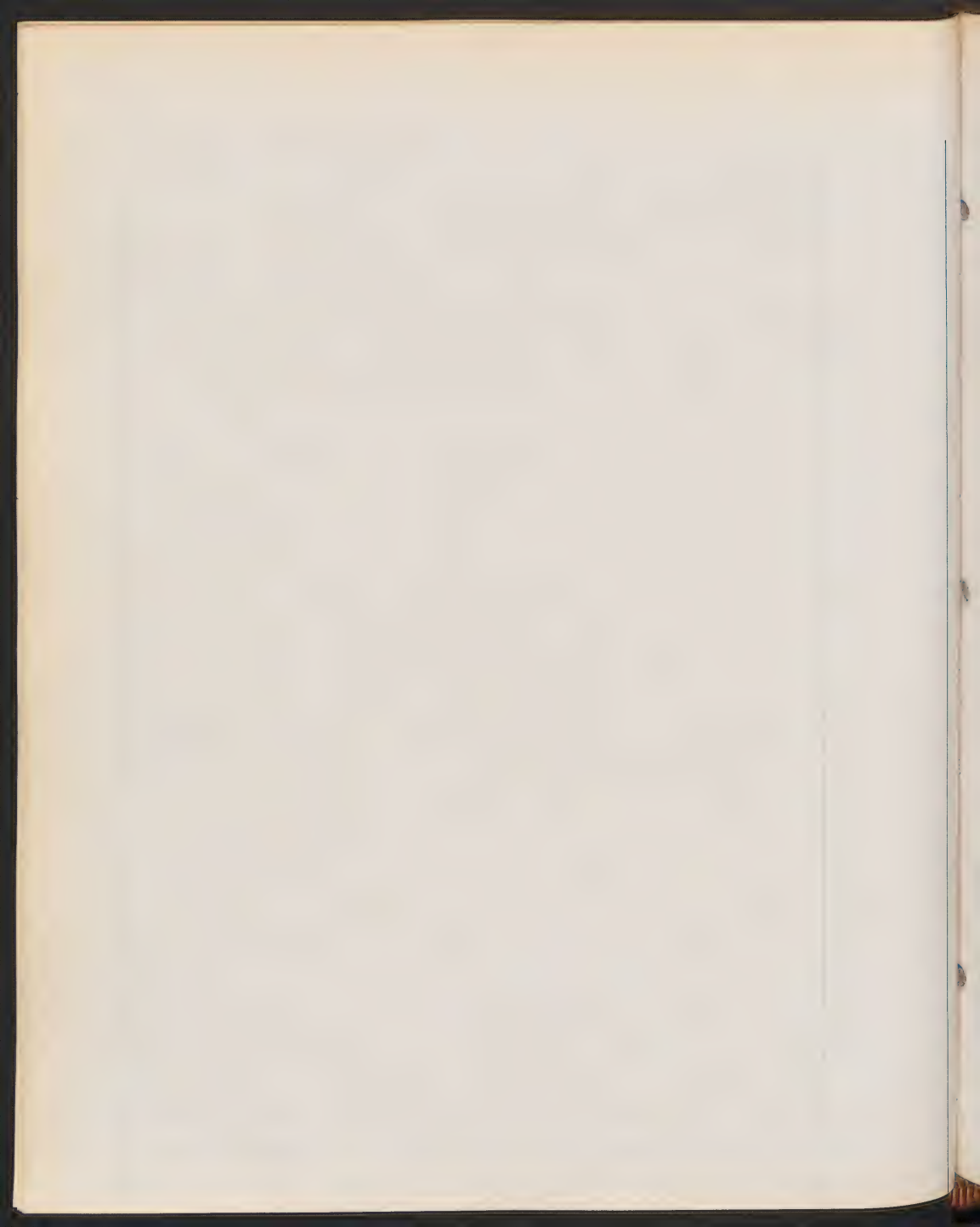
Clear and warm.

Spent the morning about the house taking a walk in the Palmetto hammock. Birds very numerous there, Cardinals, White-throated Sparrows, Ruby-crowned Kinglets, a Blue Gray Gnatcatcher, a Cat Bird, a Brown Thrasher, a Yellow-throated Warbler. Nothing singing except the Gnatcatcher. A large flock of Fish Crows feeding on Palmetto Berries. Ground Squirrels in the mangrove.

Hunted Quail in P.M. going out alone on the road to Orange City. "Kelly" found two coveys, one by the roadside in pine woods, the other on the edge of a swampy thicket. At the first I fired both barrels at long range bringing feathers from one bird but stopping neither. I then got in a single fresh shell just in time to bring down a covey that ran after the others. These Quail took to dense scrub where "Kelly" put up several, only one of which I shot at and missed (at about 70 yds.

The pointer put up a single bird of the second covey which I shot. She then stood head-on only on the main covey. I made a double as they ran shooting one and turning quite around to catch the other. Some six or eight got off but I found only one which I shot over a steady point in Palmetto scrub.

"Kelly" loaded another covey near the Orange City field but failed to find it. In this field a large flock of Meadow Larks alighted among brown grass at sunset evidently to roost. They came in from a distance in a compact flock like Blackbirds.



1889
Feb. 12

Interpines, Florida.

Clear and cool. Wind N.

Spent the entire day hunting Quail going beyond Orange City on the road to Lake Helen. We did not put the dogs out until we had passed Orange City. First the pointer first then took her up and put down "Robin" who soon found the Quail in an old field. We each shot one then third escaping.

After this hunted several miles in vain. Then took in "Robin" and put down "Nelly". She struck the track of a running Quail which we saw the next moment within a few feet of the wagon. Down on took in the pointer and went back with Robin. I killed right & left as they ran. C. missing both barrels. The birds alighted near together and at the next rise I made a second double and then killed a high bird. C. killed one high and we both shot a fifth bird getting all five down within a few seconds. After this I missed four shots in succession at high birds and killed one alone and one with C. We got eleven birds from this covey. The woods were perfectly open with thin grass in which we saw several of the birds before they ran. Robin worked very finely pointing nearly every bird.

After lunch Nelly found two birds one in a road patch, one in a small

pine woods. He each killed eight birds here.
I used one of Co's guns and made without
shooting with it missing fully as many
birds as I killed. The trigger pulled too hard
and I regularly undershot my birds. Both
beams were large ones. They ran more than
any I said I have hit with been here and
did not lie at all well.

Saw many Hens to-day and great numbers
of Chipping Sparrows and Grass Finches
I also saw a Parula heard singing. Two
Geese in a small pond. Shot a fine
adult Buteo americanus on the drive home.
He was sitting on a stub over a marsh
and I slipped out of the wagon and
took up within good shot through a
dense bush.

Guthrie, Florida.

1889
Feb. 13

Clear and cool with N. wind.

Spent the day hunting birds starting at 9 a.m. and taking the brace of setters. Put them out first about two miles beyond Orange City. After running a half mile or so "Robin" found a covey of about ten birds in a broom grass field. I made a double as they were C. getting a third bird. They went into the pine woods well together and the black dog quickly found them on the crest of a knoll. One was which C. killed, then four or five at which I shot both barrels killing with my first. C. also killed another. Shortly after this "Robin" found a single bird which I killed over his point.

With the next covey we had bad luck. "Robin" flushed them from broom grass without pointing. He walked five or six down but could find only one which C. killed. After a long search both dogs pointed the remainder of the covey. They ran all around us & flew past our heads. I killed one but C. did not fire at all. Following them C. killed two and I shot at one at long range wounding it badly but losing it.

Late in the afternoon "Robin" found a third covey among tall weeds along a wire fence on the edge of an orange grove. They flew across me as they ran and I killed right & left. C. fired only one barrel. There were about twelve birds in the

bevy and the survivors flew less than 100 yds. alighting in the same belt of woods at the end of the fence where the dogs soon found them and C. and I each killed one. A moment later I killed a second, missed one. Then or four flew back to where we first started them and we killed them of them three two of which fell to my choke barrel at my long range one after C. had fired at it. This ended the days sport.

On the drive home I saw a fox squirrel climbing the stem of a tall, slender pine. C. got out and shot at it about sixteen times before bringing it down. It was much blower and clumsier in its movements than the gray squirrel.

We saw many Pine wood Peckers to-day and I shot one that the dogs put up in an old field.

Passing through Orange City we saw a flock of eight or ten. *Quiscalus aglaeus* in a orange grove near a house. This Grackle is apparently a rare bird here.

We saw no Florida Jays to-day and perhaps the first time in Buttes. The two Red billed Grebes were in the same part of the same pond as yesterday.

The country which we hunted over was flat pine land with frequent orange groves and old fields grown up to weeds and brown grass. It had little sandpockets except in places about small ponds.

Dunedin, Florida.

1889
Feb. 14

Clear and warm, with almost no wind.

Spent the day about the house-
of the morning in the palmetto hammock.
Birds were numerous. The most of them
together in a large mixed flock which
included several Towhees, Cardinals and
White-throated Sparrows, a Carolina Wren, a
House Wren, a Ruby-crowned Kinglet and
a White-eyed Vireo. Near by, perched at the
trunk of a tall palmetto was an adult ♂
Yellow-bellied Woodpecker. Yellow-rumped Warblers
were everywhere, among the birches, catching
flies from the tops of the palmettos, in the
orange grove and along the street of the
town. I saw one greedily eating the pulp of
a sweet orange that had burst open in
falling. In the chicken yard a fine Florida
Crackle was feeding; this species is not
common here.

On the lawn in front of the house a
number of Boat-tailed Grackles come every
morning to feed on bread crumbs which are
placed there for them, regularly. They are
very tame and interesting.

Besides the Mocking Birds the most
familiar and characteristic bird of the
orange groves is the Screech Owl. There
are several always in sight or hearing
from the piazza. One of them perches
regularly every morning on the roof of a shed
and utters his bell-like note incessantly for

a second or two, then, after an interval, repeats them. I am convinced that this is a sort of song as the nesting season is close at hand.

The clean sandy soil under the orange trees attracts numerous Little Doves and a few Ground Doves also. One is seen to feed them many Palm Warblers which run prettily about wagging their tails incessantly. Another tail-wagger the Phoebe is also particularly numerous here. I often see them or four at once pecking along the fence that separates the Canon from the street.

Early in the morning the males sing freely and in full tones. The Carolina Wren is the only other bird here that is in full song. The Mocking Birds have been absolutely dumb until this morning when I heard one singing short snatches at intervals for an hour or more. The Cardinals sing a little at daybreak.

Blue Jays are common and noisy in the cross hump live oaks throughout the village. Red-winged Black birds also frequent these oaks and sing in small flocks scolding & confiding sweetly like that of our northern *Agelaius* in early spring. These Florida Redwings however have feebler voices and their tones are harsher and more cracked. The Jays resemble the Red-shouldered Hawk very often.

Another singer not mentioned above is *Psaltriparus carolinensis*. I have heard one twice in the orange grove. A *Ceryle* inhabits the grove at all times. I saw him eating the pulp of a fallen fruit orange to-day.

1889

Feb. 15

Clear and hot as July with a light S. wind all day.

To Daps Prairie with C. starting at 8.00 a.m. Saw nothing of interest on the drive out except a flock of about seven Florida Grackles. Shot one but it proved worthless, having lost half the tail.

Reaching the prairie began beating for Snipe but found very few. I killed nearly all I started - ~~there~~ in number in thirteen shots. "Nelly" found several of them & made four staunch points. I made one double shot on Snipe & one on Barks. Near the middle of the prairie Nelly flushed a King Rail from a bed of reeds. It flew only a little distance but we could not start it again. In the pines there was a Hylotanus. Meadow Barks were singing all over the prairie. Flushed one Hudson's Sparrow.

Crossing the railroad we next tried some new ground for Snipe. "Nelly" found ten or twelve of which I shot five. I missed six or eight fairly good shots however. Coy killed ten Snipe in all. He shot badly at first but killed all his last birds.

In a wet meadow among short grass "Nelly" pointed a second King Rail which C. shot. She also flushed a Cistiophorus Stelleri.

For some time we drove as before us eight fine White Egrets. At length they settled in a circular meadow surrounded by mossy cypresses. As we approached we discovered a large patch of mossy white near them which C. at once pronounced to be a flock of White Herons. The Herons gave the

alarm faster birds started, each springing like a Black Duck, the air seemed filled with white birds. There were fully forty birds about one third of them young (young birds). They came out fast as within perhaps 70 yds. then turned & came back high overhead. We fired six or eight shots at them & I dropped one an adult in too ragged plumage to be worth skinning.

The dogs trailed some turkeys across this prairie but failed to find them.

On the way back to Ostend "Belly" found & pointed a small covey of Quail by the roadside. I shot one as they rose and following them across the railroad into some low scrub killed four more. C. sat in the wagon reading, meanwhile.

After passing Ostend we flushed two coveys of Quail. Of the first I killed one; of the second I one & C. one. I also killed two fine Florida Grackles.

The drive home was very pleasant, the air cool and refreshing after the sun beat let. We reached the hotel about dark.

Cubaquin, Florida.

1889

Feb. 16

Cloudy most of the day with occasional intervals of sunshine. Dead calm in R.R. Bay warm all day.

Spent the day on the water starting at 9 A.M. and getting back at dark. My boatman was Oliver Newton a fine negro of fine physique & remarkably intelligent. We skirted the coast shore of P. Moore, thence into Co. Belled, thence across Holden Prairie to Thornhill Prairie. On the way saw very few birds save in one place five Louisiana Herons and a Bittern. I killed the latter sitting and missed one of the Herons with the other barrel. I also shot a small alligator one of seven or eight swimming on a raft of floating lily roots. We saw several ugly looking but doubtless harmless water snakes asleep on bushes several feet above the water. I killed a single Snake at the place where I landed to get the Bittern.

Reaching Thornhill I tried in vain to get a shot at two Louisiana Herons which kept alighting on some low live oaks. Under these oaks we landed sitting in the boat. It was a beautiful spot and there were many birds about us, a Mockingbird, a pair of Blue jays, several Red-wings, two *Sphyrapicus varius* & a *Ceryle*, a *Colaptes*, a Red shouldered Hawk & a Towhee or two. Back among the trees a White eyed Vireo was singing. A noisy White Heron occasionally flapped his way slowly across the prairie & an adult ♂ Marsh Wren

scalded past. The air was still and pretty. From the reedy tangles along the river the cries of Coots and Florida Gallinules were heard almost incessantly.

After lunch I landed on East the drier ground starting for birds and killing all of them making my first to-day in my photo. Also shot two Meadow Larks and a Florida Crow, the latter sitting on the top of a small pine. Started a Short billed Marsh Wren several Titlarks & Sav. Sparrows.

Returning to the boat we pushed off & had just cleared the oaks when I saw a creature swimming well out in the river. It proved to be a diamond batted snake about two feet long with only one batte and a "button".

On the way back followed the river to the lake. It is bordered by beds of floating vegetation chiefly lily leaves and a large Polygonum with dense and very tall reeds behind. These latter were alive with Florida Gallinules which as we approached scuttled, swam or flew back into the reeds. They often walked on the lily leaves or stood erect on them. Swimming they looked very like Coots. There must have been thousands of them. Coots were also very numerous, scattered about in every direction singly or in little clusters. I shot two Gallinules & two Coots. Also shot a Boat Tail Grackle that flew past the boat. The outcry of the Coots & Gallinules was nearly incessant. Saw about fifty Duck, at least fifty in one flock. Near the mouth of the river about forty Herons rose at once, mostly *A. ceryle* with a few *A. ludoviciana*. Red wing Blackbirds swimming in the reeds & very tame. Maryland Yellow throats also very numerous. Boat-tailed Grackles everywhere along the river, nearly all of them ♀♀. A hybrid or

Jessupville to Banana River, Florida

1889

Feb. 18

Clear and hot; Ther. 82° at noon. Wind S.W.; strong all day.

Left Jessupville by the noon train reaching Jessupville about 3 P.M. Typical Florida town of the most common type. Fish Crows & Boat-tails swarming about the vacant lots and along the edge of the river. Many Yellow-rump Warblers & one Titlark on a long wharf.

We had chartered the schooner "Manatee" for a week's trip and getting our baggage aboard set sail for Banana Creek. The distance across Indian River is about seven miles diagonally. The water for the entire way was thickly sprinkled with Coots (*Fulica*) with every now & then a great bed of Scamps (*Fulix affinis*). The latter regularly took wing before we were within 100 yds. but the Coots were tame. The majority flew at about 100 yds. paddling frantically with their feet for many yards, after slapping against the crest of a wave after flying many rods & giving up the attempt. A few Coots did not attempt to fly at all but dove as nimbly as Grebes staying under water a long time. Some were up within 10 ft. of the side of the vessel. The water in many places was 8 ft deep & free from aquatic vegetation. The Captain said the Coots feed by diving.

We reached the mouth of Banana Creek just before sunset. Here I saw my first mangroves.

The wind had now sunk to a gentle breeze deliciously soft & warm. In the mangroves several Noddies were singing; in the marshes many Maryland Yellow-Throats. In the distance I could hear Boat-tails uttering their rasping chick, chick, che-chee-chee. Several Kingfishers were flying about chasing one another. In every direction

smaller and beating their wings fast as two others. The
noise was

Just before the great darkness began the birds were
the ordinary numbers of land birds. After they
literally blackened the water from bank to bank
(at least half a mile across) of Panama Creek as far as
the eye could reach and in the air a continuous
stream of flocks flowed steadily and swiftly, south
towards Indian river. It was as if a great army of the
winged birds rose with a noise resembling a waterfall
or a heavy shower falling on a still pond. In every
direction the air was filled with thousands upon thousands
of birds as thick as swarming bees. This continued until
dark although we saw the greatest number near the
mouth of the creek. Probably two-thirds were Coots (*Fulica*)
the remaining one third Lesser Scaups with a sprinkling
of other Ducks which we could not certainly identify.
At the fewest we saw not less than three million birds
in an hour & going only two or three miles.

At twilight fell several Night Herons flapped past
us quacking hoarsely; a big Owl sailed across the open
water; several Swifts (*Hirundo*) squatted over the marshes.
Innumerable flocks of several species, all new to me except
the crackling Ayas, began a medley of sound that
lasted all night. Every few hundred yards we
disturbed great beds of Coots, invisible in the darkness,
but making the sound of rushing water so loudly that
it could be distinctly heard in the cabin of the vessel.

We reached our anchorage about 10 P. M. The moon
had now risen and added its charm to the perfect
Southern night.

Barbana River Florida.

1889

Feb. 19

Cloudy & cool. Wind N. E. blowing a gale all day. Heavy rain in forenoon.

The first shot was at twelve. I went, after the capture of the relief station, Leasterman to the boat and offered to guide us to a creek where there was good duck shooting. His first effort was to run the "Maudie" hard and fast aground in attempting to cross a mud bar. Several hours were spent in attempting to warp her off. Failing in this we left her and started off in the small boat. The wind was blowing a gale and we drove down before it into a creek at the mouth of which I left C. to shoot over the traps while I went on with Leasterman to visit some ponds. He saw a great many Ducks, chiefly Scamps & they were on their way down and some large flocks were seen from the creek which Costs (Fulica) were lying in beds of grasses & water. But the trip to the pond proved a failure for there were no birds in them. Two Florida Ducks, Ducks, however, sailed down past us and alighted on a flooded meadow. I tried to stalk them but in vain. They rose precisely like our Black Duck and the flight was the same but their coloring looked as light as that of ♀ Mallards.

I saw on this tramp one fine Ardea herodias, several A. ludoviciana numerous Aptenodytes, a few Meadow Larks and some Savannah Sparrows. I also stalked down on eight Snipe & belly made two fine points on them. ^{I shot three times at them in all & shot one.} On the way back to the boat saw a Duck Hawk sailing over the meadows. During the entire time I was shooting in company with the wind blowing in Fulica & that it was hard to see,

Returning to the stand found that C. had had only three long shots, all misses. I joined him and presently a Ring neck Duck floated in on the large pond in a fair shot which he missed with both barrels. Soon after another came & I killed it. A few minutes later another which C. killed. After this several long shots by both at birds hurrying past down wind; all misses. Then a pair of Ring necks alighted & C. killed them both. He afterwards got another single bird and bagged one of a pair of Florida Black Ducks which alighted in a cove just above the stand.

After this we passed our two hours without getting a single good shot at Ducks but C. killed one from a bunch of four Stilt Sandpipers and also shot at and badly wounded a Duck Hawk which, however, escaped.

Royal terns were flying about all day and several Ring-billed Gulls and a few Cormorants. Two or three Ardea herodias also passed the stand one fine one coming nearly within range.

Late in the afternoon we returned to the vessel.

The country over which I walked to-day is peculiar & very unlike that about Antiripon. The island is everywhere intersected with creeks and has innumerable small shallow ponds surrounded by tall sedge with occasional patches of Coccoloba. Along the creeks mangroves form a well-nigh impenetrable belt. I saw many shrubs that were new to me & that I could not name, one of them in bloom the flowers scattering and pale lilac in color.

The Duck Hawk that C. shot at was started by one man Anderson. It was eating a Duck on the shore.

Banana River, Florida.

1889

Feb. 20

Cloudy with high N.E. wind all day. Occasional heavy showers.

We started from the vessel about 8 A.M. taking different directions C. going with the Captain in one boat to hunt some distant creeks, I taking Anderson with the other boat and building a stand on a point near where we shot yesterday.

The wind was blowing on shore and ducks were flying thickly. For a little while I had lively shooting then it slackened and ducks flew at wide intervals only. I kept Anderson out with the boat stirring them up and in this way got many shots. I stayed in the stand all day leaving it about 5 P.M. During this time I fired about sixty shots knocking down about twenty five birds of which I lost a number of wing-broken ones, getting only eighteen in all. Of these one was a King-neck, the others scraps of both species, T. marila predominating. I also bagged a Willet.

Many of my shots were long ones but in spite of this I missed a great many fair chances. The trigger guard cut my finger badly yesterday and it was so tender this morning that I flinched at nearly every shot. Most of the birds that came in to the decoys were singles but I had several chances at doubles and made one right & left successfully.

There were very many birds flying. I saw besides thousands of scraps & Coots about twenty Anas platyrhynchos, two Spatula clypeata (I wounded one of them a fair & badly),

Cairn, an old ♂ with long tail, one larger than the other
a few Kittiwakes

There were many Waders flying to-day a few
alighting on a mud bank opposite my stand.
I saw full 100 Willets, about a dozen Greater Yellowlegs,
a flock of about 10 Stilt Sandpipers, several flocks
of Agriolites hemipalmata, an Oyster Catcher, a
Marbled(?) Godwit, and a few flocks of Peeps (Species
not ascertained).

Royal Terns were numerous and I might
have shot a dozen from my stand. Two
Forster's Terns came and fished near me
giving me a good view at them.

Later in the afternoon two Ardea herodias
came and fished in the shallows below
my stand. I shot at them at very long
range (nearly 100 yds.) but got neither.

In the grass near the stand I flushed
a Carolina Rail which looked like an adult
in full breeding plumage.

The day was so rough & stormy that I
heard no small birds except a Carolina Wren
just at evening.

Several great beds of Coots lay in the bay
opposite my stand all day. When started
by the boat they would rise lightly & easily
against the strong wind some of them
getting as high at 50 ft. in going 100 yds.

They had a curious hovering flight reminding
me of Pigeons about to alight. Although
there were many thousands I heard them
only a few times. Their sound was like the cry of the muskrat.

Samana River, Florida.

1889
Feb. 21

A. M. clearing with frequent showers. P.M. clear & hot.

Starting at 9 A.M. C. & I both took stands on the point where I shot yesterday. I going to day about 300 yds. to the eastward. Here I remained all day. I saw more Ducks than on any day thus far but they would not decoy well and most of them flew high or well out. I had perhaps twenty possible shots and bagged twelve birds, eight of them Scamps (chiefly the Greater S.) two Shovelers, one Hooded Merganser and one fine adult Gadwall, the latter is the first that I have ever killed. It was a high bird and came over in rather high. The Hooded Merganser swam in with some Coots & I shot it on the water.

Just before shooting the Gadwall I killed another bird new to me viz. a fine adult ♀ Brown Pelican. It came flying past my stand low down holding its bills pointing down like a Woodcock. It flew about 200 yds. and dropped dead landing the spray several feet high where it struck.

While skinning this Pelican in the boat I had a good shot at another but my gun was out of reach. By the time I got it the bird was beyond range as were also a pair of Shovelers which had been sitting among the decoys and which rose during the confusion.

Later in the afternoon an extraordinary flight of Ducks began and lasted as long

it was light enough to see. In flocks of varying numbers up to several hundreds each they passed past in an almost uninterrupted stream. There were many flocks of Midgeon, Scaup & Pintail among them but fully ninety per cent. were Geese. I think I saw not less than one hundred thousand in all. The Midgeon flew high and I heard their musical whistle frequently. I saw a single adult & duck that was either a Canvas back or Red-head probably the latter.

Ducks of Green, Yellowlegs and a few Marbled Godwits flew past my stand to-day. In the evening twilight a large flock of Black Skimmers passed within twenty yards. I shot two Killdeer from a large flock and also killed a single Green Heron.

After the sun came out small birds began to sing. I heard White-eyed Vireos, Maryland Yellow throats, a White-eyed Vireo etc.

Gray spent the day on a bay a mile or more beyond me. He saw thousands of birds and shot away all his shells some eighty odd shooting down about fifty five ducks of which owing to the presence of his dog and the tall grass he bagged only thirty-four. Towards evening flocks of various species passed past his stand in a steady stream. He killed many Gadwall & Midgeon & one Florida Black Duck. He also brought in a very fine Ardea egretta which was shot by Quarstein.

1889

Feb. 22

Cloudy and cold with frequent showers Wind N.W. blowing a gale all day.

We got off at about 8.30 a.m. and rowed directly to the place where Cory shot yesterday. On the way we saw thousands of Coots. In one place the creek was solid full of them for hundreds of yards. Probably there were at least ten thousand in the flock. We also saw many Shovellers. In a narrow part of the channel Yellow-legs, *G. flammipes*, and Killdeer were feeding along the margin of the water. Among them were about fifteen Little Sandpipers. These rose all together and passed me in a compact flock. I shot into them and killed three. A little farther on about forty Humes, *A. carolinensis* & *A. ludoviciana*, rose and with them thirty or more Blue-winged Teal.

Reaching the end of a bay I chose a stand on an island where I put out my decoys off the end of point at the mouth of a creek. The first bird that came in was an adult ♂ Blue-wing Teal which, at the report of my gun, doubled up apparently dead. The next minute a ♀ Pintail swung by at long range and I brought her down with a broken wing. "Nelly" swam out and after some trouble caught her under water. In the meantime the Teal which had doubled a long way out into the bay & was about to swim it when it rose and flew out of sight in the distance.

I spent the day in this stand & bagged besides the birds just named another Pintail, two ♂ Shovellers, a pair of Blue-winged Teal, a Greater Scaup (♀) and a ♀ Ring-necked Duck.

missed only one fair shot at ducks but failed to kill several long ones. The pair of teal alighted among the decoys and I killed them both. I am shot, sitting.

I also shot an adult Ardea ceryle in mottling plumage and a fairly good A. ludoviciana. Many others of both species passed me within close range but most of them scaled off before the throng wind. When I ran to shoot & so quickly, that they would get out of range before I could pull the trigger.

A fine adult & breast Hawk came towards me and by squeaking a little I called him in to within twenty yards but I fired both barrels at him in vain although he finally dropped dead in the scrub several hundred yards away.

We left the stands about 4 o'clock where it was evident that the enormous flight of Ducks which passed over them yesterday was not to be repeated. In fact we saw very few Ducks to-day.

As I was leaving the stand a Florida Black Duck came nearly within range, quacking loudly.

All day long an immense flock of Red winged Blackbirds haunted the vicinity of my place of concealment feeding along the hills of old grass that lined the shore. Swamp Sparrows were numerous in the bushes, I heard the unmistakable note of a Water Thrush along the creek. Saw several Carolina & one Virginia Rail. Royal Terns in sight all day. On the way home a flock of fifteen White Pelicans (the first I ever saw) passed us. They flew in a V like Geese, all flapping their wings together, thus making a noise like beating against the dark water.

1897
Feb. 23

Clear and cool. Wind blowing a gale all day from the S.
Started at about 8 a.m. taking the Captain and Underwood in the big boat. Cory did not go out at all.

I went directly to the place where we shot yesterday. Just after leaving the vessel I killed a Lesser Scaup which came past me down wind going like a bullet.

Did not fire again until reaching my stand. We saw thousands of Coots and a fair number of Scaups on the way. At the island about 300 Pintails were feeding some forty yards off shore. They presented a queer appearance as there were many old ducks among them. They kept up a low conversational chattering and quacking. I tried to stalk them but failed and they all went off down the bay.

Putting out the decoys I made a stand and lay in it for about two hours. The first bird that came was a fair old ♂ Pintail which sailed past the decoys about 50 yds. out and dropped to my second barrel. A few other Ducks passed out of range but as there was evidently no prospect of good shooting, I called the men, took up the decoys and rowed back to the gulf. Here we made another stand. Several Scaups came in to the decoys as soon as we put them out and I killed one. After getting fairly settled, however, I spent the entire afternoon without getting a single fair shot at a Duck. Many Scaups flew past out of range & an occasional bunch of Pintails hurried overhead high in rear. Once when I had left the stand for a moment a pair of Florida Black Duck came

directly over the decoys lay down. Their yellow bills
gleamed in the sunlight as if gilded.

My only shooting in this stand was at Hares
of which I killed three, two adult A. carulea & one
A. egretta. The latter I dropped at windy two paces.
It fell among thick bushes when I came upon
it suddenly & found it sitting on a stick with
its wings neatly folded & showing only a single
blood spot on the back of the head. I struck
at its neck with the gun barrel but not hard
enough for it immediately rose and I had to
shoot at it again injuring it seriously as a specimen.
I also dropped a Marsh Hawk in the same
bushes but failed to find it. I called it up to
within six yards of me by speaking. When I
began to speak it was fully 200 yds. away.

Four large flocks of Hares passed in fully 100
birds in each, mostly A. carulea with a sprinkling
of A. ludoviciana. They fly very like Crows sailing &
circling a good deal. Near my first stand a great
flock of White Ibis passed flapping and boaring
in circles; as they passed against a black cloud
the effect was superb.

I saw two Water Thrushes distinctly to day. The
yellow legs were gone (I saw only two) but several
great flocks of Peeps passed. The north wind had
driven nearly all the water out of the Bay &
the flats were exposed for miles probably scattering the
waders.

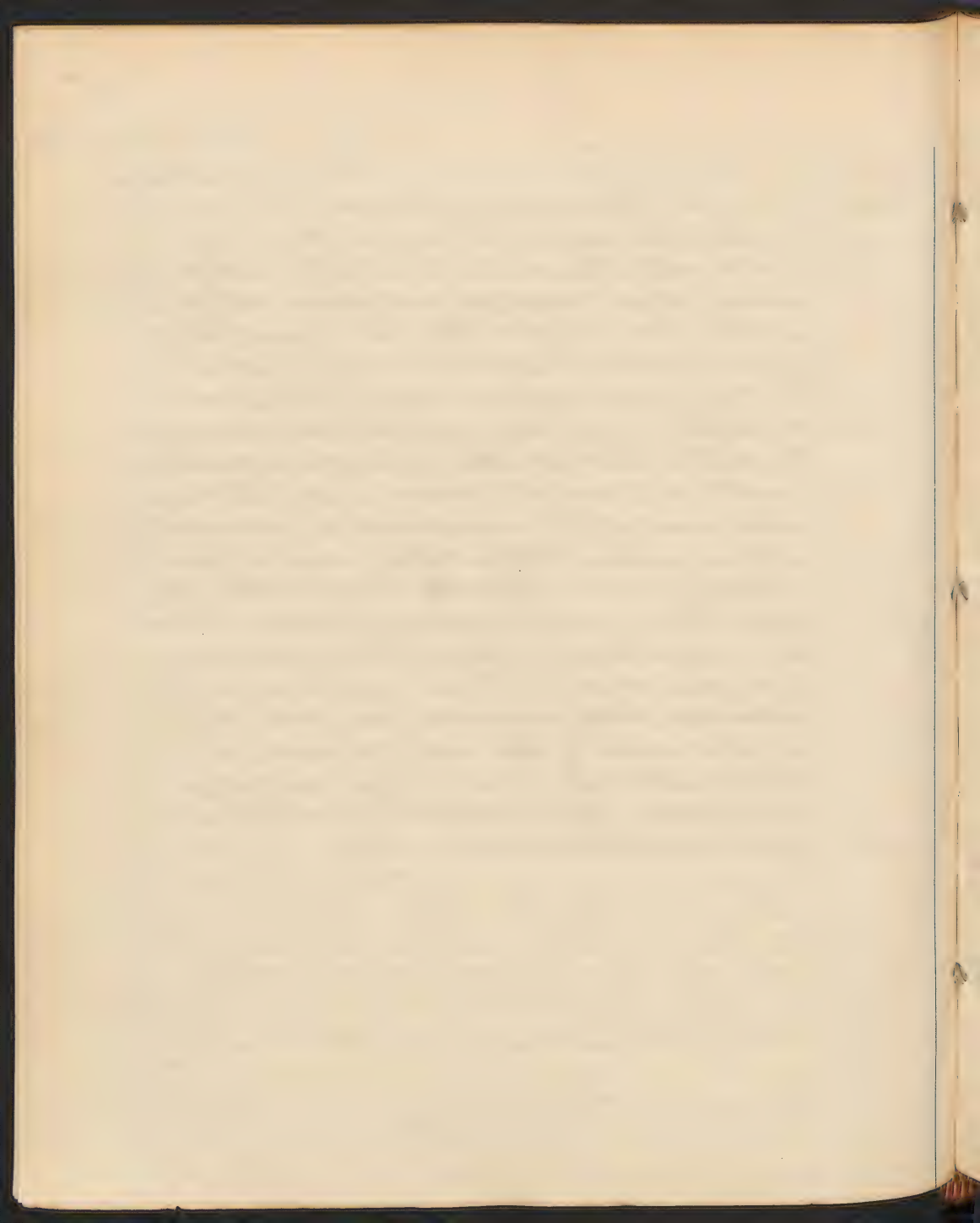
As we were about to start for the vessel a heavy flight
of Scaups began passing through the gut. I killed the first
three, all long shots then fired 25 shell in about ten
minutes bringing down only three more all of which were 30 lb. 21
minutes bringing me to dark & could not see the gun barrel.

117
Feb. 24

Clear with strong cool N. to N.E. wind.

Early this morning we engaged Henry to take us to Titusville in his flat bottomed, square ended boat a sloop rigged vessel of fair size but only 10 inches draught. While waiting for breakfast C. shot an alligator from the deck of the Monitor. It rose at intervals of about two minutes, first showing the eye & nose only, then slowly raising the entire head above the surface, finally sinking beneath the water. It measured exactly 8 ft. 11 in.

Beat much of the way through the creek against a strong wind. Coots in beds of reeds at frequent intervals. We counted the largest bed at 100,000 birds. "Wood" Ducks (chiefly Midgum & Pintails with a sprinkling of Gadwall also very numerous) sailing in clouds at times. Long pointed Yellow-bags, Killdeer, Killdeer etc. along the shore. At the mouth of the creek the water was black with Coots & Ducks, as far as the eye could reach. Just outside the mouth saw a pair Duck Hawk sailing about.



187
Feb. 27

Early morning cloudy. Rest of day clear with cold N. E. wind.

Started up the Lake at 9 A.M. with Oliver Newton is boatman my intention being to spend the day collecting water birds etc. Reaching the inlet we began to paddle, or rather row slowly, through the extensive beds of cane and bounts that border the river on both sides. My first shot was into a flock of Red winged Black birds, all ♀♀, of which I killed six. Shortly after this I killed a large water moccasin measuring about five feet. We took it at first for an alligator as it lay on a bed of "trash" its head raised much, too far above the surface. Oliver came near running the boat on it & thinks it would have struck him over the gunnel.

Florida Gallinules were numerous and I shot three. I also killed one Ardie ludoviciana in curious immature plumage. It was standing erect & still on some bounts about 60 yds. off as we rounded a bed of cane.

We landed at an orange grove on the east bank. As we ran the boat in I shot a fine adult A. carolinensis that was stalking along the shore. I skinned my birds under an orange tree in which an adult ♂ Hochulus columbis was hanging about the opening flowers. We saw a Parula & heard a Kinglet Whitensis singing. Towhee & Hermit Thrushes calling in the scrub. Coats just outside the fringe of brush making noise as of persons conversing in low tones. The

and the "Blue Bird" note coming in every
moment from the open water. As there
were no "Blue Birds" (Pied-bills) there I am inclined
to think that the authors not the Coots as I
thought on the 16th. The cry is precisely like that
made by these Grebes on Crooked B. Marsh, last
May. Am very sure I disentangled the notes
of the Hb. Gallinules to-day. They utter a who-who
who-who etc. in a descending scale. It closely
resembles the Spring call of Kallus virginianus.

Spent the P.M. looking for Bonaparte etc. back
towards the Lake. Hearing two calls, two of the same,
as the Heron (ad. m. C. carolinensis) and a ♀ Thalassidroma
back on the way. The first was one of a pair
that was from the Bonaparte ahead of the boat.
Saw eight or ten others in pairs & threes, the
males in full plumage.

Near the mouth of the river found forty or
fifty small Herons mostly adult C. carolinensis with
sprinkling of white birds, probably the young,
and a good many A. ludoviciana. They
wait for them at an alleged "roost" in some willows
but did not get a shot.

Saw nearly 100 ducks about 50 in one flock.
They looked like scaups. Some others I think
to be the old Merganser.

And a lot of Tringa numerous about the
beds of cane. Saw one Habia (10th?)
sitting on a stake. Several Marsh Hawks feeding
about & two or three Pituitus flushed from the
cane. A few White Collared Yellowthroats. Quite a lot of
the water everywhere but as beds of them
not back to the hotel about 7 P.M.

1889

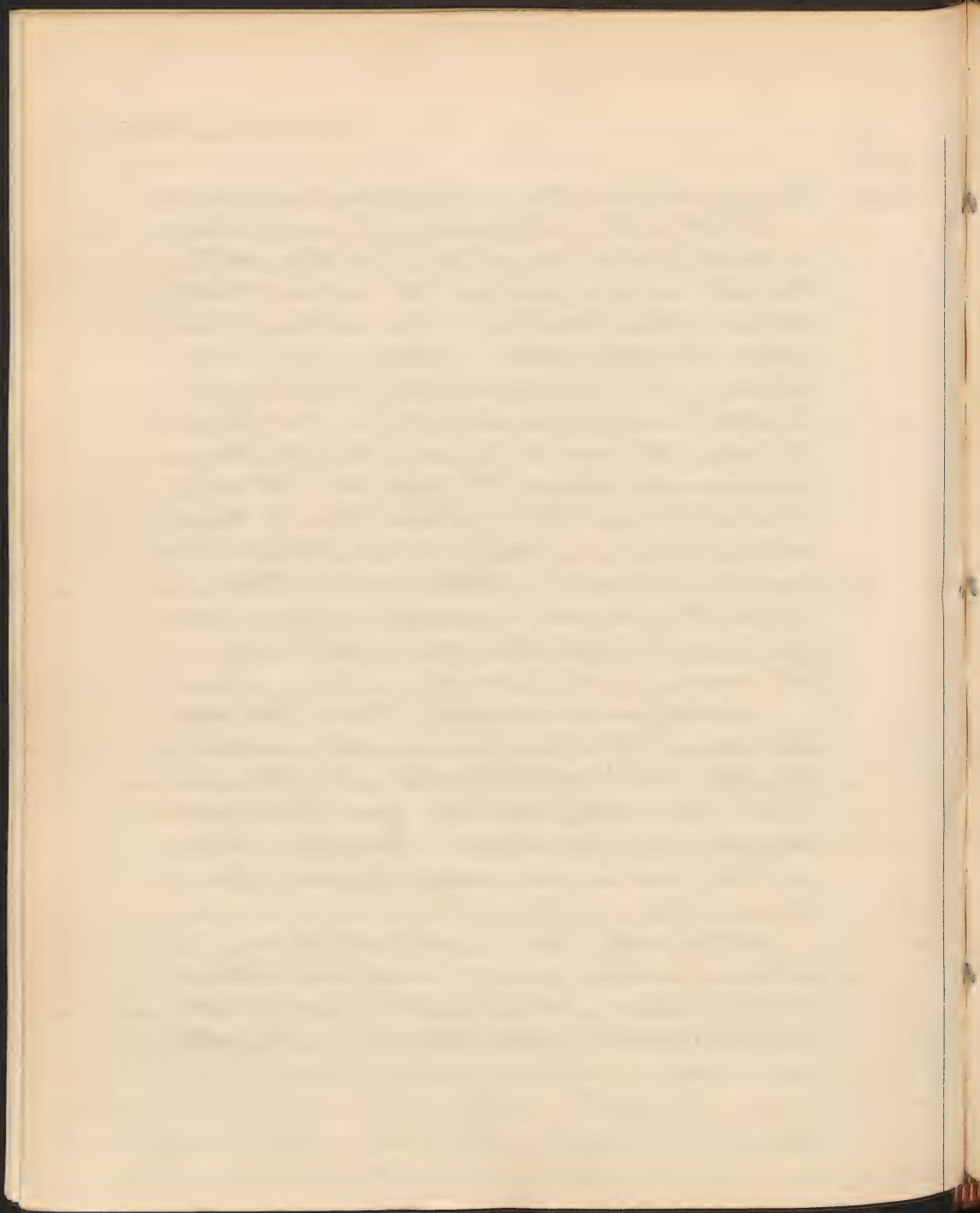
March 1

Cloudy and cool. Heavy showers in early morning.

Started at 8 A.M. with Coy intending to hunt the country between Orange City and Lake Helen. We got only as far as the railroad station, however, when the rain drove us back. We made a second start at about ten and stayed out the remainder of the day. We did not go far but drove at random through the woods beyond the de Bary place and about the junction. In all we found six birds of trail. Some of them were found by a pointer called "Grove" a tall curried hunter we had taken out on trail. He pointed the first covey and two high birds plainly, but after this ran in on two birds after making a short point.

I killed five birds, C. bagging four. Our covey acted very badly running a long distance before the dogs & rising out of range. We followed them up sharply but they rose a second time at fully 200 yds. distance. Mr. Crossens tells me they act in this way frequently after March 1st.

We saw only few small birds to day & nothing of interest except a Red-tailed Hawk which came very near us. It was an adult but it looked no larger than a B. lineatus.



Enterprise, Florida.

March 2

Cloudy in morning & late afternoon. Middle of day clear and rather warm. Strong S.W. wind all day.

Started out 8.30 by boat for the Wekiva river. The lake was perfectly calm at first. We saw a large alligator basking on the surface near the de Barry Landing and disturbed several large gar fish which plunged away from the bow or oar with mighty & most startling splashes. Oliver says they fall asleep lying near the surface turning themselves.

Just before the outlet at a landing where many shad nets were drying we saw about a dozen Buzzards feeding on open fish. There were also four Herons, three Louisiana & one little Blue. I shot two of the former but one escaped into a cypress swamp & was lost.

My next shot was at a large otter which we saw swimming in mid stream a little below Fort Florida. He looked like an immense muskrat but swam much faster & showed a flatter head. He dove twice going perhaps twenty yds. under water each time. I shot at about 30 yds. & apparently wound him fairly but he did not appear.

Near this same place I shot my first Rubinga, a fine ♀. It was sitting on a log on the river & allowed us to drift within 30 yds. During the day we saw about eight of these birds. Several of them beautiful.

Nearing the mouth of the Wekiva I heard a *Courea a. floridana* carving in the belt of palm-trees.

her. I shot a pair in 1876. There was also
in *Alcedo agallo* near a Centurus in the
palm-trees both of which birds I remember
then in 1876. The Nekia also seemed to have
changed not at all since my last visit.
He went up about a mile to day & in
this distance saw six *Ardea carolinensis*; two
herons, and a ♀ Wood Duck. The West
greens, ash trees (*A. americanus*?) maples (*A. ruber*) and
cornels were in nearly full leaf & the cypresses
fast coming in foliage. The willows (*S. virginica*)
were with their leaves & were in full bloom
& alive with bees. The river was very beautiful
and its setting intensely green wherever the eyes
rested. Cardinals and Grackles (*D. aglaia*) were
very common, the former in song. In
the cypress swamp a Pileated Woodpecker was
calling & heard *B. l. alleni* screaming incessantly,
as they soared against the sky. He met a
native who had come down eight miles. He saw
many Herons & about twelve Couleaus on the way.
Has not seen a Parakeet for two years, nor a Ivory
Billed Woodpecker within a year. Said he had
visited the Nekia prairie. He saw on the last day.
Couleaus are not decreasing much; they are little molested.

On the way back to Lake Monona I shot a
Pintail which we saw alight & afterwards flushed.
It proved a ♀. Also shot four Red-wings, a Band
trot hooting in a hammock. The Cuckoo-like call
bottom up all over the flooded meadows. Found
Coots wherever we heard it, but also saw one or two
Grebes. Saw only four Ducks & perhaps, maybe Coots
during the day. *D. dominica*, & Parula in full song. Found
an *Ardea carolinensis* bird screaming about

Enterprise to Palatka, Fla., via St. John River.

1889

March 4

Clear and cool with strong N. wind.

Left Enterprise at 9 A.M. on the small side-wheel steamer "H. B. Plant" and reached Palatka a little after dark. Spent most of the day on deck. The river was very beautiful for the forests are now in almost full leaf. The cypresses, however, are only beginning to unfold their foliage. The "bonnets" were very luxuriant and the vivid green of some of the cypress beds was almost dazzling to the eye.

During the entire day I saw only one alligator, a small one basking on a log. Of birds I saw seven or eight Anhingas, nearly as many Great Blue (Hawks) Herons, about fifteen single adult *Ardea cæcilia* and a flock of perhaps twenty mixed Blue and White birds, probably of the same species. We also passed a few high white birds some of which may have been *Cathartes aura*. Most of these high birds were very tame and allowed the steamer to pass within 30 yds. without flying or even showing much alarm. We kept by the *A. cæcilia* ever during the day and to my great surprise, only two or three of them were seen flying or showing much of their *A. cæcilia* behavior.

After sunset I saw a single Heron, two small Blue Herons, and three Ducks which I took to be *Anas platyrhynchos*, all within a few minutes. They were all flying, evidently shutting their feeding grounds as such birds will at this time of the day. The Great Herons came within view the words from the steamer.

skinned and for rendering. The man stopped suddenly and alighted on its edge. Some of the birds above mentioned seemed much disturbed by the boat. No disturbing vibrations, even if alligators is now allowed over the stream.

A small birds are seen over forest; but wings in large flocks feeding among the willows are the brants, occasional mallard parties - Mute swans and a few herons and up the list.

The quantity of Snipes and Sprogs was very considerable. I did not count more than 20 of the former and perhaps four or five of the latter.

It is doubtful how much of this present bird life is due to actual disease or depression of the birds by persecution and how much to the exceptionally high stage of the water. I am inclined to think the latter the chief cause for the feeding grounds are all flooded in many cases for miles back.

The lower part of the river was very beautiful in the light of the setting sun, the opposite being with billundon Marsh and a warm pinkish tint on the very light. After twilight fell the scene was impressive, rather than beautiful, a wilderness of forest and river bearing no signs of man's presence - devastation for the timber seems not to have suffered much if at all in this part of the river.

Tallahassee, Florida.

1889
March 14

Clear and cool with strong N.W. wind.
Reached here on the afternoon of March 12th having
in the interim between March 4th my last journal
record visited Charleston and St. Augustine.

Started at 7.10 this morning on a day's
shooting trip for Quail and Snipe taking with
me a borrowed dog a coarse-bred liver & white
pointer, "Bingo" by name. I also took a small
negro to drive, a boy not over eight years of age
but very efficient both as a driver and sharer.
He started in a N.E. direction and drove six
or seven miles before we reached an unwooded
country. The road led through a farming region
which closely resembles Virginia between Richmond
& Richmond very hilly and broken with deep
valleys and water courses down which flow clear
swift brooks. The soil is red clay and the
roads very hard and smooth except for the channels
worn in them by the water. We passed many
large pear and apple orchards the trees tall
and slender resembling Lombardy poplars. The
pear trees and wild plums were in full blossom.
Along the roadside were many wild flowers &
the thickets ^{overrun} by yellow jasmine.
A small tree ^(Prunus angustifolia) with foliage resembling a live
oak was covered with pink blossoms or
like apple blossoms. From the hill tops the
eye looked for miles over deep valleys mostly
in cotton & corn fields with scattered trees and
dark belts of pines, the latter mostly P. taeda
I think. Live oaks being with Quercus were

Deer was and was shot by a hunter & hunter.

Reaching a small pond my driver assured me I would find snipe about its edges—a most unlikely looking place. However I tried it and it had about a dozen Capping snipe. There were also a Bittern and three Carolina Grebes one of which I shot (✓ which proved an a little flaying). The Grebes uttered the Cuckoo notes & also the Rail like cry I ascribed to *Gallinula galeata* when at Estuaries. There were also Killdeer & Florida Grackles at this pond.

We spent several hours after this hunting for Quail driving miles across interminable cotton fields & patches of brown ridge the dog starting nothing but hundreds of Grass Finches, an occasional *Passerina* and several rabbits the latter of which he showed readily. Carolina Doves murmured. A few Sparrow Hawks & an occasional Marsh Hawk. Many Savanna & a few Yellow-winged Sparrows.

Finally we reached another small pond in which was a ♀ Ring neck Duck and a Coot feeding near some tame Muscovy Ducks. I shot the Ring neck and then six snipe one more escaping.

Went to a third pond where we concluded. Eight Ring-neck Ducks. Very many Kingfisher mostly the middle, a Carolina Grebe, and some Coots in this pond.

Spent the afternoon hunting Quail. "Brigs" found four berries pointing them all handsomely. Two had 5 birds each, one 6, the last about 18. I killed 11 in 13 shots making four straight doubles. When I found the last berry I had only three shells left. All four berries were in plain bushes in plantations.

Drove back to town before sunset. The air sweet with the fragrance of the pines.

Tallahassee, Florida.

1889
March 16

Clear, still, and hot. Ther. about 80° at noon

Starting at 8.30 A.M. with C. I drove out along the road taken on the 14th. At the first pond on the right just beyond the pond bend some Geese calling and leaving C. in the buckboard I went in pursuit of them. There proved to be three ponds separated by narrow strips of land the first two connected by a ~~slight~~, the third without either inlet or outlet. In the first and third ponds there were a single pair of Geese (*L. prodicis*) each, in the middle pond a single Goose and a pair of *Fulix collaris*. I spent two or three hours in going from one pond to another trying every device I could think of to get shots at these birds. The Ducks I stalked shooting the ♂ on the water at long range. One of the Geese I also stalked unsuccessfully. Another I killed by concealing myself near its favorite feeding ground and waiting (perhaps twenty minutes) until it got over its alarm and swam back. The two Geese were ♂ & ♀ but they were shot in different ponds and were not a pair.

In tramping about these ponds I started fully a dozen snipe but did not try to shoot any of them. They were shy as a rule for there was absolutely no cover where they were feeding, usually under live oaks where the ground was smooth and much covered with dead leaves. There were also several Killdeer about these ponds.

Small birds were numerous and several species as Cardinals, Yellow-throated and Pine Warblers,

full song. In the cut tails about the ponds I heard & saw Swamp Sparrows and Maryland Yellowthroats. Flitting from place to place along the water edge and alighting on the dead cotton stalks were numerous Golden & Yellow-rumped Warblers. Among some young loblolly pines a pair of Centurus carolinus were flitting about hammering at the tree trunks and calling ^{over 3-4} like Flickers. There were many Sparrows in the cotton fields chiefly Grass Finches with a few Yellow wings and one Bachman's Finch (typical) which I shot. Meadows Larks in flocks and silent rose every now & then from the brown grass under the pines. On the edge of one of the ponds I started a flock of eight Ground Doves. Regulus calendula and Parus carolinensis were heard in full song. Zonotrichia albicollis were numerous in the thickets along the roadside where I also saw a few Song Sparrows. One of the latter sang fully & in perfectly.

The King-necked Duck could not be driven from this chain of ponds but she became very shy after I had shot her mate and flew from one place to another. Some young people on horseback told me that a pond further along the road was "full of Ducks" so C. and I drove there. We found a beautiful little pool about an acre in extent fringed with cotton bushes and surrounded by woods through which, on one side, the road passed near the water's edge. In this pond were ten King-necked Ducks (6098). They were so tame that we watched them fishing at a distance of less than 40 yds. I did not shoot at them because I had no means of getting them.

The birds shot in the lower ponds were all in the same or of different species and no more were seen. They could not drift down. I accordingly had to be a step to the pond and walk out for them. (By the way, the birds were all in the same or of different species and no more were seen. They could not drift down. I accordingly had to be a step to the pond and walk out for them.)

Tallahassee, Florida.

1889

March 18

Early morning clear and warm with high wind. Clouds gathered by 10 a.m. and about noon a succession of heavy showers with lightning began & lasted until sunset.

Took breakfast at 6.45 and started at about 7 with the boy Wiley as driver. The morning was perfect save for the wind and birds were singing on all sides, chiefly Mockingbirds & Cardinals.

By the roadside there were many wild flowers conspicuous among them a large shrub which I take to be a species of *Ligustrum* (*Acrostachyus*?) with deep pink blossoms, a perfect thing fully as beautiful as a wild apple. The wild plums were past and nearly all their blossoms shed although on the 16th they seemed to be at their prime. Mistletoe and live oaks in flower. Also what I take to be the gum cherry, a large tree here. Also *Cornus florida*. I see both *Arbutus* if I am not mistaken, the *Ostrya* the more abundant of the two and just coming out.

We drove directly to the pond in the woods where I saw the Ducks (*F. collaris*) on the 22nd. They were all there this morning, or rather, there had been some change for to day there were 8 ♀♀ and 4 ♂♂. After some maneuvering my boy drove them within shot of the place where I lay concealed. I got three of the drakes together and firing only one barrel dropped them all. One, however, afterwards ran, flew across the pond & got into some bushes so I only secured two. We then drove back to

the chain of ponds near the road and in the further one found a Scaup (*F. affinis*?). My boy flushed her and I lying in wait on the bank between this pond & the next, dropped her as she was crossing it.

I then turned my attention to Snipe and quickly shot five without a miss one bird going off wild. I also shot two Meadow Larks flying, a House Wren and a Bachman's Finch.

Our next stop was at a pond on the left of the road. In it were several Grebes, a *Fulica* and a pair of Ring necked Ducks. The latter were very tame and I waded out to within 30 yds of them. Getting both together I fired but somehow undershot them wounding the ♀ so that she could not fly, however. She dove twice & got into some reeds where I lost her. I missed two easy shots at Snipe here starting six in all. Most of them were flying 100 yds. ahead.

From here we drove to the pond where I shot my first Grebe (on the 14th). In it I found to day three pairs of Grebes, very tame and very tame. I missed three shots at them, one at a pair copulating. Then I killed four in succession. Most of the time that I was pursuing them about it was raining so hard that I could ^{only} see with greatest difficulty. Perhaps the Grebes were dimly blinded. The water came down in a perfect flood and as the storm showed no signs of abating I finally started for town, getting pretty wet during the drive. Shot three Cackles at this pond. I think they are *Cygnus*. Killed only one Snipe here.

Marianna, Florida.

1889

March 21

Clear still and warm, a perfect day.

Came to Marianna from Tallahassee last evening to hunt Wild Turkeys. Engaged the services of W. R. Hartfield a noted Turkey caller who awoke me this morning at 4 o'clock. We started a few minutes later by wagon and drove out of town about 5 miles ~~reaching~~ by moonlight. The woods very beautiful in the pale light, the dogwood trees in fall bloom showing like living masses among the darker pines. A Pine Warbler sang over, and as other sounds save the chirping of crickets.

Reached our destination, Baker's plantation, just as the eastern sky was reddening and driving down to the edge of a swamp left the horses and entered the woods, along the edges of which Cardinals and White eyed Vireos were singing and a pair of Barred Owls hooting and uttering wailing. Passing through a belt of open woods, chiefly of beeches and magnolias with an undergrowth of *Cornus florida*, *Ribes coccineum*, ^{*Halea alpestris*} Red bud we came to the edge of a cypress swamp. Hartfield called here several times but his yelping yip-yip-yip echoed among the trees without response. Moving along a few rods at a time he called again & again but in vain. Meanwhile I was chiefly occupied with drinking in the marvellous beauty of the woods as the twilight faded and the daylight grew and in listening to the birds. Such a medley of sound! I have heard nothing like it since the Pelican Springs of 1876. The air rang and the woods echoed the sound. Cardinals, Carolina Wrens, White eyes, Hermit Thrushes (i.e., *Hermit*), Warblers, Minstrels, Parulas, *D. dominica* and *Regulus calendula* all singing as if they would burst their throats, and then the Woodpeckers! In every direction their drumming and call notes filled the woods. Most of them seemed to be *C. carolinensis* but there was at least one

Hysteronotus plicatus. The hooting of the Barred Owls was almost incessant and decidedly the most impressive and prominent of the various sounds.

About sunrise we returned to the plantation and shouted to the driver to bring the wagon. While waiting for it heard a Lark and saw a flock of nearly 500 Florida Grackles which passed overhead and pitched into the swamp. Finally the wagon came and we drove a mile or more along the edge of the plantation. Puncas and Field Sparrows were singing in rural places among young pines. Then plunged into the woods again and drove down to the edge of Chippola River, a swift stream over its banks flooding the bordering cypress woods. While Hartshorn was off tramping about in search of buckings I took a shorter walk along the margin of the river. Started a Blue Heron (A. carolinensis) which afterwards came back & flew over the wagon giving me a fair shot. I wounded it badly but it escaped. I also came upon a pair of Sand Drakes but they swam across the stream while I was watching a squirrel and I only missed them when they were out of range. The drake was a beauty and his brilliant coloring, especially the painted bill, was displayed to great advantage as he crossed the open water in the swamp. I also saw a P. adult & Cooper's Hawk which dashed past the wagon within 15 yds. just before I got my gun loaded.

At this spot small birds were even more numerous than at our first stopping place. In addition to those already mentioned I heard one Vireo olivaceus in full song, four or five Melanerpes erythrocephalus giving the tree knock call as they hurried themselves on the uppermost branches of the huge cypresses, a pair of Red shouldered Hawks screaming and several Barred Owls hooting although the sun was now on

Marianna, Florida.

1889

(March 21)

March 21

home high. I also saw a 3 *Myiophis vassini*. Wooded. Thrushes were numerous along the river. A large flock of Florida Grackles were singing in a cypress over the stream.

Throughout the woods dogwood, redbirds, Grackles and the "snowdrop tree" ^(Halesia dipetala) were abundant and in full bloom. There was also a shrub which I took to be *Crataegus* which bore cyms of snow white flowers. The oaks, sweet gum, beeches and red maples were in about half leaf; the cypresses just coated with tender green growing foliage.

Finally Hartopfield returned and we started back to town. Crossing the plantation we started several large flocks of Meadow Larks and Grass Finches but heard none of either species sing. Along the main road we found Carolina Doves numerous in flocks and I shot one, one flying. In a pond which we passed several Carolina Grebes were calling. The country is similar to that about Tallahassee but less rolling the soil more loamy or sandy with better clay. The roads are hard and smooth. The woods are even more beautiful than those near Tallahassee having more variety and more flowering shrubs (the red bird is ^(Halesia dipetala) wintering near Tallahassee and the "snow-drop tree" ^(Halesia dipetala) was what I saw red seen in *Spirea* than) *Pinus* predominate our hardwoods on the higher ground. *Pinus australis* is common and I saw much *P. mitis*. *P. taeda* is perhaps the most numerous pine. In the *Myrica* swamp the mud was everywhere tracked over with opossum foot prints. Hartopfield also saw an old track of a Turkey. Dozens of both species were seen in small numbers.

May 11

Got back to the Milton House at 9.30 a. m. and spent the forenoon on the piazza and in a grove of cedars. Purple Martins about a martin house. A King Bird sitting on a tree in the garden. Blue jays & Mockingbirds numerous. Yellow-rumped & Palm Warblers about the cedars.

8 P. M. started for Chippola River having engaged with a crippled negro boatman, Manuel by name, to paddle us down to Merrill's plantation a distance of 20 miles by river but only 7 by road. Huntfield was to drive down "woot" from Turkey at sunset if possible, & meet me at the river landing about dark.

In reaching the river we found the boat which we had engaged gone. After a long delay searching for it we rode back to town on an ox cart, got four saddle horses and started for another boat which was said to be at the trestle bridge. This boat was finally found, but it was 3 P. M. before we started off in it (6 P. M. by eastern time!).

I found Chippola River a beautiful stream, about as wide as the Assabet, with a current amazing probably four miles an hour. Manuel paddled steadily & vigorously and we made nearly half our distance before dark. The scenery was beautiful the river passing most of the way between high banks wooded with pines & basses hardwoods with an undergrowth of red bud & dogwood in full bloom. There were many fine large white lilies now to me growing near the water's edge & in one place forming a long bed of snowy white so thickly some they massed. In places there were clusters of pink or salmon azaleas

1887

Florida

Mammals (p. 3, continued)

hanging over the water. He also found some large limestone ledges in one of which were several caves said to extend in for a long distance.

The water in this stream was clear and cold, & fish are said to abound. Otter & Beaver are both abundant. The latter cut down large trees along the banks and devastate corn fields near the river. Mammal killed a large specimen last year. Hartsfield constructs this. He has seen numerous fresh beaver signs within a year. Neither Beaver nor Otter are systematically hunted by any one. The Beaver sometimes dam the small tributaries of this river and flood the adjoining plantations.

The most marked feature about this river was the almost total absence of birds. In the ten miles we covered before dark I saw only one Kingfisher, a pair of Wood Ducks and a Pileated Woodpecker. The latter flew from a hole in a cypress as we passed and directly started from its roosting place by the sound of the paddle. After dark we heard a few Barred Owls.

One bird, however, I have omitted or rather left for special mention viz. the Wild Turkey. One of the chief objects of the trip was to get a shot at one if possible but we passed mile after mile without either seeing or hearing one. At length after the sun had set and the twilight deepened so that the trees began to look darker again

the day I gave up all hope and stowing my gun away in the bow was eating some lunch when Mammal suddenly exclaimed in a stage whisper "see that Turkey". I seized the gun and looked in every direction but the right one. "In the top of that cypress on the right" again spoke my prompter. Then I made him out. A big black object squatted on a horizontal branch of a tall cypress half concealed by a bunch of moss over which he craned his long neck to get a better view of our boat which by this time had actually passed the tree. In vain I tried to put the gun on him. I could not turn far enough to the right. Mammal, however, speedily swept the boat around, I drew a careful sight on the bird's neck and pulled the left barrel of the old York's gun. There was a blinding flash then through the gloom we saw the big bird come crashing down striking a branch and falling a cypress knee before he finally reached the water. We paddled to him and I lifted him into the boat with difficulty for he weighed, as we afterwards found, only an ounce or two short of eighteen pounds. Hartsfield said that he was fully three years old. The fore part of his head was bare, the hind neck purplish red, the wattles white. All this I learned next day for it was too dark at the time I shot him to make out color at all. I found he was injured for a specimen as the feathers on a large space on the left side of the breast were completely rubbed off by his fall. However I finally made a good skin of him.

Shooting a
Turkey

Gray squirrels were very numerous along the banks of this river. I saw at least twenty. It is that I shot one half a dozen. I shot several although Mammal pronounced them fully grown. I left it to him to make an attempt to shoot a Turkey.

1889
March 22

Marianna, Florida
Merritt's Plantation

Clear and warm with a light breeze. A delicious day.
He reached the plantation about 8 P. M. Last night and found Hartsfield waiting at the landing with a horse & buggy. In a few minutes more we were at the house where I had a warm welcome from Mrs. Alexander the gentleman in charge. He told us that a flock of 17 "Parakeets" "used" daily in an adjacent field in front of the house. Hartsfield had failed to roost there that evening but hoped to find them next morning.

We were afraid at day break Hartsfield striking for the cypress swamp along the river while I was posted on the edge of the oak field where I crouched behind a pile of logs. Slowly the east reddened and day broke. Until the sun, a great red ball, rose above the pines and scattered the mist that had shrouded everything when I first took my stand. The air was very damp and absolutely still. I could hear Barred Owls hooting in every direction and as it became lighter the woods and fields rang with bird songs and calls. Cardinals, Carolina Wrens, Hooded Mblers, Pine Warblers in the woods, Meadow Larks out on the broad fields, Woodpeckers hammering among the stumps, a pair of Red-shouldered Hawks quarreling over a swamp. A Purple Finch chirped a few times in a pine near me and then burst into full song. In the bushes Towhees began to

"see-see" and chatter among the C. s. s. Hens were
rising in the distance. Several flocks of Doves
darted overhead flying out to the fields from
their roosts. A pair of Carolina Wrens, both with
their bills filled with pine needles, came to my log
heap and finding me in possession walked vig-
orously, then retreated. Once I thought I heard
the sharp quip of a Turkey but it was doubtless
the result of imagination. Finally the report of
Hestofield's Gun broke in on the still air with
a crashing roar which echoed through the trees.
A few minutes later he fired again. I then
started for the house flushing & killing a Meadow
Lark on the way. He found in the oak field
was literally covered with Turkey tracks.

After an hour or so Hestofield appeared looking
very crestfallen. He had found the Turkey roost
in some cypress by the river just as the birds
were leaving it. He saw seven fly down and
alight in the brush. Following them he flushed
one within 20 yds. getting an easy cross shot but
missing or rather only breaking one of its legs.
A little later he got a long shot at another that
flew from a tree.

About noon we went together to the river, I on
horseback. Hestofield called many times in vain.
Once a Turkey gobble-oh-oh-ohed in the distance
but it would not come. The brush abounded with
Towhees & Thrashers, which found palmetto leaves.
Lop along the river crowded with turtles.

Drove back to town late in P.M. after skinning
my Turkey. Saw nothing of interest on the way.

Wetmore, Florida.

1889

March 11. Blue, 111, came at 11:00. I got down in the late afternoon in very soft & dry. This is a typical spring day here.

Started at 7.30 A.M. with little Willis to drive and "Bingo" the pointer stowed comfortably on the rear of the buckboard. Took the Thomasville road, a new drive for me, and did not stop until we had passed last. Had when we turned in front of a gate on the right and began the rough, tedious making rows old and often freshly planted fields of cotton or corn. Buck seems to lag against work for nearly the whole forenoon passed before I fired a shot, although Mr. Breunman over the same ground put up eight birds yesterday killing 25 birds. That to-day "Bingo" beat field after field of wrens and brown sedge without so much as getting an old scent. At length we reached Long Pond, a sheet of water perhaps half a mile long. I went down to the shores and flushing a hope killed it. Saw an alligator about 6 ft. long asleep on a log. Heard a high Grackle and Kingfisher and saw an Ardea herodias.

Returning to the wagon found that Willis had scolded down a bag of fox trail sticks & negro had flushed from some brown sedge. I trod up one and "Bingo" pointed two in good style & getting all three easily enough.

We saw nothing more until after lunch when we took on the edge of a small pond under some pines. No water fowl in this pond but in one or two hundred yards further down I shot a Florida Gallinule and saw a pair of

Grebes, seven or eight Coots, three Blue-winged Teal,
and a pair of Larger Yellowlegs the latter flying.
The Coots were scattered about among some tall
dead weed stalks. I heard their peculiar talking
before I saw them. The Gallinule was swimming in
clear water near some grass. The Teal were all ♂♂
in full plumage. They were too shy to permit me
to approach. When shot, I fired two shots at a Grebe
but missed. While driving around this pond Briggs
made a point on the edge of an impenetrable
thicket of greenbush. Two Quail started up & dropped
again before I could shoot; I heard others rattling
on the leaves. "Briggs" would not enter the thicket.

We found the next covey on a hillside among dense
brown sedge and young pines. "Briggs" came off his
point, found us, and then led us back. His birds
were wild and I missed with both barrels. They took
to the woods where I could not find them again.
"Briggs" soon after found a covey in cold plumage
bushes in a deep hollow. I made a double as they rose.
Willis failed to mark the survivors but I finally started
fire in some pines & missed a brace shot at them.
The last covey found to day was lying among some sprouts
of a young live oak in a ploughed field. They rose wild
& I fired only once barrel getting my bird. One of them
slighted in a furrow in this field but neither the dog
nor I could flush him. I finished the day by
killing two quail & missing two others on the edge of
a pond where I shot at a pair of Ducks on the 18th.

To be singing freely, early this morning. Heard Mockers,
Mockers, Bluebirds & about 5 Towhees probably P.
erythrorhynchos. Saw many Meadow Larks - flocks all
about. Purple Martins about gourds near the negro cabins.

Tallahassee (Fla.) to Thomasville (Ga.)

1889

March 29

Early morning cool, almost frosty. Middle of day
very warm, with light N. wind. Entire day cloudless.

We left Tallahassee at 7:30 A.M. and drove to
Thomasville (Ga.) reaching our destination at 5 P.M.
There was little change in the general character of
the country until we were within about a mile of
the State line when the hills melted gradually
away and a slightly uneven but more broken
region succeeded, very monotonous, chiefly covered
with pine woods (the timber exceptionally heavy) with
occasional barren looking plantations and a few
cypress swamps. Red bird, buckeye, and a few
pink ^(a. m. l. line) azalea ~~appeared~~ first north of the State
line and were seen almost everywhere beyond but
the Cherokee roses, which throughout the hilly Tallahassee
region lined the roadsides with walls of snowy white
flowers, were few and scanty after the State line
was passed. I saw only one red bird (at Lake Hall in
the Tallahassee region, Bonnie florida was equally
common in both belts.

Birds were abundant throughout the Tallahassee region but scarce after we passed the State line. In the flat pine region towards Homosville I then saw adult Ardea carolinensis (and a white bird which I took to be a young of the same species) about small ponds, one Hylocichla and a pair of Black-bellied Sittings on a fence by the roadside. Hermit Thrushes and White-throated Sparrows were the commonest birds observed and other extended over the entire distance traversed. Mockingbirds were equally numerous and ubiquitous. I heard two Regulus

Colaptes auratus singing. Along the roadside, chiefly in Georgia, we passed, at least a dozen Gogglesnood Thrushes and in a cedar in front of a house where we halted to eat lunch I discovered a nest of one of these birds. The ♀ entered it, settled herself and remained sitting for about ten minutes, then flew down into the road where the ♂ joined her and fed her with a large grasshopper. The ♀ giving her wings and uttering a low continuous chatter like that of a young bird. I did not examine the nest but suspect the bird was laying and had not completed her set.

Just as we were entering the outskirts of Thomasville I heard the peculiar squeaking of *Picus borealis* and the next moment discovered the bird running up the trunk of a small pine. I did not see one in the Tallahassee country.

Carolina Doves were seen at intervals during the drive usually in pairs, sometimes three together, in the middle of the road in sandy places. I heard two ♂♂ cooing in some low pines, the first heard this season. No Ground Doves heard.

Very curiously not a single Sparrow Hawk was noted during the entire day. I cannot understand their apparent total absence from this region.

Thomasville, Georgia.

1884

March 30

Clear and warm with light south wind.

Hiring a saddle horse I spent two hours or more of the forenoon riding through the woods near town. The country is nearly level with no decided hills or hollows. The soil is sandy, the woods chiefly of pines (almost entirely Pinus australis) which grows rather openly (but not as scattering as in lower Florida) with a few oaks (chiefly black-jack) intermingled. The ground beneath is grassy with many low bushes and vines in places. I saw no palmetto.

Birds were fairly numerous. I heard Indigo Buntings, Cardinals, Carolina Wrens etc. and two Pencillias the latter singing in low pines about 200 yds. apart. They were in full song and I spent several minutes listening to their delightful music. I also saw a pair of Vireo flavifrons in an oak, both silent hopping from twig to twig peering about under the opening leaves in the usual listless indolent manner.

We left Thomasville for the north at 11 A.M.

Game Birds killed by W.B. & C.B.C. in Florida, Feb. 1st March 28th

Numbers on the lines: Shot by H. B. above line or in () = by C. B. C

	February													March				W.B. - G.S. Bay						
	1	2	4	6	7	8	9	11	12	13	15	16	19	20	21	22	23	1	14	18	21	26		
Wild Huking	(7)	(18)	(2)	(13)	(5)	(4)	(5)		(13)	(6)	(1)	(3)						$\frac{4}{5}$	11		1		1	
Louail	5	17	2	19	8	4	6	5	17	11	7							5		6			23	85
Mimo's Snipe	9		(18)	25		(12)					(10)	18	6	1										
Willet														2										
Fl. Black Duck													$\frac{1}{-}$											1
Pintail "															$\frac{1}{2}$	1							3	1
Shoveller "													$\frac{1}{-}$	2	$\frac{1}{2}$								4	2
Widgeon "																								
Ring neck "													$\frac{5}{-}$	1	1					2			5	5
Scamp "														17	8	1	5			1			32	
Sadvent "															1								1	
Boring Tent																$\frac{3}{-}$							3	3
Hood. Merganser															1								1	
Rd. br. "																								
Curry																								
Miscellaneous Ducks																$\frac{57}{-}$								57

Apr 11

with wind, morning clear, clouds gathering in the afternoon & finally obscuring it.

Conceded with Newton B. & W. M. Train. Drove directly to the house and putting my boat in the water started down river under sail before a strong S.W. breeze. The sun was shining brightly and the air soft and warm. Song sparrows were singing but very curiously I heard no other birds whatever although we saw Robins, Red-wings (two large flocks) and many Crows. The river was low for the season and in most places fairly within its banks although bringing and running with a strong current. The Great Meadows were faintly green and in fine condition for birds with pools of water glistening everywhere among the short grass. Over their entire extent Scudder Frogs were croaking, their peculiar snoring notes blending into a continuous roll that swelled and sank as the breeze rose and fell. With the exception of the call of Bufo americana I know of no sound more characteristic of warm April days on our Massachusetts marshes. I heard it however, at Fall Haven last month. The toads have not started yet.

No large birds except Crows were seen until we passed Ball's Hill when we came in sight of three Herring Gulls sitting on a group of tussocks on the edge of the main channel. They were all adults and looked snow white presenting a beautiful appearance as they stood in graceful, easy attitudes occasionally spreading their wings to the sun. Below them were three Sheldrakes. ~~W. macrourus~~ two females and a fine old drake. He sailed to within 100 yds. before they flew. As they skimmed off close over the water the green head and coral red feet of the drake were very conspicuous. All the time that we were approaching

... a pair of Cooper's Sparrows were seen on the
river clad hill to the west where I found the young
in 1886 and 1887. Doubtless they will breed there again this
year.

The main object of our trip to-day was to revisit
the Bedford Swamp where the Red-tailed Hawks bred
last year in the hope of getting another set of their
eggs. The river was so low that we had to land at the
outer bird island and cross the intervening meadows on
foot. As we approached the pines a Red-tail flew out
from them and we felt sure of a second nest but
a close search failed to reveal one and during the two
hours of noon that we spent in or near them we did
not see either of the Hawks a pair. Denton climbed to
the old nest & found it deserted and dilapidated. In these
woods we saw literally only one bird besides the Hawk,
a woodpecker which looked like *Hydrophorus* but which
could not be identified certainly.

After lunch we crossed the river and spent an hour
in the Cooper's Hawk woods and the adjoining Sandy field.
On the edge of the latter among some birches interspersed
with pines we flushed a pair of Carolina Doves. One of them
alighted in a birch when I shot at it wounding it badly. It
flew out over the field then returned alighting again in the
birches where Denton finished it with his 32 cal. I heard a
Litter canadensis and saw a Sharp-shinned Hawk. A few
Fox Sparrows scratching among the leaves on the edge of the woods.

On the way up river saw six Sheldrakes (two fair drovers) &
a few Red-wings sitting on the trees & bushes but none singing.
Tree Sparrows common in the bottom bushes. At the house at
sunset Robins & one Meadow Lark singing. A pair of Litter
canadensis at the boathouse landing. Watched the ♀ into her nest
in an old Woodpecker's hole in the elm. It was practically inaccessible.

1889

April 26

Fair with occasional periods of sunshine & several light ^{mid &} showers.
 at 9.30 A.M. driving to Alewife Brook where, dismissing George & the horse, I plunged into the swamp. As I forced my way through the brush I disturbed a Robin at work on her nest in a maple fork. Red-winged Blackbirds, Swamp Sparrows, and a few Song Sparrows singing in the thickets about me. Saw fresh muskrat tracks on the mud. Reaching the tall maples I found in them a pair of Chickadees and a Flicker, the latter "laughing" at frequent intervals. In the distance several Crows Blackbirds were calling. A few *Hyla pickeringi* piping in the wooded swamp, many toads (*Bufo americana*) trilling out in the open meadow between the two groves of maples. At least half a dozen Red-wings in this meadow scattered about singing on the tops of low bushes over the water.

Crossing this opening I entered the bushy meadow next the railroad and looked closely for Virginia Rails in its scattered clusters of bushes but although old droppings were numerous, I could find no birds. Seeing a pair of Grackles (*D. aureus*) alight behind me I retraced my steps and found them in some dense alders along a ditch where they behaved very like Rusty Blackbirds feeding along the edge of the water and glitting from cover to cover as I followed them cautiously. Finally I shot the ♂ in a low alder and the ♀ in the top of a tall maple to which she flew. I lost the ♂ although he certainly did not fly. He was probably only wing broken and escaped into a bordering tangle of button bushes where I traced him a little way, indeed, by an occasional feather.

I next crossed the railroad and began to look rather carefully for snipe, especially as I had heard a dozen

on more shots, several of them double reports, in this direction during the preceding half hour. I had just passed the first hedge of alders and was skirting some low willows (not over 3 ft. high) bordering the large meadow beyond when a Snipe rose in the open about 80 yds. off and flying only a few rods dropped among the thickest of these willows. A moment later another sprang from a cove that penetrated the copse near where I stood and I knocked him over easily enough as he topped a bush within 30 yds. of me. Without pausing to look for him I hurried to the spot where I had marked down the first bird. As I expected he had run some distance but he ran finally within close range and I riddled him by a single shot as he was dipping down behind a thick willow. Both birds proved to be very fat and heavy. The ground for many rods on every side was thickly bored and "chalked" by them.

The rest of this meadow proved a blank and I did not go beyond it as I heard more shooting on the north side of the Mass. Cen. R.R. and concluded that that ground had been pretty thoroughly hunted. I did not see the sportsmen, however.

Returning I found six or seven more Goshawks where I shot the first pair & fired at another through thick brush without effect. I do not remember to have seen them in this swamp in former years and do not understand the reason for their presence there to-day.

Finished my tramp by sauntering slowly through the old Brickyard swamp, trying to identify some of its old landmarks. Nearly half of its former area has been scooped out by the brick makers; the remaining half has been nearly drained, only a little water remaining in the ponds and ditches. Nevertheless I saw at least a dozen Red-wings there as well as Robins and Swamp Sparrows. The muskrats have a large house in the pond where I used to shoot Coots.

The meadows were everywhere green & the grass in places 6 in. high. The bushes and many of the maples were covered with small leaves and the willows were in full bloom. The general appearance of the swamp was that of about May 10th in some seasons. Yet I saw only a few tracks. In fact the vegetation was everywhere at least ten days ahead

of the birds - a day or two in our garden showed a few Crows yesterday and to-day its lower half is white with them. I heard and saw them on four yesterday in the meadows to-day.

April 30th 1889.

Concord, Massachusetts.

Clear and cool with light E. N. wind.

To Concord with Spelman by N. H. train returning at 6.40 P. M. He spent the day on the river going as far up as Fairhaven Bay.

The weather was so unfavorable that birds sang but little and probably spent the day in sheltered places. At least we saw and heard but very few. As we passed the Howe garden several Grackles were flying about among the trees and Robins hopping over the lawns. Just below the new granite bridge we heard a Great Flycatcher, above the railroad (Fitchburg) bridge a Meadow Lark was whistling and on the French farm I heard another. In the Dugene Brook meadows a ♀ Marsh Hawk was beating about. Above Pine Acre bridge where we landed to take a photograph a Lizard was whistling "Bob-white" at regular intervals. Doubtless it was one of the boys that Chadbourne and I found there last October. I do not remember to have heard the Bob-white call so early in the season before.

Lizard calling
"Bob-white"

We landed next at the tall pines opposite the Cliffs. As we approached them a Red-tailed Hawk appeared and alighted in a maple. We looked carefully for its nest but in vain. There were several birds in these pines, a Parula (which I shot) two Pine Warblers and a Miniotitta, all in full song, and a Sitta canadensis whistling. Spelman shot one of the Pine Warblers for me. As we were eating lunch in the wood path that traverses these woods we heard what I took to be an Osprey whistling although the notes were coarser and less shrill. Rushing down to the meadows I saw a pair of Red-tails high in air over the Cliffs the ♀ soaring in circles, the ♂ about 20 feet above her, poising, his wings beating rapidly but with a loose butterfly like motion. The next instant he swooped down past her when

Parula

Sitta canadensis

Buteo borealis

(April 30) I saw his red tail distinctly. I think I have seen this
once before, at Upton, Me., if I remember rightly, in May 1881.

Our next landing was at Lee's Cliff where we spent an hour or
more. A pair of Crows evidently had a nest in the pines
as they kept flying about, cawing. He also saw a Red Bird
(probably one of the pair just mentioned) which flew out from
the pines but we failed to find any nest.

Several Purple Martins were flying over the Bay in company with
a few White-bellied Swallows. Of the latter we saw perhaps twenty
along the river including two at the Manor - evidently inspecting
their old nesting place in the big elm by the landing. Near the
French farm we saw several Bank Swallows.

Swallows.

We saw no Ducks and, very curiously, no Pheas either on this
trip or on April 11th. I cannot understand what has become
of them all.

In thickets near Fairhaven we heard a Towhee and saw two
Brown Thrashers. Field Sparrows singing on all the hill-sides
and a Grass Finch near Nine Acre Bridge.

Richardson tells me that Black Ducks, Sheldrakes and Golden eyes Ducks
have been unusually numerous on the river the past month. Geese
On March 31st Southern Geese were seen by Albert Brown on the
Ludbury Meadows.

The vegetation is unusually far advanced for the season. Vegetation.
Cherry trees in full bloom in the gardens and Shad-bark in the
woods. Saxifrage and Houstonia in full bloom also and columbines
out on sunny slopes. Poplars covered with small leaves and birches
decidedly green in places although the leaves are only beginning
to unfold. The grass green everywhere even on the meadows.

1889

May 5

Clear and the warmest day of the year thus far. Wind was light in the early morning strong through the midday hours, dying nearly to a dead calm at sunset.

To Concord with Spelman by 9 A.M. train, returning at 6.35 P.M. The day was very warm and delightful in every way save one. There were few birds about and their few mostly silent. The cause of this puzzles me. One thing was a good deal of wind at times, especially about noon, but it was a soft wind and, moreover, it did not rise until we were a mile or more on our way and previous to this there were few birds singing. At the house I heard nothing but a single Pewee and a Nuthatch, the latter merely *Sayornis* hawking. On the way down river to "the tent" where the wind first struck us - I heard ~~nothing~~ but one bird, a Song Sparrow. He saw a few Red-wings and further down a great many, all in small flocks in bushes ^{or} near the ground.

Several Spotted Sandpipers started from the bank as we sped past under sail and we saw one or two Kingfishers.

We had a glorious sail to Carleton Bridge and nearly two miles beyond our ground new to me. A little below the bridge the river widens until its breadth nearly equals that of Fairhaven Bay. The north bank is high and heavily wooded for two miles or more.

On the way down we saw a *Buteo borealis* and a *B. lineatus* nearly opposite the Hawk woods. The Red-shoulder was sailing about low over the meadows when the Red-tail appeared and began to soar near him. He immediately attacked his large cousin rising above and swooping down upon him screaming shrilly & incessantly. The Red-tail took these attacks very

Mysterious
silence and
scarcity of
birds

Lingoides

Buteo lineatus
attacking
B. borealis

(May 5)

coolly although he soon scaled off across the river to the
ramp on the Bedford shore.

Landings near the "Hawk Woods" we lunched on the banks of
the brook that skirts the sandy field. A portion of this field
had been recently sown with oats which had attracted many
birds. There were six or seven Cow Buntings, twice as many Red wings
and several Grass Finches & Sparrows. A few White-throats
in bushes along the wall. I killed two Cow Buntings at one
shot. While crossing this field we started a single Lb. Cuck.
It rose from a piece of ploughed land and flew out of sight.
As it passed within 60 yds. we distinctly saw its red breast.
It piped in the usual autumn voice.

While lying in the shade of a pine eating lunch we saw a
Coopers Hawk rise above the woods on the hill and soar
upwards until actually lost to sight in the blue sky. A
Carolina Dove flew past us, alighted in a tall maple and
cooed several times. At the upper end of the field we started
five of these Doves at once. Two went off in one direction,
three together in another, all alighting in the tops of isolated
leafless trees. We heard them coo many times, two ♂♂
apparently answering one another from opposite sides of the field.
In the Hawk Woods found a pair of silent Solitary Vireos, a
pair of Pine Warblers & three or four *D. coronata*. Also a pair
of *Peucaea pubescens*, two *D. virens* or *H. inflexifolia*.

The row homeward was delightful, the river nearly calm,
many Red-wings singing, a Bittern pumping on the south
side of the meadow, a Carolina Rail calling. I shot a
♀ *Peucaea villosus* which was pecking at a rotten stick (perhaps)
over the water. The ovaries were undeveloped.

Saw a few Swallows - perhaps 15 White-bellies one Barn two or three Martins.
Birches green with young leaves. Apple blossoms nearly out.
Cherry blossoms beginning to shed their petals.

1889

May 10

Clear and hot (ther. 85° at noon) with a heavy shower of mixed rain and hail in the afternoon.

Yesterday the thermometer rose to 87° and as the night unusual heat was clear and fine I felt sure that there would be a rush of migrants in to-day. Accordingly I started for the Maple Swamp at 8 A. M. and spent the morning there, to Maple Swamp.

As I drove up Sparks St. I heard two Parulas and a *Minutilla* singing in Dr. Wyman's big willows. The Pickering Swamp was alive with birds chiefly Red-wings and Yellow Warblers to judge from the medley of sound that came to my ears as we passed. At Alvirne Brook I got out and went the man back with the horse. In the big white willows that shade the causeway were a little party of migrants including several Yellow-rumps & Cuckers (*Minutilla*) two ♂ *D. virens* and an *Cup. minimus*, the Warblers in full song. In the thickets outside the medley of bird voices was fairly confusing but most of the singers were apparently Yellow Warblers and Swamp Sparrows with a Cat-bird or two and a few Red-wings and Song Sparrows.

In the Maple woods bordering the brook I found Wilson's Thrushes (now singing), Water Thrushes in full song, two Least Flycatchers che-lat-ing at the top of their lungs, a fine old ♂ Redstart, a White-throat (*Zonotrichia*) or five Yellow-rumps, a Flicker and a Blue Jay, besides Robins and Swamp Sparrows. A Crossbill was singing in the distance near the Heron pool.

The Yellow Warblers were also here as everywhere flocking like golden meteors from tree to tree chasing one another and singing as if they would split their little throats. I saw no females anywhere.

After shooting a Least Flycatcher and missing another I crossed the meadow to the middle maple island. Here I found a Cat-bird and six or seven Grackles. The latter

(May 10) were in the taller maples flying from tree to tree and occasionally reaching down into the tangle about Heron Pond. I looked for nests but could find none. Perhaps they come to this swamp for mud!

In the east grove I shot two Least Flycatchers and missed a third. There were three Crows here, apparently hunting Robin's eggs, the shells of which I saw on the ground under a nest.

I next tried the north island. In some willows on its northern edge I came upon an interesting little company of birds including four D. coronata, one D. striata and one Vireo gilvus. In the bottom bushes just outside I saw a D. maculosa and a Sylvania pusilla.

Nothing of interest in the willow openings near the railroad bridge over Alvin Brook. I looked closely there for Rails but could find no signs. Is it possible they have wholly deserted the Fresh Pond marshes? Certainly they are now rarer than if found at all. Heard only one ^(of which I was sure) ~~heron~~.

In the Brickyard Swamp I found Red-wings, Swamp Sparrows, & Maryland Yellow-throats in fair numbers and Yellow Warblers swarming. Shot four Least Flycatchers in the tall willows at the east end of this swamp.

In the Maple Swamp the trees and undergrowth were Vegetation delicate pale green, their leaves on the average perhaps $\frac{1}{4}$ grown. The foliage casting a slight shade but not forming more than a thin tracery against the sky. Tops of the maples touched with red some of them bearing great clusters of red leaves. The white willows had the densest foliage; their catkins, nearly all down, showed the ground or water with buffy brown, caterpillar like forms. Foliage of undergrowth dense in places everywhere, were the larch, bottom bush, brushing into leaf. Pyrus arbutifolia in flower. Royal fern & Sarsaparilla not to twelve inches high.

1889

May 11

Intermittently cloudy and clear with light showers in forenoon. Wind E.

Started for Belmont in the morning but it began to rain and I returned. At 1 P.M. I started again and drove to Waverly, thence up by the mill ponds to and through the "bollons" and home by way of Prospect Street.

At the "bollons" I got out and walked through to the further end. A White-eyed Vireo singing in the delta. A flock of L. albicollis in maple boughs scratching among the leaves. Two Bobolinks singing on the meadow. Red-wings and Yellow Warblers as numerous as in the old times but I heard only a few House Sparrows and no Rails or Bitterns. A Kingfisher sitting in a dead tree on the causeway. What fish can the brook or ditches afford?

Birds in the dens at Brown's, a Pheasant singing behind the open cellar and a few Barn Swallows gliding in and out the great barn door.

Prospect Street as wild and beautiful as ever but the deserted house on the summit reclaimed and inhabited again. Visited "Spring Glen" and found a D. virens singing in the big bush and a D. discolor in one of the wild apple trees which were unladen but now to-day - covered with a sea of fragrant rose-tinted blossoms among which countless bees droned & hummed. Two or three more discolor scattered over the adjoining barberry-grown pastures. Three Towhees along the walls. More L. albicollis in the thickets and among the ground juniper.

Finished the afternoon by a walk through the mixed cedar & yellow-pitch pine wood at the forks of the road. D. virens and S. aureocapillus singing. A shy Thrush within hairsbreadth or some form of aliciae flitting along a stone wall keeping well out of range of my pistol. Several more White-Throats.

On the drive home heard two Emp. virginianus in the

(May 11) Village of Belmont and saw eight or ten Grackles in the swamp opposite the old Lido place in Cambridge.

The country was very beautiful to-day. Apple blossoms a little past their prime but still effective at a distance and on some of the later trees perfect near at hand. Blueberries not yet out of blossom. The barberry bells beginning to show yellow but none open as yet. *Viloidia pastensis* and wood paths carpeted with violets the *V. pedata* (Bird's foot) especially large and numerous this year. *Desmodium illinoense* blossoms everywhere. The foliage advancing fast, all the trees green, the birches and poplars already dense with leaves. The vegetation is still much ahead of the birds.

Vegetations.

I neglected to note above that I heard a *Buteo lineatus* screaming long and loudly in the birds were just north of Prospect St. I could see Bravo diving down into the tree (a large oak) from which his cries issued.

1889

May 14

Alternately cloudy & clear with light showers. Wind E. to S.W., warm.

J. Doughty Jr. appeared at 9.30 A.M. with a horn and buggy and quickly provided me to spend the day collecting. He got off at about ten o'clock and drove directly to the Warren Run in Waltham. On the way we heard and saw many Orioles, Warbling Vireos, Least Flycatchers etc. a Meadow Lark and two Bobolinks near the Hickory place in Waltham, a Savanna Sparrow singing in the latter locality, a D. streata opposite the Warren place.

Arriving at the Warren Camp we left the horse there Warren Run and started on the usual route. The place proved to be not materially changed save that the second growth is denser and taller in many places. None of the woods or thickets have been cleared since my last visit.

Bird were numerous as species, very few as individuals. He saw only two Towhees and not more than three or four Brown Thrashers. I found a nest of the latter on the ground well concealed under a fallen bird's top. It contained four eggs. The ♀ scuttled off under my feet & then flew. She made no noise whatever.

Golden-winged Warblers were as numerous as I have ever found them on this ground. We saw five ♂♂ & two ♀♀ of which Doughty shot a ♂ and I two ♂♂ & a ♀. I also shot down another ♂ but could not find it. Two of my specimens, a pair, I shot in the same tree a young elm on the edge of a swampy run. I killed the ♀ first and was wrapping her up standing directly under the tree when the ♂ came into it and began to trip not over 20 ft. above me.

Doughty started a Screech Owl from a cedar in

(May 14) The dense pitch pines on the hill north of the runs. It flew only a few rods but he could not mark it and we searched for it in vain. He also flushed a Grouse. I killed a Quail, Cairnrobbers that was singing in a bird swamp.

Nashville Warblers were fairly numerous, Chestnut-sided not up to their usual numbers, Minstrel rather scarce. We heard only one Grosbeak. Several Red-eyed Vireos singing. No Tanagers. A Prairie Warbler in a new locality which I shot and another in the old ground near the entrance to the Lane.

At 2 P.M. fog settled in from seaward and it began to rain. We started home by a roundabout way via the Willows. A few Swallows flying over the fields. A ♂ Marsh Hawk at the W. end of the Willows scaling over the road. I must look for his nest later in the old spot. Very few small birds along the causeway except Yellow Warblers and one fine ♂ D. maculosa which I killed. Nothing unusual seen on the drive home except a Meadow Lark whistling near the corner of School St.

At 4 P.M. I started on another drive with C. going around Fresh Pond, thence to and through Payson Park where we heard a Meadow Lark whistling. Warbling Vireo, Orioles and Least Flycatchers in abundance everywhere along the road. A Cat Bird singing in elms.

Apple trees still in bloom but the blossoms faded to pure white & petals falling. Columbines at their best this morning some of the beds begun. Saw a pair of Yellow-billed Cuckoos in a tree over the road near Bird's Pond.

Lythrum

Cuckoos

1889

May 16

Clear and warm tempered by light E. wind.

To the Maple Swamp at 9 A.M. for the forenoon. Entered by the Glenview Brook path as usual. A Least Flycatcher singing in the willows on the causeway, a Cat-bird in the thickets behind these willows, and Yellow Warblers on all sides.

In the tall maples by the brook found several migrants a Turdus swainsoni (calling peent) a Dendroica caerulescens and a D. striata singing, and several Geothlypis trichas chirping and singing. A Vireo olivaceus was also a new comer to these woods since my last visit. Besides these there were numerous Yellow Warblers, several Redstarts, a few silent Veery Thrushes, two dull colored L. albicollis and a pair of Flickers. Outside the maples in some low willows a Sylvania pusilla was dancing about in the usual erratic manner, jerking his tail and making occasional upward leaps after flying insects.

Crossing the meadow I passed through the middle island and entered the eastern maples. Here were two Least Flycatchers, three Grosbeaks (two ♂ one ♀) and a Robin or two besides another Red-eye and many Yellow Warblers. Females of the latter were collecting material for their nests everywhere to-day. I shot several of them as well as one Water Thrush.

In the thickets north of this swamp I also shot a ♀ Robin much to my regret for it happened just by accident I mistaking the bird for a Grey checked Thrush.

Crossing the railroad I tramped one much of the open meadow to the north finding a Red-wing's nest (in a willow) with one egg but shooting nothing except

a Savanna Sparrow which proved on dissection to be a ♀ with ovaries so undeveloped that the granulation was invisible to the naked eye. The bird was probably barren.

Returning I was passing through the meadow just south of the railroad and north of the Maple Swamp when a Virginia Rail began crying out in sharp tones in a thicket on the bank of Alewife Brook. Going to the spot where her cries issued I discovered her skulking through the birch tangle within ten feet of me. I shot at her twice with my 22 cal. barrel killing her the second shot. She would have laid within a week or two judging from the appearance of the ovary. This is the only Rail I have seen near Cambridge this year.

Georg. met me with the buggy at 1 P. M. As we drove through Lake View Avenue on the way home I saw several Grackles carrying mud into the pines behind Mrs. Smith's, an old timer breeding ground of theirs.

The maples were in dense leaf to day quite shutting out the sky in places & casting a perfect shade. Figularia arbutifolia still in bloom. A few ragged faded white violets. Noted no other flowers.

1889

May 17

Clear and warm with strong S. wind.

To Concord with Denton by 9. A. M. train returning by 6.47 train. At the Mass. Landing we heard Orioles, a Yellow-billed Cuckoo, a Dendroica caerulescens (singing in the big white maple), one of the Warblers, a Bobolink on the meadows and several bullfrogs. Starting down river by boat we began to see Spotted Sandpipers soon after passing Flint's bridge and near "the tent" the first Solitary Sandpiper. Between "the tent" and Bull's Hill we flushed perhaps fifteen of the former and five of the latter. At Dublin's Hill the falling water had exposed an oozy flat of small extent at the mouth of a brook. On this flat we discovered five Least Sandpipers. They were very tame and I killed two at one shot. The others flew off down river but we found them at the brook on our way home where I killed the remaining three.

Red-wings were fully as numerous as of yore but we found only one nest (with 5 eggs) although we looked in several likely places. My impression is that they have not generally nested yet.

All over the Great Meadows Bobolinks were chattering and singing filling the air with their jingling melody. Their numbers were fully up to the usual standard for this locality.

Orioles were not numerous. We heard perhaps three in the river maples. Least Flycatchers occurred as far down as "the tent" but none below that point. We heard no Warbling Vireos and what is still more curious no Cuckoos in the river thickets.

At Lee Davis's Hill we left the boat and walked through the woods to the pines where the Cooper's

(May 17) Hawks have bred for several seasons past. The first nest that Denton climbed to find to be theirs but it was empty although evidently new and beautifully lined with the white inner bark of one of the dead poplars numerous in these woods. There were no signs that this nest had been robbed but I fear that something has happened either to it or the birds. We did not see either of the latter but I think I heard one of them.

High among the tall pines in these woods several Black-birds were singing. I shot a fine ♂ in the very pitch pine where I killed one in June 1886.

There were also several *D. virens*, many Cuckers (*Minutilla*) a Parula, a pair of *Vireo solitarius* and two Wood Pewees. A Chickadee was at work excavating a hole for its nest in a poplar stump. I also saw a fine Junco and heard one Grosbeak. Of course Oven-birds were not wanting.

The heat made us so thirsty that we crossed the meadow to the brook which proved very warm. Following it up we finally came to its source a cold spring of delicious water at the head of the meadow. Near this spring in some sparsely growing alders we started a ♀ Woodcock and four young the latter nearly full grown.

The woods were in nearly full leaf to-day and the meadows looked as in early June, the Mount flags two feet or more tall. Lady's Slippers in full bloom and Barbary Crocus in nearly full bloom. Birds for the violets and *Hemerocallis* - little past but still very showy and attractive.

Vegetation.

1889

May 29

Clear and cool Wind north to north west. Silver Throat. Coolidge Farm

Spent the morning on the Coolidge farm and beyond starting at 8.30 and getting back at 1.30.

As I left Mt. Auburn St. and entered the same past the school house a Grass Finch and Bluebird were rising in the field on the left and Grackles flying, with food for their young, to the pitch pine woods behind John Coolidge's. The old sand bank near the railroad has been dug out afresh and the Bank Swallows have returned. I saw four then and noticed some fresh holes.

Entering the oak woods behind the Cemetery I found them abundant
alive with birds. Orioles, Least Flycatchers, Yellow-throated and Red-eyed Vireos, Wood Peckers & Redstarts were all numerous and in full song. There were also two Black-polls, one Parula, one Nashville Warbler, and a Tanager, singing, and silent Cedar Birds in pairs. A very small Turdus bicknelli seemed to be inspired with uncontrollable curiosity regarding me for he approached within a few yards flitting from oak to oak, once or twice singing otto oie. I shot at but missed him. I afterwards started an Swainson's Thrush from the ground and shot it but ruined the specimen. While watching the Bicknell's Thrush I caught a glimpse of a small bird darting past and turned just in time to see a Sitta carolinensis alight at the entrance of what proved to be its nest - low down, in a natural hole in an old apple tree at the north end of the large hollow. The bird had its bill full of grubs and quickly entered the nest & fed the young. Afterwards I saw both ♂ & ♀ come several times with food.

In this apple orchard a House Wren, a Black-poll Warbler, a Yellow-billed Cuckoo, and a Flicker, were singing. Least Flycatchers abounded & I found one of their nests with the bird sitting. English Sparrows were fairly numerous, also, in this orchard.

The pond behind Mt. Auburn was unchanged. Several ♂

May 29 Red-wings were singing there and doubtless their mates were tending on their nests in the floating island. A boy on a raft was catching small gold-fish with a dip net.

Crossing the road I heard a House Wren sing and shot both him and his mate. The pitch pine knoll on Fendler's Hill was very beautiful the undergrowth having become much denser since my last visit. An Indigo Bird was singing in the great white oak, a Tanager (the same heard previously in the Cemetery woods) in a pitch pine, a Pine Warbler in the distance and several Black-bills on various sides. There was also a cowbird in full song. I flushed a ♀ *D. caerulescens* from the ground and found the nest of the Indigo in a wild cherry thicket. It held one egg only.

The cedar belt beyond held only a Redstart or two, a Song Sparrow and a ♀ Indigo. A Warbling Vireo was singing in the valley to the south, a Purple Finch in the cedar pasture when I found several nests in 1869 (or 1870).

Next crossed to the "hog's back" near the Arsenal hearing a Warbling Vireo in the silver-leaved poplars on the way. On the "hog's back" heard a Wood Pewee, a Wren flavifrons, and several ^{Redstarts} *Geothlypis trichas*. A Cat-bird (the only one noted to-day) a *Geothlypis trichas*, a Kingbird, and several Red-wings were seen or heard in the alder swamp to the east. A Redstart's nest in a tall alder, very conspicuously placed. I bent the bush down & found a Cowbird's egg & one of the Redstart. The latter jumped out as I let the bush back. A fine gray squirrel, very tame, running on the ground in these woods.

In the extensive oak & chestnut woods across the railroad heard several Wood Pewees & Red-eyed Vireos. A Grass Finch singing in the fields outside. Near the trap-shooting house two pairs of Indigo Birds & a single ♂; one of the ♀♀ building. No Wilson's Thrushes anywhere to-day. I expected them confidently in the Arsenal woods. No Bobolinks. Only one Pine Warbler.

Robins, Orioles, Chipping Sparrows, Cedar Birds, Redstarts, Red-eyed & Yellow-throated Vireos, Least Flycatchers & Kingbirds fully as numerous as 20 years ago. Only two Cuckoos; about three Flickers. A pair of White-bellied Swallows near Mr. Auburn, Woods in full summer foliage. 41 species. Vegetation

1889

May 30 Cloudy and cool with occasional brief showers.

I started at 8.30 running to dinner at 11. I left the carriage just above the brook to cross roads or ridges (to the south of) Arlington Heights thence skidding across country in a south westerly direction, past the old "Owl orchard" (or rather its site for the trees were all cut down last winter), down into the deep valley at the head of the Cotton runs and finally across to the western end of Prospect St. where the carriage met me.

There were two Indigo Birds and a Purple Finch singing at the point where I started but no Prairie Warblers. I shot at one of the Indigos but missed. In the pasture just north of the Owl orchard I found two Prairie Warblers singing and much busier but singly. For this week the barberry bushes are in profusion and this pasture but they are rather small and thin as a rule. I found only one nest here - a Field Sparrow's in a red cedar about a foot above the ground. It held one fresh egg.

In the valley to the west of this hill I heard & saw many common birds but nothing of interest until I reached the swamp where the oak woods were cut off eight or ten years ago. Gray Rickers have taken their place and already are dense and tall. I was surprised to find on the south edge of this path swamp not ten yards from the old wood road an extension called Dwarf Cornel Dwarf Cornel the first that I have ever seen in this part of Mass. It was in full bloom and fairly dense in places. I came upon it suddenly while looking for the nest of a Golden-winged Warbler a ♂ of which I shot in a solitary, small black oak between the swamp & the path. Needless to say, I found neither his nest

(May 30 no nest.

The only migrant noted to day was a single W. Wren singing in oak scrub.

Common birds were numerous everywhere. I heard three Grass Finches, three Ashville Warblers, six or eight Brown Thrashers, three Wilson's Thrushes (one singing) two Cat-birds (they are scarce this year on all my grounds), a Grosbeak, eight Chestnut-sided Warblers, a Red-bellied Cuckoo, one Blue Warbler and no less than four Indigo Birds. A Bobolink was singing in the meadows where I found the nest in 1874. On the drive home I heard two on the slope just west of the Belmont square house and one in the fields at the corner of School St. below Mr. Adams place.

1889

May 3. Clear and warm with strong S. W. wind.

To the Coolidge farm with Denton at 3.30 P. M. to find, if possible, the nest of the pair of House Wrens shot there on the 29th. In this we failed although D. climbed to & examined every hole that we could discover in the old orchard. He also inspected the Least Flycatcher's nest which I found on the 29th but it proved empty.

While looking for nests in this orchard Denton found a Yellow-billed Cuckoo's nest in an apple tree not thirty yards from where I took a set of eggs many years ago. On climbing to it he found it contained two young birds nearly half grown and two eggs. He left it undisturbed.

In the upper apple tree of the row that extends from French's Hill to the road I discovered a Redstart's nest with the bird on. It held four eggs besides one of a Cow bird's egg. He took nest and eggs.

My Indigo-bird was sitting on three eggs. She left the nest when I was about ten yards off and clumped at me anxiously. I did not molest her treasures.

Passing the Nuthatch's nest we saw the ♀ clinging to the trunk just below the hole. Afterwards I watched the tree for several minutes but no birds appeared.

The bad small boy evidently continues to hunt birds eggs in this orchard for I saw a fresh Oriole's nest attached to the branch which had been broken off & left in the top of the tree, the withered leaves showing that it had been detached several days ago at least.

Counted seven Bank Swallows at the sand bank & watched them for some time playing about & entering the holes. Few birds singing this

...more ; the
noted to day.

1889

June 1

Cloudy with very strong S.W. wind and occasional gusts of rain. Heavy rain during the following night.

To Concord with Denton by P. A. M. train. On reaching the river I heard the Nuthatches and soon afterwards saw the ♂ pursue a moth to the ground seize it and carry it to a young bird, evidently only a few days from the nest, which was sitting on the branch of a pine over the avenue to South Bridge.

In the old stone boat house found a Pheasant's nest with five eggs slightly incubated. It was near the peak of the roof on a cross brace and so well concealed that I should have overlooked it had not the old bird flown from it within a few inches of my head.

Least Flycatchers, Orioles, Robins, Purple Finches and Chipping Sparrows singing in the Marsh orchard. No Cat-birds or Warbling Vireos there this year. A pair of Flickers have a nest in an ash over the avenue as usual.

Launching my Ruston boat we sailed down river to Holt's pond where we landed a boat the Bobolinks ground carefully. Although the sky was dark & the wind blowing a half gale and lashing the grass about the ♂ Bobolinks were all at their posts singing and as we progressed it was evident that they were calling their mates to the nests. We surprised one ♀ however and found the nest with five eggs. We also found a Cuckoo's nest only 12 inches above the ground in a dense thicket of elder & silky cornel. It held three eggs.

Denton left me at the lower end of this ground and landing across the river at Dakins Hill he went to the Cooper's Hawk's nest which was still empty & evidently deserted. He did not get back until past

(June) four o'clock. During this time I searched closely for Bobolinks' nests and watched the females but without success. I also waded out to the middle of the meadow where I examined two islands covered with tall ferns & a few thickets of alders. Two pairs of Bobolinks here, two Carolina & one Virginia Rail in the intermediate meadow where the water was fully a foot deep. Searched for their nests but found only three Red-wings', two with 4 eggs each, one with three young. A Bittern perching. Found a Carolina & a Virginia Rail here. No Savanna Sparrows on the meadow this year.

Just as Denton was landing I saw a Bobolink alight and running to the spot flushed me from the nest which held five eggs. Returning to the upper ground we beat it again and I found a third nest, also with five eggs, near the tent.

Denton had found two King-birds' nests one with 4 eggs which he took. We reached the Manor at 6.15 P.M.

Heard one Oriole and a single Grosbeak on the river banks. No Warbling Vireo below Flint's Bridge this year.

Bobolinks in about the usual number. Not nearly as many Swallows as there should have been, considering the day, and only two Martins. A good many Chimney Swifts. Only a very few Yellow Warblers. Perhaps they are not singing! Saw no less than six Red-wings' nests in the bottom bushes but only examined three, two with 4, one with 2 eggs.

Saw one Kingfisher and two Kingbirds. A Quail whistling at intervals in a thicket of willows on the Great Meadows side of the river. A Short-billed Marsh Wren singing near the Oak Island.

June 3

Cloudy and still all day with a dash of rain late in P.M.

To Grantville (= Willsey Hills) by 8 A.M. train reaching Dutton at the station. As there was no depot car, we started on foot striking up over Mangus Hill by an old road that wound about through the oak & chestnut woods and finally emerged or rather ended, in a valley at the base of the hill on the back side. This valley proved to be the scene of my House Wren's first return & hence was breeding ground. In it we spent most of the day searching for nests.

The first find was a Wood Pewee's building in a chestnut on the hill. The second a Chestnut-sided Warbler's with two fresh eggs, in hazel along a wall. The third a Chestnut-sided with five eggs on the point of hatching, this also in hazel. The fourth a Nashville Warbler's with five young about half-grown. (details of position etc in my systematic notes); this nest found on the isolated knoll above the brushy swamp, the bird fluttered out under my feet but was seen first by Dutton. The fifth a Maryland Yellow Throat's, building. The sixth a Cat-bird's with one egg. The seventh a Field Sparrow's, with four eggs nearly hatched, built most prettily in a cluster of cinnamon ferns on the edge of the brushy swamp. The eighth a Solitary Vireo's in an oak on the south side of Mangus Hill, in open maple & oak woods (to my great surprise this nest held 4 young nearly large enough to fly and well feathered). The ninth a Crow's in the fork of a chestnut on the north side of the hill. Dutton climbed the tree and brought down three eggs much incubated. Besides these we found two Wood Thrushes nests, both empty, one evidently robbed.

Birds were very numerous in this valley. I heard two Wood Thrushes, a Meadow Lark, a Boblink, three Green Finches, four Grosbeaks, two Tanagers, three Golden-winged Warblers,

about eight Chestnut-sided Warblers, two Indigo-birds, two Field Sparrows, two Yellow-throated Vireos, at least six Cat-birds, three Wood Pewees and very many Oven-birds and Red-eyes. In the deep pocket shaped hollow where we saw so many Grosbeaks last year several Red-wings were nesting. I heard only one Red-winged Blackbird but Black & white Creepers were numerous and in full song, although we saw both sexes carrying food to their young. No Cuckoos or Wilson's Thrushes, a flock of six or eight Cedar-birds in chestnut woods. One Grosbeak flushed.

Mangrove Hill is famous for its ferns. I found a solid bed of cinnamon ferns at least 30 yds. long by 20 yds. wide, the ferns five to six feet high forming an almost impenetrable undergrowth of singularly tropical appearance. There were also clusters of fine maiden hair ferns in many places.

Maple-leaved Viburnum numerous and in flower. Saw several fairly large Bass woods. Hazel abundant, very few Barbary Chickens.

1889

June 4: Heavy rain in forenoon. Afternoon clear and warm.

Started for the Coolidge farm at about 3 P.M. taking horse car to Mt. Auburn. Passing the sand banks found all the Sand Swallows gone, their holes dug open, evidently the work of the small boy. In the Cemetery woods heard Wood Pewees and Vireos, both olivaceus & flavifrons, & Flicker laughing in the apple orchard. Its mate flew from her nest as I passed. It was low down in an apple tree and had been cut open by boys. I looked in but could see nothing except the usual bed of chips at the bottom. The Least Flycatcher's nest was gone. As it was empty on the 31st and apparently deserted I have little doubt that the birds have torn it to pieces and removed the materials to form another nest. A pair of Yellow Warblers have just done this in my garden.

One of the Yellow-bellied Cuckoos was sitting on the nest found May 31st, the other calling occasionally in the neighborhood.

The Indigo Bird's nest on French's Hill contained four eggs, one of which was distinctly spotted. I sat the ♀ and took the nest and eggs. The ♂ did not appear on the scene to-day. The woods on this hill alive with noisy English Sparrows. The only water birds singing there were a Redstart & Wood Pewee. The Tanager & Creeper seen on the 29th ult. must have been migrants or wanderers.

Next to the Arsenal woods. Just as I was entering them from the railroad I found a Redstart's nest in a barberry bush very conspicuously placed at a height of about 6 ft. over a trodden path. It held four young. The woods were filled with birds - a Grassquit, Catbird, Wood Pewee, and numerous Yellow

Warblers and Least Flycatchers singing. Cedar Birds here and there in pairs and small flocks. Several Red-eyes, Grackles and a pair of Orioles. Also a pair of Pine Warblers feeding chattering young, which I did not see but which doubtless were out of the nest. Altogether the hog's back ridge and the swamp behind it contains as many breeding birds this season as any spot I have visited.

Crossing the railroad I walked slowly through the open woods to the N. W. Weathering barn but a Wood Pewee or two. On reaching the swampy hollow, however, I found a Illinois Thrush in full song.

The pair of Indigo Birds near the trap-shooter's shanty were in the same district where I left them on the 29th. Both were chirping angrily at a cat which I started from the bushes. As soon as this source of alarm was gone the ♀ Indigo went almost directly to her nest in a small bushy black oak sapling where I found her sitting on one egg.

While searching the thickets along the brook I discovered a Black-billed Cuckoo brooding three young in a nest closely hidden in a shaded bush cove. The old bird actually flew at my head as I put up my hand to the nest, passing within a few inches of my face & snapping her bill angrily.

In the fields just above Fraser's, on the Adams place, a Meadow Lark and Bobolink were singing. As I was waiting for the horse car I found a Sparbling Vireo's nest in a hidden at least 40 ft above the street. The ♂ was singing on the nest.

In the woods on the east side of the trap-shooter's field a Crow followed me about cawing angrily & incessantly & often alighting in the tree tops within 20 yds. of me. She must have had young somewhere near.

1889

June 5

Cloudy most of the day with two heavy showers. Warm.

Fresh Pond
marshes

To the Fresh Pond swamps at 2 P.M., taking Denton. He drove to the Glacialis and sent the buggy back. As we walked up along the east bank of the Glacialis we met the old man, frog catcher, out in hand, stepping stealthily along the bank of Absecon Brook like a gigantic heron on the lookout for prey. He told me that he had supplied the Parker House with frog's legs for over forty years. Formerly he could not get enough frogs to fill his orders. Now the market is often glutted. Frogs are sent even from Chicago. He never kills his frogs until they are ordered. Has a cellar full of them at all seasons. In the winter keeps a stove running to make them comfortable.

Crossing the Fitchburg R.R. we entered the large marsh beyond. Taylor had reported Carolina Rails numerous here Carolina Rails on the 3rd and we hoped to find a nest or two but the heavy rains of the past week had raised the water higher than I have ever known it to be on these marshes, at least in summer, and there was literally not a dry spot anywhere between the railroads even the larger tussocks being submerged. We found our nest that I took for a Rails but it was empty & water-logged. There were several Carolina Rails singing in this marsh and beyond, possibly four being heard in all, the last one, as we were returning, on the marsh west of the Glacialis where I found a nest and eggs when a boy.

Several years ago a fire, one dry season, burned over much of the large meadow north of Glacialis and destroyed the grass and bushes as well as eating deep holes in the peaty ground. Over the whole of the

Cat Tail swamp

(June 8)

Burned tract cat-tail flags sprang up the next year and have ^{long} flourished to the practical exclusion of all other vegetation. In these cat-tails, near Alwips Creek, I heard a note quite new to me. It was very loud and resembled somewhat the outcry of the Clapper Rail but lacked its harsh quality and vibrating undertone. I should render it as: kuk - kuk - kuk, kuk, kuk, kuk, given in a descending scale and rather slowly at the end.

We waded through the middle of this place although the water was nearly waist deep and the flags so dense that it was impossible to see more than a yard or two ahead. The muskrats had nests there with a space of clear water about each and numerous run ways through the flags. The only birds we could find were a few Red-wings.

In the long row of willows that crosses this meadow Denton shot a pair of Black-billed Cuckoos and in a vegetable patch, flooded by the recent rains, a Solitary Sandpiper which was unable to fly, its wing having been broken and healed in such a twisted shape that it was useless.

A little colony of Long-billed Marsh Wrens were settled in nearly thin old ground near Beech Island (or rather where it once stood). I started at least six different birds but heard only one singing.

I saw a single Green Heron. Many Swamp Sparrows & Yellow Warblers singing. A Wilson's Thrush in a thicket where the ground was wholly submerged. A King-bird or two and one Cat-bird. Also a Grosbeak in the Maple Swamp as we passed.

Reached home at 5 P.M. walking all the way back. Had a very disagreeable but nevertheless interesting tramp. Saw no Mallards & heard no Virginia Rails.

1889

June 6 Clear and cool with strong N. W. wind

Met Dr. W. Faxon in Boston this afternoon and went with him to Brookline by horse-car to hear the Least Bitterns which Mr. Francis has reported as breeding regularly each season in a cut-tail swamp along Muddy River.

Upon reaching our destination we were joined by Francis and by Dr. Faxon's brother and together we spent about two hours listening to the sounds that came from the swamp. ~~Before we reached the swamp we saw a Red-winged Blackbird and Song-billed Marsh Wrens, not over two or three different~~ males of the latter but scores of the former. In fact I have never before seen as many Red-wings congregated within a like area, in the breeding season.

As twilight began to fall a Carolina Rail occasionally uttered its brackening cry and after it became dark one began the cut, cutta-cutta-cutta cry and kept it up at intervals until we left the place. A little after sunset we heard two different Least Bitterns, cooing. They were perhaps 100 yds. apart and nearly that distance from us. The sound reminded me, as when I heard it at Wayland in 1887, of the cooing of a tame Pigeon. Francis says they have a wholly different set of notes which he compares to the song of a Wood Thrush. He thinks they utter it chiefly when alarmed by the movements of intruders, such as egg seeking boys although he has heard it when no one was in the swamp. He heard one Song Sparrow in this swamp but no Swamp Sparrows.

The entire swamp contains possibly eight or ten acres of cut-tail flats which extend along both sides of Muddy River a sluggish, winding creek of ten yards

is more in width. At the lower end the stream passes under the road and broad, noisy streets pass along both sides of the swamp. On two sides, also, houses are crowded closely together and horse cars pass through one of the streets which, after dark, was brilliantly lighted by electric lamps. There was an incessant rumble of wagons, shouts of boys playing ball, shrilling of steam whistles, and occasionally the clamor of a street band. It seemed very strange to hear such birds as Rails, marsh Wrens and Least Nuthatches amid such surroundings. One side of the swamp is within the limits of Boston.

1889

June 7 Morning clear, hazy at noon, cloudy at sunset, evening damp and still, the light S. wind dying at sunset.

A red letter day, or rather evening. I had made an appointment to meet Fayon on the Mass. Central R.R. near Beach Island at seven o'clock P.M. to listen for the strange Rail(?) call which we have both heard there lately, he on the 3^d, I on the 5th of this month. I drove to the Pine Swamp & sending the buggy back walked in along the old wood road, or rather such portions of it as are not now obstructed or obliterated by the brick yard, tenement houses, etc. Reaching the old bridge over the outlet to Port Pond I found the ^{bordering portion of this} swamp much changed. The trees are all gone and the brook is lost in a succession of broad stagnant pools covered with culverum and encircled by tall reeds & cat-tails. To the west, between the Pond & the railroad, stretches a vast bed of luxuriant cat-tails.

Here I heard a Carolina Rail and another bird absolutely new to me. The latter ~~was~~ ^{was} ~~singing~~ ^{singing} (?) with few ^{intermittent} pauses of silence for about fifteen minutes. More of this anon!

I also saw a Spotted Sandpiper and a White-bellied Swallow at this swamp. Four Crows were circling & cawing about Port Pond.

Keeping up the Fitchburg a little way I climbed the high embankment of the Central. An Irishman's shanty with goats etc. on the site of Beach Island but the meadows between this island and the railroad embankment nearly as of old. Two or three Long-billed Marsh Wrens singing in the long grass. A Wilson's Thrush flitting in the maple swamp through which the Central cuts.

Keeping east along the track I found Bradford Young posted, like a sentinel, at about the middle of the Big

(June 7) meadows. He had been out all day but brought / & lost but no supper. Was about to start for home etc. I pressed him to stay & offered a share of my lunch which settled the question. As we were eating it the big Rail(?) suddenly called in the cat-tail swamp to the north very nearly where I heard him on the 5th. kuk-kuk-kuk-kuk kuk-kuk-cree-cree-cree The cry prolonged and so loud that it was almost startling though uttered fully 200 yds away. We listened freely as home for another repetition (Faxon joining us in the meantime) but heard nothing except the usual voices of these meadows. It was nearly dark when we left; evidently our stranger is not nocturnal!

Red-wings, Swamp Sparrows, & Marsh Wrens singing before sunset, the last two well into the twilight, also. An occasional Coccyzus erythrophthalmus coveyed in the willows & a Gooseback sang over somewhere towards Buck Island. As twilight fell Carolina Rails began to sing steadily (we had heard them before at intervals) on every side. To my delight there was also the old familiar cry of the Tree Bird leaving their roost in the swamp beyond Buck Island. One Thrya pickeringii piping vigorously.

At about 8 P.M. we crossed to the Pine Swamp & found the other quaysting in full blast. Ki-ki-ki-cree, sometimes ki-ki-ki-cree came his merry little refrain regularly every five or six seconds, from the cat-tails about 50 yds. in. Every time a train passed he stopped, resuming only after its rumble & roar had died away in the distance. A Carolina Rail called hac near him & the throng of green frogs snapped out all over the swamp. Three times we heard a Virginia Rail in the maple woods about the pond. My guess on the strange bird is Little Black Rail. Faxon said he felt sure the bird was a "pretty little fellow". He left him singing at 9 P.M. & I took the train with Faxon on Porters St. had dinner at home. A Carolina singing at Hall's crossing.

times in the big meadow about 150 yds. off. The next moment the bird started out of the grass and after flying about 30 yds. alighted again.

After leaving the Central we crossed to Beach Island and listened awhile to the Song-Billed Marsh Wren of which two or three ♂♂ were constantly singing. In a little piece of wild meadow, covered with short wiry grass, at the north end of the "Island" we started a *Savanna* sparrow which evidently had either eggs or young but we could find neither. The bird followed us about, chirping.

Saw one Green Heron flying across the tracks from Port Pond to Beach Island swamp.

Two Probsts singing, one in a meadow north of Beach Island, the other beyond Hill's Crossing in the Belmont meadows.

Took the 1. P. M. train for Port's & thence home.

1889

June 11

Cloudy with heavy showers in the evening. Warm & still

At Cabell. started for the swamps with Bolles driving up in a coupe. Found the Little Black Rail(?) at Port Pond singing merrily. Thence across to the Central tracks where we listened nearly two hours, vainly, for the big mystery! Faron joined us at about 7 P.M. At 8 o'clock we returned to the Port Pond Swamp & listened an hour to the birds there. The Little Rail(?) singing almost incessantly. Sora and Virginia Rails also very noisy and apparently numerous.

At 9 P.M. Bolles and I started for West Cambridge Station. As we passed Glacialis bullfrogs singing in numbers. They seem to be practically confined to this pond though we heard one at Port Pond.

The Little Rail(?) singing incessantly on Allwife Brook in the marsh between the railroads. A single Sora singing in the meadow east of this brook. The marshes about the Maple Swamp and the entire Brickyard Swamp apparently harbor no Rails this year. We did not hear one there this evening.

1889

June 12 Cloudy and cool with light S.W. wind.

In the swamps with Denton at 9 a.m. Met Faxon at Port Pond. He told us that someone was shooting on the Big meadow and we soon saw the fellow and heard him fire several shots. After a little he started out of the meadow and Faxon went around by the Central to intercept him. He said that he was killing Red-wings "to set up". Had already bagged four or five. Faxon advised him to stop the slaughter and he finally crossed the brook near Beach Island & went off in the direction of Arlington.

Returning to Port Pond I went into the swamp equipped with long wading pants which came up nearly to my neck. The first rod or two I found the mud-water nearly waist deep but after getting in a little way the water shaled to about a foot with hard clay bottom.

For nearly three hours I searched for the nest of the Little Rail(?) that we have heard singing so many times in this spot. Found two Rail's nests both in the tops of tussocks & both empty. One looked new and had some bits of green flags in the lining. Also found two Swamp Sparrow's nests both with broken egg shells.

When I first entered this swamp a Virginia Rail, evidently aroused by my intrusion, began calling among some willows & young maples. I finally went to the spot where the bird's anxiety became visibly increased & another, evidently its mate, began calling also. I finally found one of them young, a little thing only a few days old, squatting on the mud

under a tussock.

After eating lunch I entered the swamp again, this time just south of the outlet to the pond. There is an immense tract of tall cut-tails here and in them we have heard many Carolina Rails of late. I searched the place pretty carefully but could find no nests. In a bunch of tall Canary grass I came on a Swamp Sparrow's nest with four eggs which I left.

I penetrated through a belt of dense young maples to the shore of Point Pond which looked familiar enough although the water was entirely covered by shim & duck weed. While near its edge I heard the kik-kik-kik, ki-que of the Hippoboscus Rail(?). To my surprise it was near the south end of the pond. If the bird had not moved we have marked his position very badly with shots. He seemed to be in these bushes this afternoon. This swamp was terribly foul & offensive.

During the time spent about this swamp we saw Green Herons at frequent intervals. Swamp Sparrows & Red-wings breeding very numerous. Some Grackles evidently nesting in the maples & showing much anxiety. A few Wilson's Thrushes. A pair of White-bellied Swallows feeding young in a signal call on the Fitchburg R.R. A pair of Kingfishers taking food to their young in a bank west of Point Pond.

Late in the P.M. Denton & I hunted the big meadows. Found five Rail's nests in one little corn only a few rods in extent. All were empty but at least four looked new. Two Rails, evidently resenting my intrusion, called ti-hi-hi in the grass near the middle of the meadows. I got within a few yards of them but had only a glimpse at one which looked very small. Found a Swamp Sparrow's nest with four very blue eggs. Nest in Canary grass, edge of ditch.

1889

June 13

Clear & cool with strong S.W. wind. The first fine day for a week.

To the swamps alone at 9 A.M. Entering from the Fitchburg track on the east side of Alewife Brook I spent an hour searching that meadow for Rails' nests. Found absolutely nothing except a Red-wing's nest building. Heard only one Rail, a Carolina whinnying.

In heading for Central R.R. I heard a Little Black(?) Rail calling in the meadow to the north. He seemed to be well over to the brook which forms the outlet to Smith's Pond & was possibly beyond it either in tall canary grass or bushes. He sang about twenty times but as I approached, ceased. In grass as high as one's shoulders it is simply useless to search for a Rail of any kind & I gave it up in disgust.

Keeping on in a westerly direction I searched all the tussocks I could find for nests but without success. On a rude bridge that crosses the brook I found a Virginia Rail that someone had shot (it had a broken wing & shattered tarsus) and left there.

There was no Marsh Wren on the old ground at the west end of this meadow but the colony west of the cart path is larger than that from which it must have descended & which formerly occupied the east side. I visited the nests found on the 5th & was surprised to find five eggs in the one in the ditch. This nest was of unusually large size & from its exposed position was a conspicuous object. I took both nest & eggs.

Near the Marsh Wren's nest I roused a pair of Virginia Rails which evidently had young. Although they uttered their loud cries within a few feet of me

and ran around me incessantly I could not get a sight at either of them. I struck at the grass on one of them and could trace its retreat for several rods by the agitation of the stems as it sped through them. So swiftly did it run that the effect was very like that produced by throwing a stone 20 yards or more through the grass.

Saw Yellow Warblers feeding young out of the nest. Yet this species was in full song everywhere. Song Sparrows also singing freely and generally during the whole forenoon.

Reached home by 1.30 P.M. driving down from Galesburg

Nothing has been heard of the big Rail for nearly a week.

1887

June 14 Clear and hot with light S. W. wind.

Met Torrey at Hill's Crossing, C., appointment, at 8 P. M. & walked down the track with him to the Big meadow, where we listened until nearly dark. Heard a new cry, a low ghur-rah uttered in a rough almost growling tone. The creature making it (probably a Rail of some species) moved rather quickly through the grass, passing within a few yards of us and finally disappearing out into the meadow.

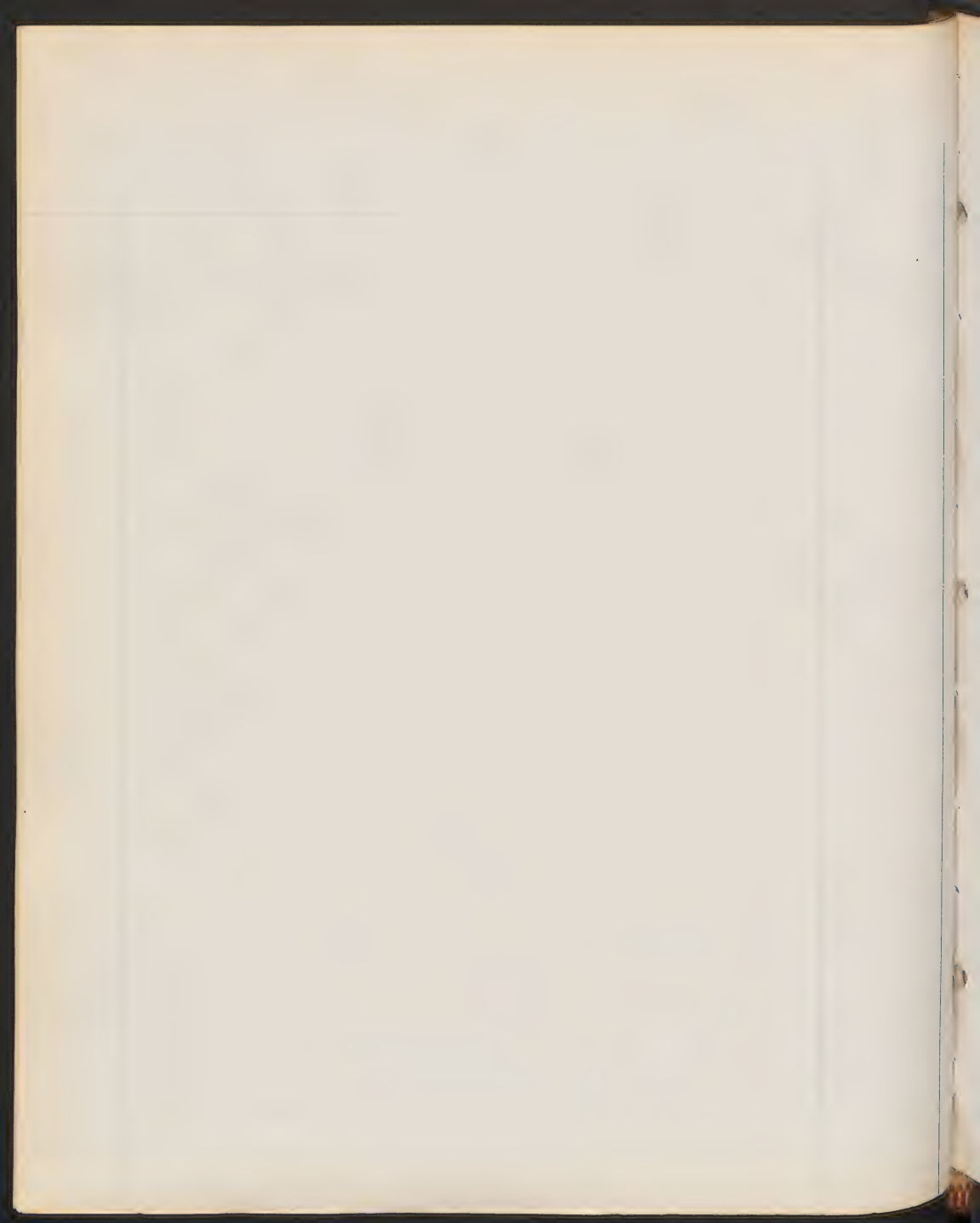
Heard three different kik-kik-kik, quier birds, one north of the Central, the other two south, one of the latter in the distance towards Port Land.

Carolina Quits very silent; one or two calling kà-c, these whinnying. One of the former had a softer voice than usual its song sounding like kik-woo (which Torrey applies to all).

While sitting on the railroad embankment I saw a Least Bittern distinctly. It flew in the usual slow, fable manner from one bed of cat tails to the next. It was about 70 yds. off on the banks of Alewife Brook, not far from where we heard one of the kik-kik-kik birds. It is singular that we have not heard the coo, coo, coo if there are really Least Bitterns established in this marsh.

On this railroad we found a dead house sparrow which had been apparently killed either by a train or by striking the wire. It was a ♀, evidently with young, for it held a small worm firmly in its bill & had finished incubating.

Cuckoos were flying about over the meadows this evening but they have nearly stopped calling.



188
June 15

Clear with a heavy thunder shower in P.M. Evening clear and cool with strong S.W. wind.

To E. Lexington with Taxon by 6.25 train. Our object was to ascertain what birds are found about the reservoir and its bordering marshes. Taxon heard (on the ^{trip}) there the kik-kik-kik cry, the kä-e of the Carolina Rail (only one bird), a short quawk which he did not recognize, ~~but~~ which came from the marsh, and a Whippoorwill.

This evening the weather was unfavorable for it was both too cool and too windy for birds to sing well. As we crossed a hilly pasture we heard a Grass Finch & several Song Sparrows and started a Flicker from its nest in an old apple tree. About the pond Swamp Sparrows were singing vigorously during Taxon's last visit but we heard only one to-night. I thought I caught the kik-kik-kik cry once or twice in the distance but am not sure. We heard no Rails, Bullfrogs in full blast & many green frogs. Two Night Herons came over the pond from the west, about dusk, quacking loudly. The trip was a dismal failure on the whole. I reached home about 10 P.M.

1889

June 16

Clear, the heat tempered by a strong but steady S.W. wind which lasted into the night.

To Hayland by 1.15 P.M. train spending 30 min. on the cars and picking up Fayer at Wattham.

On reaching Hayland we took rooms at the hotel and then "staked out" in search of a boat.

Sherman, the only man who lets boats, was away but would return at four o'clock, his daughter said.

So we spent the next two hours waiting, lying in the grass by the roadside under the shade of an apple tree. It was very pleasant with

Willow trees blowing steadily, to us from over the meadows. Orioles flying a little in the orchard, a Meadow Lark whistling in a mowing field, several Marsh Wrens (*C. palustris*) singing in the tall grass along the bank, & young Purple Finch calling hinc incessantly.

Finally, Sherman came. He did not like to let boats on Sunday but would make an exception in our case. He thinks "Black Ducks" still nest in our meadows.

About eighteen years ago found a nest fully half a mile from water on a hillside where he had cleared the land the previous winter. The nest was under a prostrate bush, tree top & held eleven eggs which hatched a few days later. The old Duck sat closely.

Embarking in scow-shaped boat, large & roomy but neither fast nor easy to manage, we started down river. It was very hot at first and we heard & saw but few birds. A hæ just above the upper bridge & a Pheasant near it. Two Pheasants about the next bridge but no nest visible. Marsh Wrens occasionally singing in the tall grass along the banks. Passing the second bridge we began to hear

many Marsh Wrens (all palustris!). Two Bitterns began pumping about 200 yds. apart. As we rowed slowly down stream these voices became harder, less gulping & wailing. In short a change of position changed them from "pumpers" to "stake-drivers". Tacon was convinced of this. Jerry also admitted it finally.

In tall canary grass standing in water a foot or more deep we heard on the right side of the river & about 20 yds. in from its margin the same bird that I noted during my last visit, June 1887. Chuck-chuck. chuck-chuck it called every few seconds, the tone of the sound very like that of a chuckling hen, the notes all on one key and without special accent. Tacon heard this mystery in this same marsh last year. There seems to be only one each year. We could think of nothing but a Gallinule!

Rowed & paddled slowly down to a little below the stone arched stone bridge. A Yellow-billed Cuckoo whiping ~~at intervals~~ on a hillside among pines. Marsh Wrens, at intervals, three or four near together, usually. A Night Heron & two Green Herons flying over high, ~~off~~. Below the stone bridge two Bitterns, one pumping, the other flying low over the meadow. Saw swallows in numbers, one or two White-bellies, and on occasion a Martin. Returning we saw two Wood Duck a little above the bridge. They passed within 75 yds. flying slowly, low down. As nearly as I could make out both were drakes. We lunched at sunset, floating in mid-stream just opposite the spot where I heard the coo, coo-coo bird last year. No cooing there to night. A Carolina Dove cooing in the pines to the west & a Parula singing there. Another Dove passing over high, flying very swiftly. A Bobolink also, flying high as to be nearly invisible, dropping a scratch of his merry song as he passed over us. ~~finally~~ A

(1889)

June 16

Spotted Sandpiper skimming down over the water. A Grosbeak and Wilson's Thrush singing and a Blue Jay calling (like a Red-shouldered Hawk) in the distance. A sound as marsh Wrens singing and scolding and Red wings singing. The Bitterns pumping (sometimes two at the same time) as late as 5.10 P.M. but ceasing entirely after that. We were interested to observe that as twilight deepened the Barn Swallows all disappeared and Bank Swallows took their places. The latter we had not seen at all before but now they came around us by dozens skimming over the water until it was almost too dark to follow their movements.

After it had become fairly dark the bullfrogs, which had sung only intermittently - one at a time before, began to give us some of their choicest selections with a full chorus of a dozen or more performers each ~~time~~ some of them among the grass but the majority floating in mid-stream among the potamogeton beds. Some of them uttered the peculiar low whistle, which neither Tony nor Yaxson had heard before. I believe it is made by drawing in the breath first before each note. The bass of some of their frogs was of fine quality but near at hand their combined clamor was rather interfering.

While listening to the bullfrogs I caught the distant call of a kik-kik-kik-cree bird. Rowing up river we found that it came from the brook meadow just above the railroad bridge. Landing and walking out on the embankment several hundred yards we got within a hundred yards of the bird and now heard no less than four others at various distances. About once a minute we also heard a

rather feeble but abrupt, almost explosive squeak which we attributed to the same bird. For the first time it struck me that this mysterious bird may be the Least Bittern but we have no grounds for anything more than conjecture, as yet. Whatever the creature is he was in unusually good song this evening; the peculiar kik-kik-kik, ree or grr coming incessantly from several places in this marsh as long as we remained within hearing. Besides this cry we heard Marsh Wrens sing occasionally although it was "pitch" dark. Carolina Rails were also singing (ka-e) incessantly from 4 P.M. to 11 P.M. He heard five or six in all.

(He left Hayland for home at 9 A.M. on the 17th. Torrey & Fayore walked out, before the train started, to the place where we heard the Kicker last night but all was still there. They describe the meadows as covered with grass and iris but there were no cat-tails!)

1889

June 20

Clear and warm with light S.W. wind.

At 4 P.M. took horse car to Mr. Cleburn and with Denton went over the Country from looking for Cedar Birds' nests. We found none nor, indeed, anything except a Flicker which we did not open although the bird flew from it. Many young birds were out, among them Orioles & Redstarts. Few birds singing in the apple orchard or on French's Hill except Red-eyes and an occasional Robin.

Denton left me at French's Hill and I kept on alone down into the valley to the S.W. and thence up the brook to Hop Back ridge. In the alder swamp east of this ridge Red-wings were singing about a little strip of meadow. There were also a Cat-bird a Maryland Yellow-throat and several Song Sparrows in full song. On the ridge a Grosbeak was singing lustily. A King bird sitting on its nest in the top of a pitch pine. A Pine Warbler singing faintly & briefly. Near the railroad an Indigo Bird in full song.

Crossing the track & passing through the oak woods I heard nothing but a Wood Pewee until I reached the further woods where the same Crow seen on my last visit again met me and followed me with great clamor. An Indigo Bird singing near the brook, a Grass Finch in the open field.

Keeping on up the brook I entered the great field to the west. As I crossed it I aroused no less than two pairs each of Bobolinks & Meadow Larks. The former evidently had young. The latter were as shy & reserved as usual. In the scattered fields in this field Wood Pewees & a Pine flavifrons

was singing

arrived about sunset at the cold spring. I
and for nearly an hour afterwards, or until it
began to grow dark, lay in the grass by its side,
smoking and listening to the birds. There were
three different Meadow Larks whistling at times
and nearly constantly, two. The Bobolinks sang a
little at sunset but rather listlessly. A Grass Finch
sat on a stake within 30 yds. of me gave me
a delicious serenade singing so to me at times,
then in full tones. In an opening where the grass
had been cut a Meadow Lark, evidently a ♀, was
feeding while her mate sang in the top of
an elm. It was very pleasant in this great
bunny field ^{flecked} with daisies and buttercups and
I lingered long and left reluctantly, at about 7.45.

1897

June 21

Clear & warm with strong S.W. wind.

Went down with Taper by S. P. R. train. Took my boat at the House and pulled down river to about the middle of the Great Meadows. A few Swallows and one Martin. A Grosbeak singing near the tent. Bobolinks singing rather freely over the meadow. Quail whistling in two places. A Rail (*C. carolinensis*) near the middle of the meadow. No Marsh Wrens or Bitterns. No *sc. fluitans* in mill stream, just below the wooded reach, four Hood Ducks passed, flying up river. They came in from the Great Meadow and dipping down over the trees followed the course of the river up past the tent and out of sight. They flew in pairs but I could not catch out their colors.

At about 6.30 P.M. we started up river and rowed without stopping past the town to above the Tisbury bridge. In the meadows across the river from the French farm I have heard the mysterious kik-kik-kik, cree late in the afternoon.

June 19th and the chief object of our visit to it was to make sure that the bird is really settled there and to locate him as accurately as possible before making an attempt on his life with gun and dog, to-morrow.

For nearly an hour, however, we paddled & rowed or floated near the spot without getting the now familiar cry although we imagined that we heard it several times in various directions, but always it turned out to be either imagination or the distant call of a Robin or Red-wing. At length it became time to start back for our train.

actually got nearly to the railroad bridge when loud and distinct came the singular song we had been listening for from the very spot, as nearly as we could tell, where Taxon heard it on the 19th. The bird sang for a six times in succession, then some canoes filled with people talking came along and it stopped. We had no time to wait longer so left it for to-night & took the 9.21 train home.

As before stated we saw only a very few Swallows below the Manor but above they were numerous most of them White-bellies with broods of young on wing or sitting on telegraph wires. We repeatedly saw the old birds feed the young on wing. There were also a few Ear Swallows and a good number of Bank Swallows. Probably we saw 40 to 50 Swallows in all. There were two pairs of Martins at the houses just below Mr. Samborn's. These I think are the only birds breeding in Concord this year.

At least three different Savanna Sparrows were singing, one at Red Bridge, two near the French's bridge. Two Whippoorwills singing on the hill S. of Egan Brook meadow. A Wood Duck flying over the maple swamp near the French's landing. A Night Heron graking but not seen, in the same locality. Wilson's Thrushes singing in this swamp. A Yellow-wing & Savanna Sparrow singing near together at the old sand bank. Several Bobolinks singing in the meadow near this bank. Red-wings singing infrequently. A Cat-bird in full song. No Rails heard about the town.

1889

June 22 Early morning cloudy & sultry with occasional light showers. Sun out by 10.30 & remainder of day clear with strong, steady and very refreshing S. W. wind.

To Concord by 9 A. M. train Tapon joining me at Waverley. I had sent my man George on by an earlier train to get "Don" and he met us with the dog at Lincoln. Upon reaching Concord we hired Kaley's boat which is kept at the new granite ridge from which we made our start.

On reaching the meadow above the Fitchburg R.R. bridge we put on our wading boots and started in with the dog. The meadow proved an easy one to search for there was little mud or water and but few holes. Most of the ground was covered with very rather short grass but a bed of canary grass taller than my head extended along the corner of a brook for 100 yds. or more. We trampled this grass down and the dog crossed into very work & corner of it. Then I hunted him closely over the meadow back and forth. He pointed a nest filled with young Red. wings and rooted out numerous Sparrows, Bobolinks etc. but not a trace of our mysterious singer could either he or we find. After spending fully three hours in the search and going over the ground with the utmost care we left it in disgust and no wiser than when we entered it. If the kik-kik-kik is a bird, which I began to doubt, he is a strangely elusive one.

A Bittern came into this meadow about noon evidently to feed. After alighting we saw him make several short flights from place to place. He

rowed up river as far as Sugar Brook but neither
saw nor heard anything of much interest. The wind
blew so strongly that few birds sang and it was
difficult to hear their voices.

We took the 5.25 P.M. train for home.

(Dictated)

W. Townsend to Ashby, Mass.

1887

June 25

West Townsend to Ashby, Mass. Clear and warm. In company with Mr. Walter Faxon I took the noon train today for West Townsend which we reached about 2 o'clock P.M. Having two or three hours to wait before the stage started for Ashby, our final destination, we took a short walk outside the village, crossing a pasture and entering a piece of hard woods where we sat down to listen to the birds.

Hearing a Black Throated Blue Warbler singing, we pushed on, and, descending a hill side, found ourselves in a deep retired glen heavily shaded by hemlocks and other trees, and with a dense undergrowth of mountain laurel. In this glen we found the Warbler and had several good views of him. There was also a Wood Thrush here, apparently a female bird with young. Leaving this place, we next entered a grove of large white pine on the slope of a dry hill. Here a Solitary Vireo, and ~~the~~ Black ~~Brown~~ Warbler were seen. The Warbler was followed about by a single young bird, apparently just from the nest, which it was feeding at intervals. On the outskirts of this wood, in a pasture, we saw a Warbling Vireo in a large chestnut tree, and later, on our return to town, observed two others in elms along the street. Just outside the town a Pine Warbler was singing steadily in an isolated grove of white pines. In the village itself we saw a brood of young Black, and White creepers. Chimney sweeps were numerous, and were flying about the trees and houses.

At 7 o'clock P. M. we took the stage for Asby, a distance of about four miles. The evening was still and birds were singing freely. We heard several Cat Birds, one Hermit Thrush and one Wood Thrush; the latter singing in an apple orchard, the Hermit in a pasture grown up with young pines. Upon reaching Asby we went to the house of Mr. Brooks where we settled for the remainder of our stay. Two Whipoorwill were singing a short distance from the house up to the time we went to bed.

1889

Massachusetts.

1889

June 26

Cloudy with strong wind and light drizzling rain at intervals through the day, the clouds breaking away somewhat late in the afternoon. Starting at 10 o'clock we drove to Mt. Wataatic, a distance of about three miles from town, leaving the horse at Woodard's, nearly one third of the way up the mountain. Birds were singing well during the entire distance from town, but we heard nothing of any particular interest. We started up the mountain in a drizzling rain, and dense fog obscuring all except the nearest objects from our view, and, as we were not familiar with the place, interfering seriously with our finding the way. We pushed steadily upward, however, and, after crossing a wide interval of pasture land, entered a tract covered with young spruces growing in thick copses ^{with} open ^{betwixt} ~~spaces~~. Here we were delighted to find our first northern birds, Black and Yellow Warblers numerous and singing in several directions; Yellow Rumped Warblers ^{as many as 20 and over} females, apparently with nests or young somewhere near, and Snow Birds. As we ascended still further the Black and Yellow Warblers became more numerous, and we occasionally heard the song of a Yellow Rumped Warbler. The fog thickened, however, and the rain began to come down more heavily, so we sought the shelter of a large spreading spruce under which we ate our lunch, not knowing in the least how near we were to the top of the mountain.

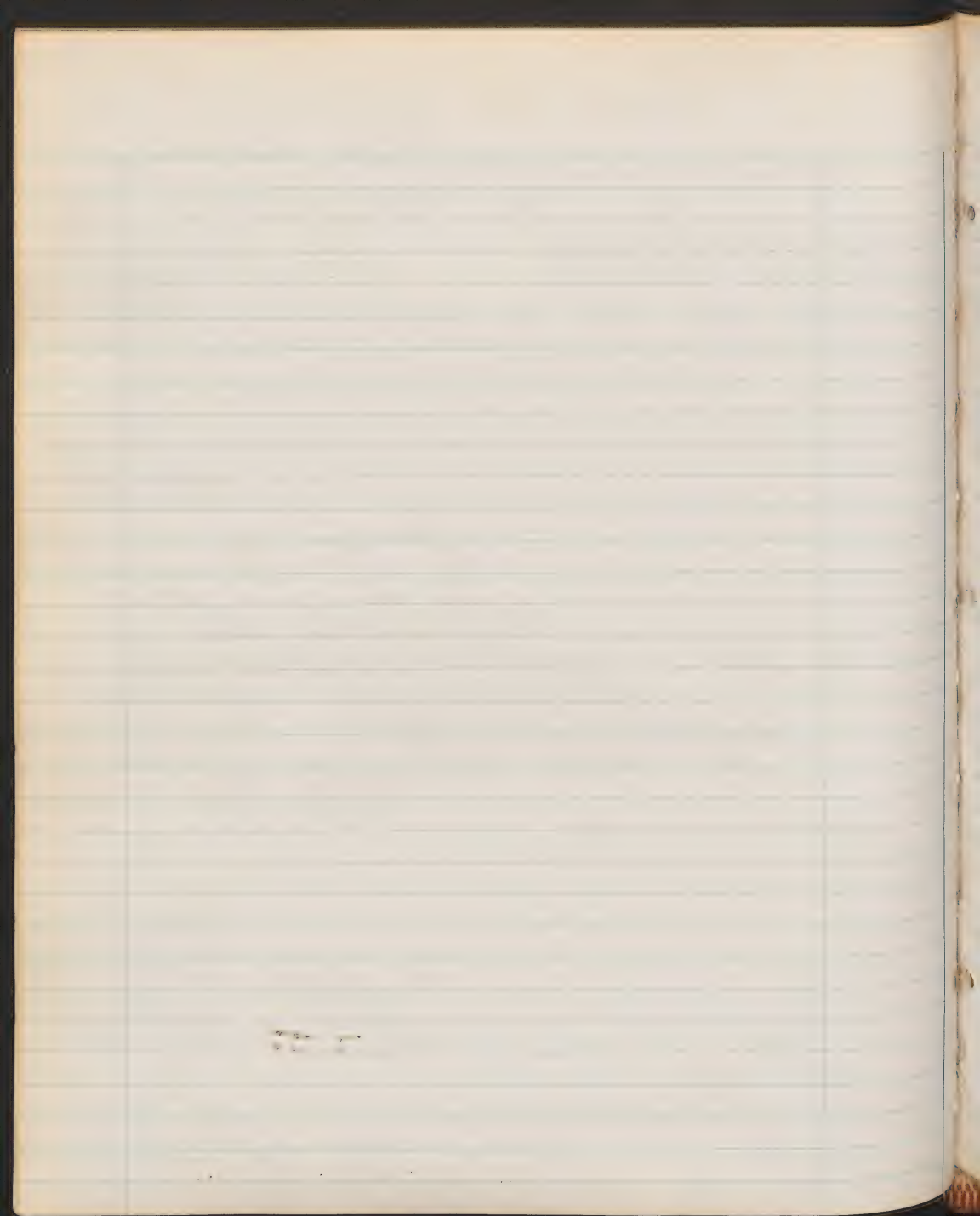
but supposing it ^{to be still} some distance off. After a while the rain ceased and the fog lifted a little, and we started on, keeping along the side of the mountain and finally emerging on the edge of the [^]steep, almost precipitous slope with ~~to be seen~~ spruces growing densely as far down as the eye could reach through the mist. We paused here for a few moments, and apparently at just the right time, for the fog broke away disclosing a fine view of the country beneath with ponds sprinkled about in every direction, and large tracts of wood dimly visible as the fog drifted across the landscapes. This breaking of the clouds, however, started ^{up} the birds, which for several minutes sang loudly in every direction. We heard here several species new to our list, namely, the White Throated Sparrow, the Olive Sided Flycatcher, ^{and} the Rose Breasted Grosbeak, besides numerous Hermit Thrushes.

Starting once more upward, we were surprised to find that we were within a few rods of the summit of the mountain. By the time we reached it the mist had entirely disappeared and the sun peeped out occasionally for a moment or two, giving us a fine view of the surrounding region. On the rocky crest of the mountain we saw Snow Birds, ~~a~~ Robins, or two, and a Phoebe; and several Mountain Butterflies fluttering about among the rocks.

Leaving the summit we retraced our steps to the trees where we took lunch, and then plunged directly down the mountain side

Rocky, Massachusetts

1889
(June 26) through dense forest composed almost entirely of black spruces some of which attained a height of fifty or sixty feet and a diameter of a foot or more. ~~Black spruce~~ ^{Blackburnian} Warblers and Black Throated Green Warblers were numerous in these woods and lower down, on the edge of the deep ravine, we heard a Golden Crested Kinglet singing. Upon following up the song we finally found both him and his mate. They were accompanied by a single young bird only a few days from the nest, which they were feeding. Near this spot in an opening I shot a male Snow Bird. As we were returning to the house where we left the horse, late in the afternoon, we heard a Henslow's Sparrow singing in a little bit of meadow in a pasture on the mountain side, and, going to the spot, flushed the bird several times. It chirped ~~an~~ vigorously and evidently had young some where in the neighborhood. The drive home was very delightful, although we were treated to one or two more showers on the way. In the evening after dark we heard another Henslow's Sparrow singing in the meadow near our house.



1889

June 27

Hobbs, New Castle

Morning cloudy with heavy showers, afternoon clear with driving clouds. We started for Mt. Natatic at 11 o'clock in the forenoon. Reaching Woodard's we again put up our horse there, and took lunch behind the house. Faxon then started down into the valley to the south at the base of the mountain where, as afterwards learned, he found Kinglets, Blackburnian Warblers, and Black and Yellow Warblers singing in a spruce swamp. He then skirted the mountain on the south-west side, meeting me late in the afternoon on the western side. My route was up through the open pastures into the spruce pastures where I found, in addition to the birds observed yesterday, a Red Crossbill. I then kept on into the heavy spruce forest where we heard the Kinglets singing yesterday, and continued around the mountain side to find that this tract of heavy timber extended for five or six hundred yards. The trees were mainly black spruces with a great many hemlocks and a few balsams. There were also scattered ashes, red maples, mountain maples, red oaks, yellow, and paper birches, and a few staghorn and stunted white pines. The mountain side was very steep and rocky, the ground covered with moss and the rocks ~~covered~~ with moss and rocky ferns. The spruces varied from thirty to seventy-five feet in height and were slender, well-proportioned trees, growing thickly together. Some of the larger ones

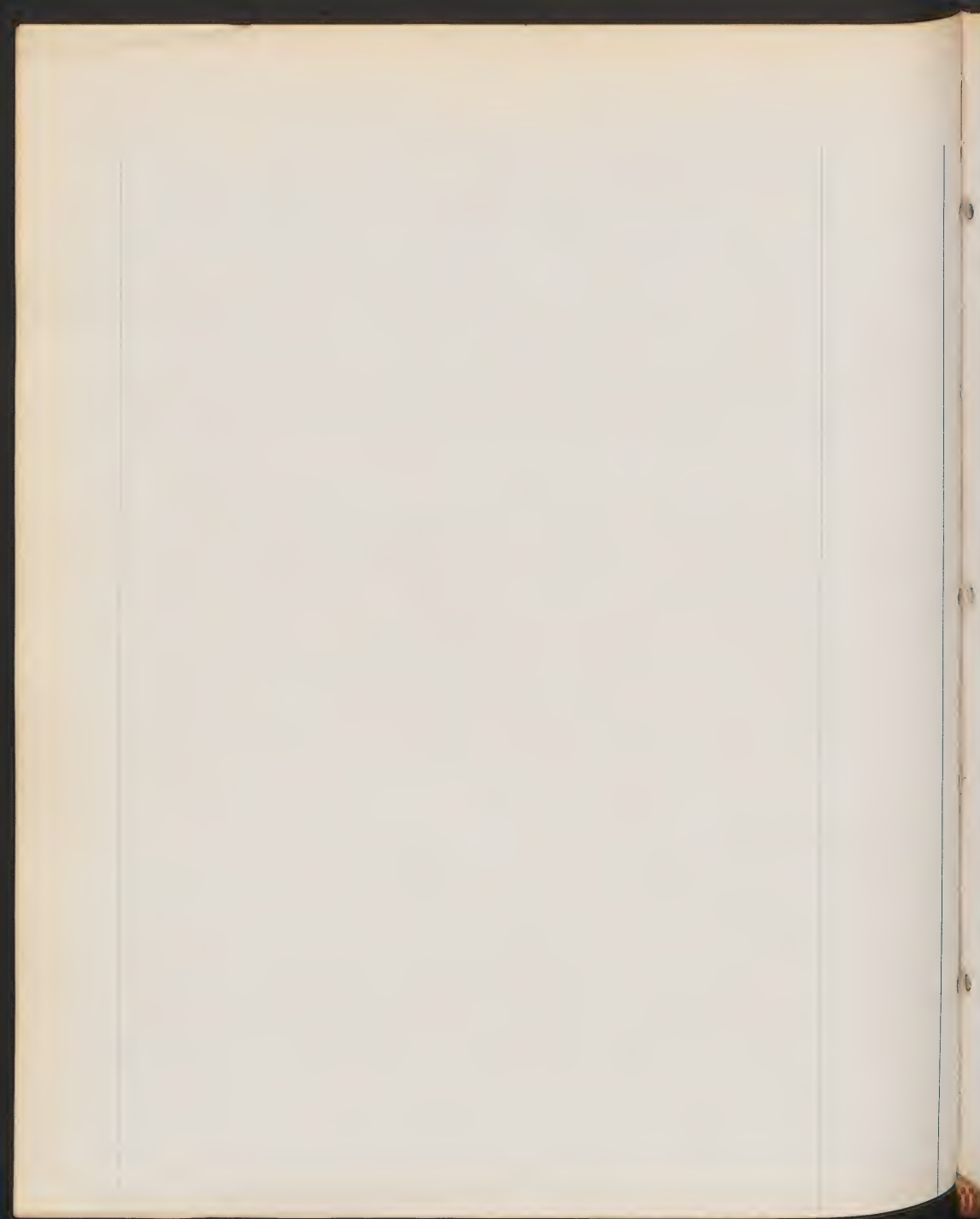
were nearly two feet in diameter. Woodans told us that both porcupines and white hares were ~~abundant~~ numerous in these woods. I saw many orange colored Salamanders similar to those which are so numerous on Mount Rogers. Of birds, the characteristic species inhabiting these forests were Ruffed Grouse, Pileated Woodpeckers, Winter Wren, Blackburnian Warblers, Black Throated Green Warblers, Golden Crested Kinglets, Hermit Thrushes, Snow Birds, and Queen Birds. Of the Pileated Woodpecker we saw no birds, but their recent presence was attested by their numerous characteristic mortise-shaped holes in the trunks of the dead stumps. Some of these holes had been made so recently that the wood was quite new and fresh. There seemed to be only one Winter Wren on the mountain, or at least only one male. I heard him sing twice, once rather indistinctly, in ~~the~~ ^a ravine, the second time near at hand and very loudly. The Blackburnian Warblers were exceedingly numerous, almost so much so in fact as the Black Throated Greens. Both were in full song, and Kinglets also abundant, ~~and~~ ^{were} singing freely. We heard a single White Throated Sparrow, probably the same bird noted yesterday.

After Paxon met me we returned to the spruce pastures where we spent half an hour or more. These pastures are covered with black spruce, and balsams (the latter ~~more~~ common) trees from ten to twenty feet high, growing thickly with little openings,

Asheby, Massachusetts

(1889) filled with raspberry bushes on side of Loxwood Lane
(June 27) Asheby. In places the spruces are scattered about
singly or in groups over the smooth top of the
mountain side. These spruce patches are identical
in every way with those of northern New England.
Other characteristic birds here were:
Chickadees and Field Sparrows, the spring yellow
and yellow Warblers, the Purple Grackles, Red-bellied
Gophers, Robins, Chipping Sparrows, and some
other among the spruces.

We started for Asheby about six o'clock
and had as usual a delightful drive home, see-
ing and seeing many birds, but none of any par-
ticular interest.



Dictated

Ashby, Massachusetts.

1889

June 28

[illegible]

accompanied by at least one of the old birds. The
one the latter threw down a cocoon from under
a pile of leaves and picking it to pieces revealed
the small pupa and breaking these up into
small fragments distributed them among several
of the young.

After leaving the house again we drove about
half a mile further to the west side of the
cave and leaving the buggy in a shed
spent an hour or two in and near an ex-
tensive spruce and larch swamp, as well as
in a piniper pasture which skirted the base
of the mountain. The swamp comprised
probably twenty acres. It was covered with
a mixture of spruces, balsam, and red mea-
ples, many of which were rather thick-
ly hung with luscious moss. There was a dense
undergrowth of mountain laurel, alders, hoi-
dog wood and so forth. The ground was
~~very~~^{wet} and carpeted everywhere with sphagnum.
In this swamp we heard at least five Blue-
yellow-backed Warblers, and about four
Cassin's Warblers, the only birds of either spe-
cies which we detected anywhere in the
region about Ashby. The mountain laurel was
in full bloom although past its prime. In
addition to the trees just mentioned there
were a great many larches and some fine
large white and yellow birches. In this
swamp we also heard Kinglets, two Red-bellied
Nuthatches, and one Black and Yellow
Warbler. In the bordering pasture ~~there~~

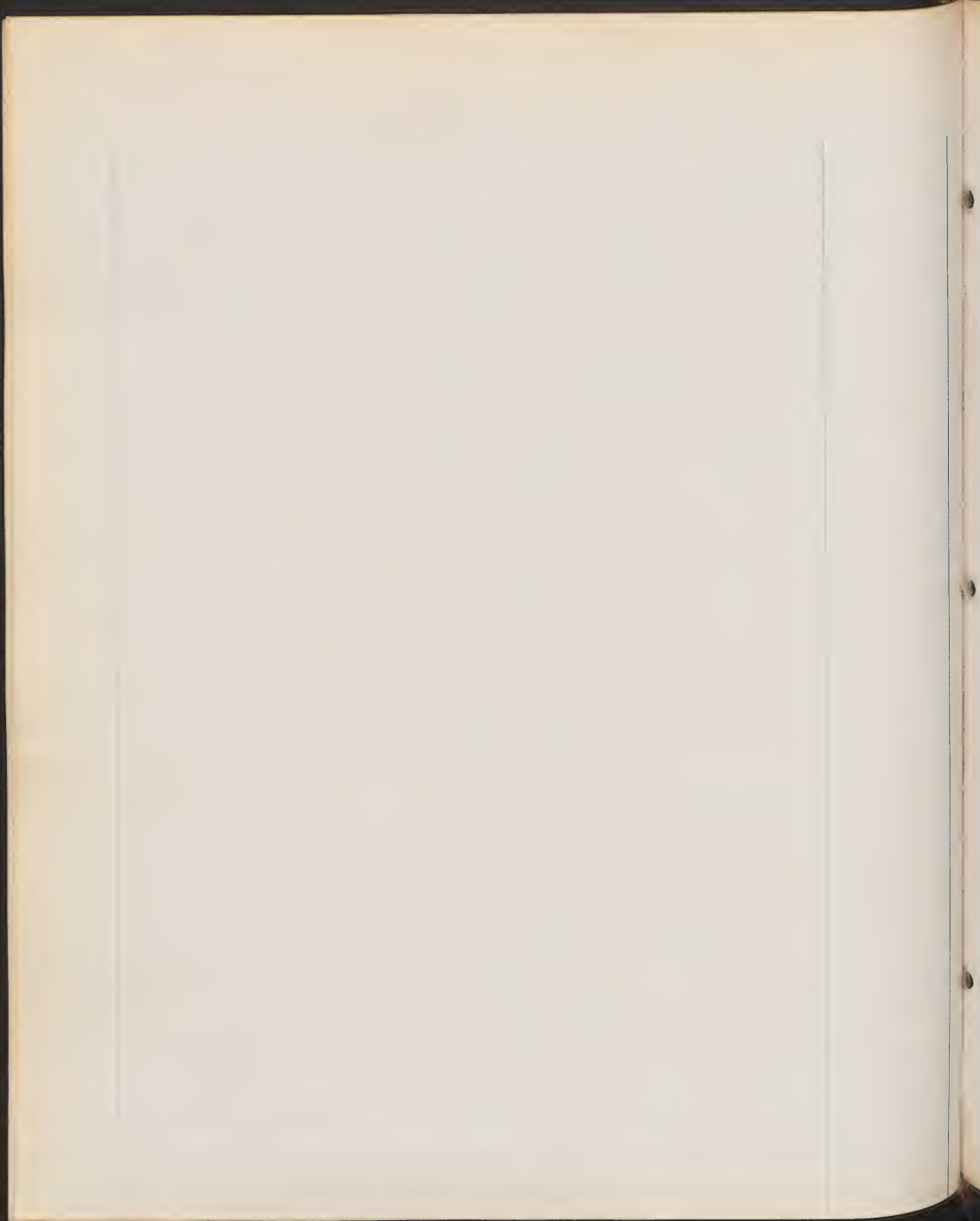
1889

June 28

which

Ashby, Massachusetts

is steep and rocky and sprinkled with young
 spruce growing highly and in small clumps.
 We found a yellow breasted Chat and a dove
 bird. One the male dove sat well up on the
 mountain side, and probably near where we
 spent yesterday afternoon. I heard a flock of
 Crossbills piping but did not see any of
 them. A red tailed Hawk was making for
 sometime over the top of the mountain, for
 some by a nest of eggs ⁱⁿ nest. He worked
 hard at about the usual time.



1889

Uxby, Massachusetts

June 29

Clear and hot with light southerly west wind. Spent the morning at the house. Starting some-
after dinner we crossed several fields to the south-
west, visiting in the way the meadow where
we found the deer and ~~spoon~~ spring at night.
It proved to be rather wet and very much
grown to low bushes, mostly blueberry and holly-
hock. We explored it pretty thoroughly but failed
to find the Sparrow. Descending a slope and
passing through a belt of green birches we en-
tered into a piece of rather tall oaks bar-
ren land. Here we spent an hour or
more. In the swamp we heard a Wilson's
Thrush, a Hood Thrush and quite a number
of Brown Thrushes. A Red-eyed Vireo was seen
in the oaks. Skirting the swamp we
crossed the brook which flowed from it, then
X a narrow, heavily-shaded glen, and climbed
steep hill on the further side. Exiting a
d path we next passed through a mixed
woods of oak and pine and ^{came out} ~~went into~~ a
clearing grown up to wild red cherries
and raspberry bushes. The ground was cov-
ered with old logs and was just the place
for Mourning Warblers and Blue-sided Hoopoes,
none of which, however, we succeeded in de-
tecting there. Hermit Thrushes were ~~seen~~ sing-
ing all around this opening, at least
three or four of them. In a grove of fine
old white pines at its southern extremity we
saw a Red-bellied But Hatch and two

Blackburnian Warblers. A Black Throated Blue Warbler, the only one detected near Sahy was singing in ~~the~~ a swamp ~~beneath~~ ^{near} the ~~area~~ abundance of mountain laurel.

He left me here and attempted to penetrate through this swamp, but it was so difficult that he ^{only} crossed one end of it, and, emerging into a road beyond, reached the house nearly as soon as if he did. I went back over the same ground which we first saw our rapt bird, crossing the brook, however, a little farther down. There were three flying up their brook at the spot.

In the evening the House Sparrows were singing in the meadow near the house.

Ashby, Massachusetts.

1889

June 30

Clear and hot with but little breeze. Left the house at about nine o'clock and drove directly to the large pond in Ashburnham. On the way, and probably within the limits of Ashby, we stopped for a half hour or more at an extensive woods of fine large white and silver pine intermixed with a good many spruce. Here we heard two Solitaires, Vireos, a Red-bellied Nuthatch, and a Blackburnian Warbler and several kinds of the more common summer birds. I remember of small birds attracted to the deep glen where they were.

During a great scolding and chirping. Upon entering this glen we heard a succession of loud notes which resemble those of the Flicker. But were soon recognized as the cry of the Sharp-shinned Hawk. We thought we got a glimpse of the bird flying off through the trees but

Continuing our drive we reached the pond where we put up at a small barn by the road side and took our lunch under an apple tree on the shore of the pond. It was intensely hot and very few birds were singing. Early in the afternoon we started again and drove to the swamp at the western base of Mt. Wachusett. We spent about two hours here for the most part sitting but were listening to the notes of some Bluebirds which were singing in the top of the trees.

He took in the ^{pasture} ~~land~~ collected a very fine specimen
of it. I have described at length in my notes
the species. He heard nothing of the
mountain side and it
is not ~~found~~ ^{noted} in this locality before.
They were singing rather freely late in the
afternoon. He did not see the usual notes.

Ashby to Fitchburg, Mass.

1889

July 1

Clear and very hot. Starting at eleven o'clock -
drove to Fitchburg where I took the train for New.
Hampshire, and returned to Boston. On the drive
saw a great many of our favorite insect-eaters
the Black Throated Blue Warblers which were
singing by the roadside about three miles above
Fitchburg. They were in deep, damp woods along
a ravine under the roadway and about
exclusively of mountain laurel which grew in
tangled thickets.

1889

July 7

Morning clear. Afternoon clear, clearing at sunset. Evening clear with pale moonlight. Warm and sultry with light S. W. wind.

To the swamp with Purdie this evening taking the 5.30 train to Hills Crossing and returning by carriage, Cambridge Brook at 8.30 P.M. Went over the usual ground walking down the Mass. Central Track to the willow hedge where we spent an hour or more, then at sunset to the Pont Pond Swamp where we remained until past eight o'clock.

There has been a great change in both vegetation and the since I last visited this swamp June 14. To-day we found *Eupatorium*, light shade, *Synimachia* *trida*, and evening primrose in full bloom. The dead brown heads of the cat-tail flags are of nearly full size and very prominent contrasting with the sea of waving green bladder-like leaves. Both species growing side by side in places the narrow leaved, dark green, the broad leaved a paler more glaucous green.

Song Sparrows and Swamp Sparrows were singing incessantly in every direction when we first entered the meadows, in fact much more vigorously than in early June, but until after sunset we heard nothing else except ^{a few Maryland Yellow-Throats and} occasional Cuckoo or Yellow Warbler and still more rarely a Red-wing. The latter were seen in numbers, however, in small flocks composed largely of chattering young flying from place to place in the great meadow. A little before sunset Robins began singing and continued until nearly dark. We also noted a considerable flight going ^{west} in the swamp at Pont Pond. Not a single Marsh Wren

was seen or heard in the Beech Island meadow but two ♂♂ sang a few times after sunset in the cat-tails just north of Port Pond, a locality where ^{were} certainly none in June.

At Port Pond we heard a Wilson's Thrush sing twice and a Cat-bird singing rather continuously. Saw no Herons until nearly dark when three Green Herons flew in line from the Port Pond swamp taking the usual course towards Beech Island meadow, two afterwards returning. A little later three Night Herons also left this swamp jumping loudly. They must have roosted here through the day. We heard none in the direction of Beech Island swamp, but saw a single adult bird flying from that place at about 6 P.M.

Although the evening was remarkably favorable for hearing slight sounds we listened in vain for the faintest Rail note until nearly dark when a Carolina Rail called kā-c twice in the flags near Port Pond. This was literally the only Rail heard. It is wise that their singing is over for this year.

Twice during the evening I imagined that I heard the kik-kik-kik, creep of our "mystery" but I was perhaps mistaken. Certainly this bird, also, has practically stopped singing.

As it was getting dark a bat-like land-piper came from the Port Pond bog within 30 yds. of us and wheeling overhead made off to the E. finally pitching down with wings closed. Its erratic deep-like flight & characteristic peet-wet call were both unmistakable. I do not remember to have ever seen it here so early before.

Bull frogs, green frogs and toads all in full song this evening. A Cuckoo coming at intervals before sunset.

(Dictated to J. L. Tryon)

177
Apr. 2

Friday - March 20, 1890

Went with the team early this morning to the mountains by river.

Left with the team at 8 o'clock and went up by the river to the mountains. The morning was very cold and the wind was blowing from the north. The river was very high and the water was very muddy. The mountains were very high and the peaks were very sharp. The snow was very deep and the ice was very thick. The mountains were very beautiful and the scenery was very grand.

Part of the
River in
a stream.

Had some food during the day and was very comfortable. The mountains were very high and the peaks were very sharp. The snow was very deep and the ice was very thick. The mountains were very beautiful and the scenery was very grand. The mountains were very high and the peaks were very sharp. The snow was very deep and the ice was very thick. The mountains were very beautiful and the scenery was very grand.

Nothing

3

Went out early, the wind was very strong and the mountains were very high. The morning was very cold and the wind was blowing from the north.

Nothing

Went to the mountains about the river in the afternoon. The morning was very cold and the wind was blowing from the north. The river was very high and the water was very muddy. The mountains were very high and the peaks were very sharp. The snow was very deep and the ice was very thick. The mountains were very beautiful and the scenery was very grand. The mountains were very high and the peaks were very sharp. The snow was very deep and the ice was very thick. The mountains were very beautiful and the scenery was very grand.

Nothing
Nothing

Nothing

Woodcock
-hooting
on
Upton Hill

1887
Sept 8

Lake Umbagog, Maine.

Leucisæus

Windy & rainy all day. Windy & rainy
and stormy both in the afternoon but not
raining from 12 to 2.

Went out at 10 in the morning by
C. H. Hunt's gun to the lake shore in my fishing
dress. He would have me as far as the end of
the long pond where I took in one and another
the rest of the day at the head of the pond
near where the lake goes out to sea. There were
a lot of water birds but none were
interesting. The water was very muddy. I saw
huddly in the water at the first time.
Remember to have some more water. I saw
later on. About three hundred very large
them along shore. Nothing really. They were
from the direction of the wind. On the way
I saw nothing but two Kingfishers.

After spending an hour or two at the lake,
where I saw a single Red-tailed Hawk on
a stick. I started back. At the entrance
of Leucisæus Pond I passed to look for the same
voliting Kingfisher but he was not there. He was
talking softly in the wind. Finally I went on
another. As I was watching them I heard a Bluebird
and looking up saw a large blue bird flying
overhead at a considerable height flying in
the westerly direction. I counted 25. As there
was a thick shower of birds flying about apparently
mistaken for the Bluebirds were causing them
alarm. Although he kept on for some distance
from there. Saw them for some time
and did not see another Hawk. This species

Beetle-heart

/over.

King-rock

1. Lover

Cambridge R.
marshes.
Summer
Yellow. legs
Grass birds

101
Sept. 7

Lace Embassy, Maine.

London

The next morning (Sept. 8) I went to the lake to see the
sawflies to find out if they were still in the lake and in a
small boat and shortly afterward I saw the lake again. The
lake was very quiet and I saw a few fish. They were small
trout. They were in the lake and I saw a few fish. They were
the lake and I saw a few fish. They were the lake and I saw
a few fish.

I saw some fish in the lake. They were small trout. They
were in the lake and I saw a few fish. They were the lake
and I saw a few fish. They were the lake and I saw a few
fish. They were the lake and I saw a few fish. They were the
lake and I saw a few fish. They were the lake and I saw a
few fish.

" 10

Sept. 10. A very wet day with strong S. to S. W. wind.

I went to the lake to see the sawflies. They were in the
lake and I saw a few fish. They were the lake and I saw
a few fish. They were the lake and I saw a few fish. They
were the lake and I saw a few fish. They were the lake and
I saw a few fish. They were the lake and I saw a few fish.

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lake and I saw a few fish. They were the lake and I saw
a few fish. They were the lake and I saw a few fish. They
were the lake and I saw a few fish. They were the lake and
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lake and I saw a few fish. They were the lake and I saw
a few fish. They were the lake and I saw a few fish. They
were the lake and I saw a few fish. They were the lake and
I saw a few fish. They were the lake and I saw a few fish.

1889
Sept. 12

Lake Umbagog, Maine.

Clear and warm. Wind N. E. Dreeze here all day.

Hoodcock shooting in the morning riding about half way to Upton on the overboard with C. & E. and shooting on
sandy hills. Most of the ground was to be made little
portion filled with young spruce between the road
and the hills. These the better of this. Many in
the top of a small tree near the water. I shot
three and finally found one in a small tree
is a little of which has been the best in
and I shot three in a row with the little
to go. Then I saw that I was.

Very many small birds. Several species especially
in a pasture where they were hopping about on the
ground with Wilson's. In the woods near the water
near there I collected one that was a very fine
specimen and one from the water. Wilson's
in the water.

Small bird.

Immediately after dinner I took advantage of the
strong S. wind and started up the Lake in my
little boat. Sailed to North Point in about an hour
and a half. Saw almost nothing on the way except
a pair of Bald Eagles one a bird adult, flying
together in the air over the island just as a
pair of Pintos will often play, one rising above
the other and keeping some feet off. I saw the
other birds over and over again. Heard a few
over the long drawn or-100 with sometimes a third
of the same in a very quiet way. The birds
in the lake, I looked closely for 1 hour and
saw none.

Sail up Lake
North Point.
in
water

Bald Eagles.

Soon.

Some company on Mall's Rock told me that
Wilson's Snipe have been very numerous about the

Snipe

(Sept. 10) was not prepared and did not fire.

We landed for lunch about two miles below the mill. I took a short walk back into the woods following a typical wood path, that led up over a mossy knoll. I flushed a grouse in a windfall. The bird was within ten yards. I shot at it and it disappeared and it went down. But when I went back in for it it rose again and went into a tree. I then shot it sitting.

Starting on we paddled the remainder of the distance to the falls. The river was low and we had to log the rocks and some of the shallower places. Starting a few feet from the coming suddenly on him when he was and passed a very tame looking sandpiper. Saw several *Sphyrapicus varius*, at one place three together. *Hudsonius* numerous. Saw a flock of brown *Thalassidroma* crossbills. No Woodpeckers except one Downy & several *Colaptes*. Deer tracks on the sand bar at the falls. No Swamp Sparrows.

Started down river at about 4 P.M. Reaching the mill at about 5.30. The afternoon lights and shadow fine. Started two Wood Ducks and saw a few Robins. No muskrats although their "sign" abounded everywhere. Reached Lakeside at dark.

Maine.

Cambridge Co.

from the mill

to the falls

a bridge

below

*Hudsonius hudsonius**Loxia leucoptera*

Deer tracks

Wood Ducks

Muskrats

Wood Ducks

Pigeon Hawks

14) Cloudy most of the day the sun occasionally shining for a few minutes at a time. Wind E. to S. E.

At 8 A.M. started with Spelman for the Lake House. Near the mouth of the brook in the Cove pond system. Wood Ducks started. I was fishing at the river. At Keable's brook saw three Small Falcons, which I took to be Pigeon Hawks, playing together vigorously.

the top of the tall trees, there were some birds, but we were too far with them all. I tried to get them in the most friendly terms. I landed for them but could not omit.

to the ... House we spent about an hour. ...
Hooded ...
Song ...
Red Crossbill in the clearing. ... Plain Summit. Crossbills ...

Cambridge R.
marshes near the ...
Singer ...
Shooting ...
... after another several hundred yards ahead ...
... in together flew in great circles ...
... at last they ...
... dashed past us the both ...
... then they alighted ...
... past us and what I shot ...
... mind arose. ...
... followed and ...
... the ...
... the grass. ...
... the ...
... one me to ...
... barrels in vain. ...
... to the lower marsh & flushed five Snipe. I ...
... third. ...
... nearly dark at the time. I killed a ...
... of which we ...

1889

Sept 16

Clear and warm with light S. E. wind.

Head & back.

To the Outlet by steam with Spelman taking James Burrier, Will Sargent We prepared for a
and Chas. Tidswell the guides who went to get our camping ground in Camp 1100
order. Landed at the first point south of Moll's Rock and the men Moll's Rock
at once went to work to clear a place for the tents while S. & I
sat on a log and directed operations. It was very pleasant,
the sunlight streaming down through the foliage a kingfisher
rattling on the lake shore, Titmice and Warblers chirping
in the woods.

After eating lunch we started for the Outlet where we
beat the marshes for about two hours without seeing a
single game bird of any kind. I started several Swamp
and Savanna Sparrows as well as three Titlarks.

We then started for Lakeside, Spelman rowing. On
the way we saw nothing worthy of any interest.

Return to

Reached Lakeside about 5 P.M. and kept on into
the lower pond at the mouth of the Cambridge.
On the south shore of this pond is a little muddy
cove where we have seen a flock of Wood Ducks on
several occasions lately. They proved to be there this
morning and I stalked them successfully after waiting
some time for a drake, which sat perched on a log, probably
as a sentinel, to join the others which were swimming close
in to the grass. Getting them together I fired killing them all
and dropping a fourth with the other barrel as the survivors
rose. This was my first gun shot at Ducks within the new
reg. gun. There were about twelve birds in this flock.

Cambridge R.

While here I heard a White-throated Sparrow sing and
what surprised me considerably the full flight song of
an Oven. Bird. This was after sunset the evening
cloudy and warm. Swamp Sparrows were also twittering but
- broken feeble tone

Flight song of
Oven Bird

Sept. 18

I go into
Camp near
Moose River
with
Spelman &
Chadbourne

Cloudy with occasional light showers. Warm. Wind S. E. to N. W.

Chadbourne arrived last night and with Spelman and him I started by steamer for our camp this morning. On the way up the falls saw five Sheldrakes and three Wintlers near Bear Island. Also a few Eagles and a Loon or two.

Upon reaching camp Sargent told me that he saw nine Canada Geese fly up the falls towards Moon Point late yesterday afternoon the weather thick & raining at the time. They flew close to the surface of the water in a line.

Outlet
marshes.

We spent most of the day getting our things arranged. I skinned two of the Wood Ducks shot on the 16th.

Greater
Scaup

Later in the afternoon we started for the Outlet, C. & S. In one of the boats, I in the little Rob Roy. At the Outlet found three Winter Yellow legs at which C. & S. both fired as they flew past. They alighted on the beach well up towards Moon Point. I went in pursuit. On the way came upon a flock of five Greater & one Sandling geese on the beach. Shot the Sandling & one Greater which "got in the way". The Yellow legs proved shy and flew over across the river.

Sandling

Moose Pt.

We then went to Moon Point where I found the Thrushes. C. & S. shortly afterwards joined us. They had beaten a portion of the marsh and killed one Snipe & which they shot. While we were talking a flock

Wood Ducks

of twelve Wood Ducks circled over the marsh & alighted in an open pond hole.

Greater
Yellow legs

I then left the others and paddled through Richardson's Carry starting a Snipe from the mud. Found the three Yellow-legs on the marsh and paddling to within about 60 yds. got all three together and to my great surprise killed them all at one shot from the choked barrel of the little 20 gauge.

As I sailed out of the river after dark I heard Snipe scolding on every side. Also heard what I took to be an Egyptian Goose.

1889

Sept. 19

Cloudy with pouring rain all day, Wind varying to every point.

Late in the afternoon Jim rowed us over to the Outlet, Seven Winter and two Summer Yellowlegs on the marsh. Paddled within some range then backed out and tried to get nearer but they flew. I fired at about 60 yds. without effect. Then the flock turned and came back over us when I killed one with my left barrel. It scaled 100 yards or more and fell well out in the lake. A Herring Gull descended to it and apparently tried to pick it up.

The report of the gun started up some Summer & Winter Grass Birds. I shot two of the latter, one flying. I also shot a Caroline Rail which fell wounded into the lake and dove as adroitly as a duck using its wings when swimming under water.

We next went to Moon Point which proved a blank. Then through Leonard's Pond where we started twelve Hood Ducks and a Solitary Sandpiper. Seven Black Ducks came in and circled around but did not alight.

Returning to the Outlet we flushed a pair of Ring necked Ducks, a Black headed Grebe & gray heron. I saw the gray speculum distinctly as they went off. I could have shot them easily had I been in the bows but Jim was rowing at the time. It poured in torrents all the time we were out. The lake has risen nearly two feet and the swamp grounds are flooded and ruined for the present.

20

Cloudy with occasional gleams of sunshine. Wind strong from S. to S.E.

In the Outlet in 100.00 yds. shortly after breakfast. Heard a *Tringa maculata* & shot a *Colaptes*, entire meadows under water.

To Moon Point at evening. Arrived too late & got into a bad position. A pair & three flocks of Black Ducks came in, about 75 birds in all. Did not get a shot. Heard a Solitary & three Small Blue Herons. A Caroline Rail flying about in the twilight.

1889

Sept 21 Cloudy with frequent heavy showers. Wind N.W.

Spelman and Chatbourn spent the day shooting going to Sunday Cove and Rapid River. They saw a flock of fully 100 Black Ducks in Brandy Bedg Cove and some Hood Ducks in Rapid River. They killed nothing but a Carolina Rail.

Moon Pond Late in the afternoon Jim rowed me to Moon Point. I took a station on the east bank and after waiting for some time got a long shot at a Black Duck which after flying about 100 yards dropped dead. He went after him when swarms of Black Ducks began coming in from every direction. Within ten minutes fully 150 must have arrived. Nearly all of them headed down and alighted in the flooded meadow. He paddled to the nearest flock and as they rose I fired at one missing it but the next moment killing another very dead with the second barrel. This was my first Black Duck shooting with the new 20 gauge. All the Ducks went out of the marsh at their shots. Besides the Black Ducks I saw four Hood Ducks come in on a drake in apparently full plumage.

22 Clearing with alternately showers and sunshine. Wind blowing a raging gale from the N.W. very cold water freezing at night. Started shooting at about 8 A.M. Went first to Moon Point where we paddled over the flooded meadow starting two Carolina Rails but nothing else. Will Burgess who was with Spelman killed a fine Greater Yellow Leg which was sitting on a isolated mud lump.

Wood Ducks Kept through Leonard's Pond. In the channel north of the island found a flock of over 20 Hood Ducks, most of them in or near the old fir tops. I was about to land and stalk them when I saw a man emerge from the bushes

1889

Lake Umbagog, Maine.

(Sept. 22)

and after looking towards the Ducks were again. He afterwards proved to be merely a river driver - few logs but he spoiled my chance for I at once decided to paddle to the side. As we approached a fine Drake, in perfect plumage apparently, sailed out into the open water & stretched up his neck. When we were within about 60 yds. he started & with the others ran also. I fired into the thick of them at about 80 yds. but failed to stop any. One turned back & passed at about 50 yds. My first barrel produced no effect but the second hit her so hard that she came nearly to the water but finally managed to rise enough to disappear among the trees.

Went to Sweet Meadow! About 75 Black Ducks there. Sweet Meadow
Tried to stalk them but the water was very high & they kept well out feeding among the tops of the submerged sedges. At one time the whole flock was within 100 yds. of me. Black Ducks
They were very playful lashing the water with their wings & sometimes diving both from on wing & while swimming. diving
A fine adult Greater Scaup Duck alighted with them in the open water. I finally shot at two that came within about 80 yds. but only wounded one slightly. Just then came down with the boat. The Ducks began to return within five minutes. We paddled to him that alighted in the grass but they were at fully 40 yds. I missed with my first but brought one down dead with the second barrel at about 80 yds. Had the 20 gauge to-day.

As five came down the pond he passed within 20 yds. of two Red Phalaropes. After the Ducks had gone we went after the Phalaropes and I shot one on the water and the other as it rose. They were just outside the grass in the open water. They occasionally turned over on their sides like Bitternicks.

A Marsh Hawk came through the meadow

1889

Sept. 23

Bice and cold with high N.W. wind which died away at last.

H. W. Henshaw arrived on the steamer this morning and spent the day in camp. Late in the afternoon he took the steamer back to Lakeside and I accompanied him. Alva

Blue-wing

Teal

Coolidge on the boat. He tells me he saw a flock of eighteen Blue-winged Teal in Metabee Pond on the 18th. Horn has been reported at Mumbagog this year. He also tells me that he has seen Woodcock on the Copsagtie carry and at N. Parmachenee.

Woodcock

Butter-bird

Coots

Just below Great Island we sighted a flock of seven American Scoters. Alva offered me a little cedar canoe he had with him and in it Jim and I at once started after the birds which proved very wild. By chasing them about for an hour or more and firing ten or a dozen long shots at them however I managed to get two. Used the little 20, avg.

24

Clear, still and warm. A superb day. The foliage turning. O. T. B. and O. L. S. came up on the steamer with me this morning and spent the day at camp. No shooting, of course. The usual small birds about the camp.

After the steamer had departed for Lakeside with the ladies in the afternoon I started on Moose Point with Holman.

Ruf. Phalarope

In the flooded meadows near the Outlet I found a Red Phalarope. It was standing dead. I saw it nearly a mile off. It did not feel sure it was a Red Phalarope. It was within my yards. It had been shot in the lake and was only a few hours dead.

Moose Pt.

Wood Ducks

A few Ducks came out this morning but we got no shots. Two Wood Ducks passed near Holman but he did not see them until too late to shoot.

Sora Rails

Although the water was two to three feet deep all over the marsh we heard many Carolina Rails calling kep, kep at sunset.

1889

Sept. 25

Cloudless, the air clear as crystal, the mountains visible by daylight.
a light east wind all day.

Breakfast at 6.30 and ¹⁰ at 7 for the Megalloway. As we passed through Moll's Carry the joy began to take on a wry tinge and before we had made a mile ~~up~~ the Megalloway it was rent by the combined influence of the sun's rays and the rising breeze, drifting away in fleecy masses over the woods and disclosing a scene of surpassing beauty.

We paddled through Horse-shoe Pond without finding any birds then crossed the river to Pine Hill Pond where I discovered five Hood Ducks sitting on a log, sunning. Wandering I crept to the water's edge but found the distance too great for a good shot.

I then returned to the river, landed above and made a second stalk coming out within about 40 yds. Only one remained on the log. The other four were scattered about swimming & feeding. Finally they came in together & I fired stopping three with the first barrel and the fourth as it rose. Two took to the grass and I don't speedily found them. I photographed two of them on the log propping them up with sticks.

Next stop at Pulpit Rock Pond. Three Hooded Mergansers, two Hood Ducks and four Black Ducks in this pond. stalked the Mergansers and fired one barrel stopping two. Saw the Black Ducks coming straight for us and getting in a flesh shell made a clean double as they passed within about 40 yds.

One of my Mergansers escaped by diving although at one time I could have shot him easily enough.

Just going back to the boat came on a flock of 14 ~~ducks~~ ^{Geese} & shot one with the 20 ga. I afterwards followed them up and killed four more, one on the west bank of the river. A little above this pond flushed a Hooded Merganser as we rounded a bend and dropped it with the 20 gauge. It dove at once and escaped. When

J. N.
 Megalloway, etc.

Hooded Mergansers
Hood Ducks
Black "

Geese
Shooting

Hooded Merganser

1
I saw Bottle Brook heard a bird call repeatedly on the
Partridge in the air. I took it for a Hood Duck. Jim said it
Shooting was a Partridge. He was doubtless right for on paddling
Entire flock to the spot I discovered a Grouse sitting on a log & shot
of these birds it. At the report of the gun several others rose & alighted
killed in the trees & bushes. I shot both barrels of both guns in
less than rapid succession then reloaded and fired two more shots
a minute killing six birds in almost as many seconds. I saw only
one that none escaped.

Bottle Brook Reaching Bottle Brook Pond we landed and lunched. Then
Pond. I crept in to the lower cove. A single Merganser then which
I left unmolested. On the point passed within a few yards
of two Grouse. In the second cove I discovered a Hood Duck
Wood Ducks asleep on the end of dead prong at least ten feet above the
water, a Sharp-shin mass with head buried under feathers of back
two others similarly enjoying themselves lower down on the
same branch. Got within 20 yds. but could not get two.
I then retreated and attempted to approach from a different
direction, when a flock of about a dozen heard or saw me &
started arousing the sleepers of cove. I fired one barrel
at long range dropping a bird with a broken wing. It at
once went ashore on the other side of the cove. I then returned
to where I left the Grouse and easily found & killed them
both. Upon reaching the place where the Hood Duck landed I
took her track & followed it across a ridge to a hollow where
there was a pond of rain water. In some grass on its edge
he found and pointed his bird but she headed his prong
and flapped off over the water diving near the middle of the
pond. I did not see her again nor could the dog think any
secret about the pond. I searched all over it but could not find
her clinging to the bottom. Where she went is a mystery. Shot
a single Black Duck and two from a flock in the third cove all hitting
coming through Moll's Carry in the twilight first at a short range & last sitting
at sunset.

1389

Sept. 26

Lake Umbagog, Maine.

dy with frequent heavy showers. A dark, dismal day.
F. B. & E. K. S. came up on the steamer this morning on their
way home via Esrol & Colbrook. I joined them off the camp
and went with them to Esrol. As the steamer passed Mollie
Carry I saw a fine ad. ♀ Duck Hawk sitting on the top of a Duck Hawk
stub. It flew at fully 200 yds. and skimmed off over the

At 8:00 Jim was waiting for me with my boat & Don. After putting the ladies in the stage we started back. In Mile Meadow a flock of twelve Wood Ducks alighted in the grass. Jim paddled Wood Ducks in within good range and I shot two on the water & a third as it rose. One took to shore where Don found it.

Went to the head of Curtis Meadows. About 75 Black Ducks were there but the water was so high that we could get no corn in which to approach them. When the brook comes in at the extreme head of this meadow we let the Hood Ducks. They came back one by one and I made a clean double killing both birds dead. A moment later another bird came down giving me an equally good shot which I missed. Reached camp in a pouring rain at about 2 P.M.

Gilman & Chaboum went up the Huggalloway & spent the entire day there. The Bear Brook Chaboum killed two fine adult ♂ Hood Ducks at one shot. There were four of them with about a dozen females and young birds. If the latter he got one. Well I don't shot a fox in Pulpit Rock pond when it trotted out of the grass with a squirrel in its mouth.

June 11th - Arrived at Port Townsend. Spent the
inter day in camp skinning birds. Helman went
to Black Island Cove where he saw about 20 Black D.

Windy with a few gleams of sunshine and occasional
suns. A raw day with high N.W. wind

Trip up started for the Megalloway at 7 A.M. Spelman & Sarge
Megalloway R. accompanying us. Just above the mouth of the Megalloway
Canada Jay saw three Canada Jays. A little higher up Jim discovered
Jack-dogs three grouse on the west bank. I shot two of them but
the third "trud" & then flew before I could get a shot
at him.

Both Brook I had no more shots until reaching Both Brook Pond
Pond Creeping in to the lower cove I found a large flock of
Black Duck Black Ducks there. After lying in wait for fully an hour
Shooting. I finally saw them coming directly towards my ambush.
They swam to within twenty yards of me when I fired
the first barrel into a perfect mass of them and cut
down a single bird with the second as they rose.
To my amazement and disgust not a single Duck
remained on the water where I fired the first shot
although there were many feathers. Probably most of them
had their heads under water when I fired. I could
not see distinctly through the thick bush in front of me.

In a few minutes a large flock of Black Ducks returned &
fed down towards and past me. I tried to stalk them
but Spelman who had arrived in the meantime showed
himself & scared them. Afterwards I ambushed the
same flock in the upper cove. They swam past my stand
within ten yards, bunching beautifully but I wanted the
Mallard Mallard which kept apart. Finally I killed him & a Black
Duck at one shot my second barrel missing. Several
Mergansers & one Whistler were with the flock.

Bear Brook. On our return we paddled up ^{again} Bear Brook $\frac{1}{2}$ mile or more.
Wood Ducks Shot two Wood Ducks on the water. One had a broken wing. One
Black "one" return fired at 4 Black Ducks at 40 yds. & stopped here.
Don found some in alders on shore. Used the 20 gauge entirely to day.

1897
Sept. 27

... into the woods to find a squirrel. During day.
In camp all day skinning birds. Jim shot two Grouse Partridges
near the camp and I a third which came within shot of
one of our fire but which I followed nearly quarter camp.
I went back into the woods finally killed him
over a shady point. He was squatting on a bed of green
moss under large hemlocks. I saw his glinting eye
first, then made out his head and finally the
whole bird.

The Hogs part, who arrived last night saw a Scoters in
large flock of Scoters in the lake this morning. the lake

30 cloudy threatening rain which came at sunset and
lasted all night.

To B. Pond this morning with Chadbourne
him & Will Sargent. Near the Steamer Landing
C. shot five Grouse. I got two on the way to
the pond one of which was sitting in a corner
of an old log camp the roof of which had fallen
in.

Trip to
B Pond.

2 Partridges
in a log
camp.

We expected Whitney to meet us at the pond with
a boat but he was not there. Accordingly we
had to embark on two rafts which we were
lucky enough to find. The wind soon bore after
we started & the trout stopped rising. He fished
about three hours getting a small trout, I
nothing. Saw a Loon and two Scoters in
the pond. He started about began looking
at about 5 P.M. and continued at intervals
until we went to sleep. He spent the night
in a comfortable little bark shanty on the island
White-winged Crossbills gathering near the lumber camp.
This little coast was there, also one sp. sp.

From fishing
B Pond.

Scoters in
B Pond
Bland Owl

Loon
Sitta carolinensis

Oct 1
Saw no birds all day up to 3 P.M. when suddenly the clouds broke away and the sun streamed out forming superb rainbows or rather two rainbows with their bases together but arches extending in opposite directions thus: (V).

Left B. Pont at 8 A.M. in a pouring rain. Crossing the river to the Oxford Club house I saw only a few Sparrows & Olive backed Thrushes. Chalbourne killed a Green & after wards two more on Rapid River Camp. Near Oxford Club I saw a mixed flock of fully 100 birds.

Big flock
of
Golden Crested
other birds
I went down to Lake side for the night with Chalbourne who starts for home to-morrow.

" 2 Cloudy with frequent light showers. Wind strong from the N.W. A rain disagreeable day.

Summer Yellow-leg
+
Black Duck
shooting.
Jim arrived at about 8 A.M. with a Summer Yellow-leg which he shot near the Lake House. He started up the lake at eleven hunting the Great Coots carefully on the way. Near the pine island three Black Ducks jumped and I made a clean double getting both birds. This was the only shot that I find all day.

We saw two more Black Ducks and two Whistlers in the Great Coots an enormous Sheldrake near the narrows and about thirty Black Duck in Black Island Cove. The latter we came very near getting shots at but once we showed them the boat before we were quite in range & again turned the boat & paddled out a little more when if we had gone ten yards further in we should have had a good shot.

1887
Oct. 3

Wiscasset, Maine.

Very early, a shower of rain, steady with occasional light rain. Wind blowing all around the compass, light and by the day.

Just discovered a large flock of geese in the lake this morning and immediately after breakfast we started after them. Taking both guns and binoculars, the boat went across the first time we missed the flock. They spread out so that the outside birds could see the paddler. They rose at about 60 yds. & I fired both barrels in vain.

Coot shooting
in the lake.

The next time I got two. Then the big flock split up into three or four smaller bunches which we pursued all day. Besides these a small flock (about a dozen) Surf Scoters (all gray birds) with which was a single Red-bellied, an adult ♂ & a few young & three "Coots" and two "Putter birds" in the latter part of the day. And both guns and had the success with the boys knocking down four Surf Scoters on one discharge of the two barrels. One escaped by diving and we lost two "Putter birds" in the same way.

The big flock was composed almost entirely of adult Putter birds & a few American Scoters with a few females and one or two Surf Scoters. They presented a superb appearance on the water a shining black mass dotted all over with spots of brilliant gold. They were very active & flew at times. At others they merely drifted in a compact line looking exactly like a black log. They rose at frequent intervals and mounting high in air circled and wheeled for many minutes at a time, flying wide before re-lighting, and uttering their wild, jingling choruses of "high-bell" cries. They flew in various orders sometimes in a V, sometimes in a long line

Coots

They swam with or at right angles to their course. At times they "bunched" closely together when we could distinctly & frequently hear the crowded wings strike one another making a noise like a paddled dropped lightly on the water. When they set their wings and descended towards the lake they made a sound like a gale of wind blowing through the woods or perhaps even like escaping steam. This was distinctly audible a mile away.

On the water they frequently executed a sort of swimming dance the whole flock swimming rapidly in a circle, each bird using his paddles as vigorously as to keep most of his body above the surface. This performance made a flashing sound like heavy rain on a still pond. During it they did not use their wings at all. Occasionally, but rarely, a single bird would rise on end and flap his wings like a loon almost incessantly, one or more birds were going through a motion which seems to be peculiar to Scoters if not to the single species *O. americana*. This motion is difficult to describe. The bird seems to raise the entire forward half of his body out of the water and lengthening his neck straight upward presenting nearly the appearance of a bottle floating with its neck upright. He then shortens his neck & sinks back into the water. The wings are not opened. The action takes only a fraction of a second.

Red Phalarope

During our pursuit of the Scoters, we saw a single Phalarope flying about over the lake but could not mark him down. He looked like a Northern Phalarope but doubtless was really a Red Phalarope as it is too late now for the first named species.

1899

Sat. 5

Lake Umbagog, Maine.

Clouds with light S.W. to E. wind. 40 min. rather warm.

At daybreak this morning heard a Pine Grosbeak whistling Pine Grosbeak near the camp. A Canada Jay also came about and A Canada Jay later in the day descended to the ground in front of the visit camp tent and took a piece of bread which the cook threw out to it.

Off at 8 A.M. rowing into Leonard's Pond and then carrying the boat across into the meadow. At the landing a Canada Jay was flitting about among the stubs. Canada Jay

Just above Pulpit Rock saw a very large mink on the bank. It glided along creeping rather heavily & making as much noise as a dog among the dry leaves. mink

Reaching Pine Hill Pond we entered it and paddled nearly half a mile back among the stubs for the water is now nearly as high as in spring. At the extreme end of the meadow I stepped the paddle on the side of the boat and started eight or ten Black Ducks which had been feeding further back among the trees than we could get into the boat. There was a Canada Jay among the stubs. Black Duck

Our next stop was at Bear Brook where the water Bear Brook was so high that we had to carry the boat over the road instead of running under the bridge. We ran up the brook nearly half a mile fine paddling very slowly and silently. Near the spot where I shot the Wood Ducks on my last visit we started two Black Black Ducks Ducks at about 40 yds. They swung around and I fired both barrels killing with the second but missing apparently with the first. Black Duck

Oct. 5! above this the brook became very narrow and crooked
Bear Brook with tangled alders arching completely over it in many
places. Finally we were stopped by a mass of drift wood.
I rapped the paddle sharply on the boat and soon
heard the unmistakable rush of Duck's wings. Taking up
the Fox gun and cocking it I waited. After nearly a
minute a single Black Duck appeared flying straight
down the brook but at such a height that he looked
no larger than a Gull. Aiming about ten feet ahead of
him I fired more in wantonness than with any idea of
hitting him. To our amusement however he promptly
collapsed and came hurtling down with fearful velocity
striking in the brook within a few yards of the boat.

I have never seen a bird fatally hit at such a height
before. It must have been fully 300 feet. I shot the choker
barrel loaded with #4 shot (3 lbs. 10 oz.). At the bridge on our
return we found a young White-crowned Sparrow hopping about
on some left wood in company with a Song Sparrow. I shot it.

Nearly opposite Bottle Brook Pond we came on three Whistlers
in company in the river. They rose and flew past us at long
range. I dropped one with the first barrel (20 gr.) but missed
with the second. A Downy Woodpecker drumming on the top of
a tall dead pine. Two Canada Jays screaming & making a
variety of odd sounds. Landed and eat lunch here.

Partridge After lunch crept in to the lower cove of the pond. A fine
old ♂ Grouse among the black alders on the point. Shot him.
Concealed myself behind a log on the shore & lay there about

two hours. A flock of six Wood Ducks passed overhead but
did not alight. Nothing came into the pond but a Heron &
a single Black Duck. A pair of *Picoides arcticus* passed near us.
A Phalarope then flew over & reported a Duck & a Phalarope in the next
cove. The Duck proved a Whistler which I ambushed & shot. The
Phalarope I could not find. Back to camp by trail.

1889
Oct. 8

Lake Umbagog, Maine

Cloudy with occasional gleams of sunlight, & a few light showers. Wind N. to S. W. - moderate. Cold. Snow on all the higher mountains.

After spending two rainy days in camp I was glad to get out again this morning. We went first to Leonard's Pond which is now practically a cove of the lake for the water has risen to a height never known before in autumn. Among the stubs were several flocks of Rusty Grackles feeding among the drift wood, numerous Robins flocking about the black alder bushes on which they are now feeding chiefly, great numbers of Yellow-rumps, several Flickers and House Sparrows among which I saw a young White-crowned. Shot a Rusty & missed two Flickers. A single Canada Goose sailing over set wings the whole length of the lake bombing.

Leonard's Pond

Rusty Blackbirds

Robins

Yellow-rumps

Flickers

White cr. Sparrows

Canada Goose

Passed out of the pond at its eastern end. Saw a Black Duck feeding in the grass & shot both barrels at him vainly - about 50 yds. - Next to Whisker Back Cove. About 20 Black Ducks in grass among the stubs quacking loudly. Paddled up behind a bush & waited. They swam within 30 yds. working busily in various courses among the drift wood. I could not get two together & finally they rose & came straight at us some passing within ten yards or less. I fired both barrels at high birds. The first fell about 50 yds. & fell, the other although hard hit kept on. The one I killed was a fine large bird, evidently a northern. Landed and while Jim cooked a Duck I walked more than half way across Whisker Back Cove. Killed two Geese. The first down pointed among alders. It rose before I saw it and I brought

Black Duck

Shooting

Red legged

Black Ducks

Partridge

Shooting

1st. 5) it came from an ~~unfamiliar~~ cock with chestnut
suffs. The second I shot on the ground. it stood
erect and still in the middle of the path 35 paces
from me. It was a superb old "drum".

Many small birds along the path. Hermit Thrushes,
Titmice, Kinglets etc. A Hylotinus in stubs near
our lunching place.

Moose Pt.
at
range.
I returned to Leonard's Pond late in P.M. shot
a Flicker at long range. Then went to Moon Pond
and lay concealed among the stubs until dark.
Not a single Duck came in. The mud is six
to eight feet under water.

Canada
Jays
Saw five or six Canada Jays among the stubs
in different places. Very tame & noisy. They seem to
harass the vicinity of water.

" ? Alternately cloudy & clear with gale from the W. Occasional light
showers.

Little Pond. Off at 8 A.M. going up the Halloway. A Black Duck in
Pond. the river half a mile up. Landed at Bottle Brook Pond. A
Whistler and Hooded Merganser were the only two birds in the
pond. They swam all over it keeping close together. The Merganser
diving. The Whistler feeding with head and neck under water
in company like the one shot on the 5th. I followed them about for fully
two hours and finally stalked them killing the Merganser on
the water & bringing the Whistler down wing broken as it ran
by a very long shot. It dove twice & went ashore on the other
side of the pond. We took in the boat & I shot it once as it

Sparrow Hawks
Pine Finches
crouched among the grass facing the water. Two Sparrow Hawks
playing together over the pond. A solitary Sandpiper on an
isolated lump of mud. Also a Kingfisher. A flock of
fully 75 Pine Finches wheeling over the trees. After lunch

1884

(Oct. 9)

Lake Umbagog, Maine.

rowed up river to Wheel Back. Carry & I walked in to the Wheel Back pond which I have never seen before. It is a beautiful Pond. Sheet of water of perhaps ten acres lying in a deep hollow surrounded by dense forest. No Ducks in it. Don pointed a hare near the path. It lay crouched flat on the ground. I called off the dog & we left it.

On our way down river went up Bear Brook. Shot a single Hooded Merganser and shot it. No other Hooded Mers. Ducks seen. Water very high.

Canada Jays were seen in several places along the river. They were as interesting as usual very tame & noisy. Their bearing is gentle and confident at times a little ~~strong~~. They are not as collected as Blue jays.

Reached camp about dark. Charley started a Duck from the bushes in front of my tent.

A Duck near my tent.

Yesterday a very large "blue" hawk came and sat in the maple over the cook tent. From Charley's description it must have been a Gos Hawk. We saw a Brown Eagle at Moll's Cove this morning.

" 10 Cloudy most of the day with occasional gleams of sunshine. Morning still up to 10 o'clock. A high N.W. wind the rest of the day.

Shortly after breakfast Jim discovered a large flock of Coots in the lake off B. Cove. As soon as we finished breakfast we put the gear on my boat and started after them. When we were well out in the lake a flock of nine Herring Gulls passed us. After searching for nearly an hour we finally make out the Coots near the usual place off the Cove. We

Large flock of Coots - as they passed together. Herring Gulls.

10
Held
Scots
all the
pre

added to within about 60 yds. when they flew
I shot down three one of which gave us a long chase.
It made surprisingly protracted dive. There were nine
dove Scoters with this flock but they kept a little
to one side and beyond. The bulk of the large flock
seemed to be composed of 4 young *Adelina americana*
which species there were certainly not over five or
six at best & in the entire lot. There were also a few
4 and young Surf Scoters among them for I heard
their croaking & quacking cries and Mr. Hayes shot two
which I examined, both young birds.

The dove Scoters came back and alighted near
us but we tried in vain to paddle within range of
them.

An hour later we discovered the large flock of
Russet-bills in the Lake Cove & paddled to within about
50 yards when I shot down four getting them all. Two
young birds came back and alighted near one of the
wounded birds at which I fired several shots without
starting them. After I had killed him we paddled
to the other two & I killed one in the water & the other
as it rose.

Went to Black Island Cove leaving the flock of Coots
behind us for I felt that we had killed enough.

Horned Grebes
Winter Wren

At the mouth of the Cove saw three Horned Grebes. No
Black Ducks. Water two high. Lunched in a sheltered nook
A Blue Jay & a Winter Wren came about

Red-eyed
Vireo

On the way back to camp had a long shot at
four Black Ducks which rose from the stubs. Missed
with both barrels. Saw a Red-eyed bird in some
bushes over the water getting within a few yards of
him

1889

Oct. 11

Lake Umbagog, Maine.

Cloudy all day with a glorious flood of sunlight just before sunset. Wind N.W. moderate. No rain to-day.

Started off alone in the Ruston canoe at about 10 A.M. taking the 20 gun. Went first to Leonard's Lake Pond where I shot a Canada Jay and a Flicker. Ruston canoe very few small birds, one or two Song Sparrows, several House Sparrows, and some Robins.

Thence paddled out past Moose Point and setting sail sped swiftly across to Sturdevant's Cove. In the way a velvet Scotie passed me without a long bump but I did not fire.

White wing
Scotie.

Landed at Sturdevant Cove, built a fire and pushed away some tall timber on the shore & the forest ground. A White Heron and two Blue-backed Thrushes came to inspect me hopping around in woods very near. Kinglets and a Hairy Woodpecker in the trees overhead. Suddenly four Sheldrakes appeared swimming close in shore within 20 ft. of my canoe. I shot one in the water and wounded another badly as it rose but the latter got off. Started back at about 4 P.M. paddling up along the shore to Crocker's Camping ground. Some surprise saw a small Tern (presumably a Kittiwake) flying out over the lake. Shot another Canada Jay from the canoe.

Sturdevant's

Small birds

Goosander

Setting sail again I ran swiftly and comfortably down to Moll's Rock the wind coming strong & steady from the N.W. with my little sea running. As I was passing the Rock Mr. Boyes called me in and showed me a fine Canada Goose which he shot this morning in Bottle Brook Pond.

54
Boyes
Shot in
Bottle Brook
Pond.

1889

Oct. 12 Cloudy, with strong N.W. wind, no rain. A raw, dismal day.

Scoters Jim called me early reporting a flock of Coots in the Lake. After a hurried breakfast we started in pursuit of them. He soon saw them flying and watched them for a long time as they came up & down the lake but failed to mark them down. While we were searching for them the wind rose and the lake was soon covered with white caps. As it did fair to be a rough

A late day we gave up the Coots and started for Sweet Meadows. On the way saw a Cedar Bird feeding on black alder berries.

Sweet M. Reaching the meadow we paddled in over the bank and entered a tract of stubs on the right. Started a

Black Ducks flock of seven Black Ducks which rose out of range.

Paddled to the head of the pond & shot an adult

Pintidge Goose when the brook comes in. Next landed on the west side. A Grouse rose and flying almost straight upward alighted on the naked branch of a yellow birch where I shot him.

Brown Hen After hunting we tramped up over the ridge &

Land descended to a beautiful little pond. About 15 Black

Ducks Ducks in it. Jim stalked them twice & brought down one wing broken but it escaped into some alders. A

Canada Jay Canada Jay screaming like a Hawk on the shore.

Returned to Sweet Meadows & paddled into the stubs where we started the Ducks this morning. The same flock was there. He lay in wait for them and after a while they came within shot. I killed two with the first barrel but failed to get in the second.

My first As we neared Moll's Carry the sun had just set in

Hawk Owl a patch of clear sky. Jim pointed out a small Owl sitting on the slender spire of a tall dead stub. He pushed into the stubs & I shot him. He appeared to be a Hawk Owl. The first I ever saw here.

1889

Oct. 13

Lake Umbagog, Maine.

Cloudless with clear bracing air. Wind N. to N.E. Water from
last night.

At 10 a. M. started for Bottle Brook Pond. Saw nothing
save a single Black Duck flying until we reached the
beach just below ~~the~~ ^{the} Pond where I heard a Grouse ^{harsh}
drum. Landed & went in search of him. He did not
drum again but I stumbled on him by chance &
hearing a rustle among the leaves saw him run a few
steps & then stop when I shot him. He proved a fine
large bird. Also shot a ♀ Pisides arcticus which was ^{*Pisides arcticus*}
pecking at the trunk of a live spruce, attracting my
attention by the noise it made.

At the next bend started a Merganser which did
not give me a shot, however.

Reaching Bottle Brook Pond we hunched and I then
visited all the coves in succession. To my disappoint-
ment there was not a single Duck of any kind
in the pond. Saw a Canada Jay, a Tree Sparrow
a Blue Jay & several Robins.

Up to Boat House up which we paddled further
than I have been before. Saw nothing but a
Herringfish & some Tree Sparrows.

Left lower river. Two hounds running down
Pine Hill making the woods ring with their deep
voices. We heard several shots on the hill but the
dogs continued going longer long afterwards.

Turned into Pine Hill Pond and killed a Black
Duck there, a solitary bird which we surprised in
a deep cove & which I shot sitting. Had a rather
long shot at another just after we emerged from
Moll's Carry on our way back to camp but
missed. It came flying towards us as we were on the
bank.

1889

Oct. 14 Cloudy most of the day clearing late in P.M. Sunset very fine the air wonderfully clear, the mountains covered with a rose-colored haze.

At work on specimens during most of the day. Took
White wing & a sail in the canoe late in P.M. Three Scoters (I think Mc. velutina) passed me in the twilight flying very briefly close to the water.

" 15 Cloudless with cool bracing N. wind and warm sun. A perfect October day.

At work on my birds until 3 P.M. when I took the little canoe and paddled to Bernard's Pond. A few the Sparrows, juncos & Chickadees there. At sunset two small flocks of Black Ducks passed one going towards Moon Point. I followed them but could not find them. The water has fallen more than a foot and the grass on Moon Point marsh is appearing again. The musk rats have started a house there. I saw and heard at least eight or ten of them soon making the peculiar muzzling call.

This morning a Pileated Woodpecker called in the woods behind the camp. One Eagle also sailed over. Most of the small birds seem to have gone south. Even Chickadees & Kinglets are much scarcer than they were a week ago. The hares are now nearly all down and the deciduous trees all fallen bare.

1887

Oct. 16

Lake Umbagog, Maine.

Clear and still the lake calm nearly all day. Morning cold, water freezing, noon deliciously warm.

Early this morning Jim shot a Scoter (*Q. americana*) which was swimming past our landing. It was very thin & had a broken wing.

Wounded
as it was

After breakfast we started out on the lake. Saw a flock of seven light-colored birds which I took to be Oldsquaws swimming off B. Brook Cove & a pair of Scoters in the cove below our camp. Started for the latter then they separated & began diving. Seeing that they were wounded birds we turned back for the flock but it had disappeared. Rowed to Metathus Island. No birds in Tyler Cove except a loon. Then back to camp past B. Brook Cove. Hearing a loud like escaping steam we looked up & discovered a flock of nine Scoters scaling down from an immense height. They alighted near Great Id. This was about 10 a.m.

Old Squaws!!
Wounded

Scoters swimming
from north

Making a fresh start we went down river to Broad Meadows I in the Rushton canon. A Holarke & a Spotted Sandpiper on a boom of logs near Moll's Carry. an adult 3 Golden-eye in full plumage in Horat's Meadow pond, diving. He saw us, rose, & came back over us at about 150 ft height. I fired one barrel at him in vain. The shot started nine Black Ducks which flew directly to the front pond behind the Birch ridge. He followed them. Creeping to the edge of this pond I saw a Duck feeding about 50 yds. away. Shot at & wounded it. It flew into some alders where Doc flushed it & I killed it. To my surprise it proved to be a Hood Drake. I had taken it for a Black Duck as it was between me & the tree. The shot started about 15 Black Ducks from the pond.

Spotted Sandpiper

ad. 3
Golden-eye
in full pl.

Black Ducks
Great Hill
Pond
Wood Duck Pond

Started for Lakeside about sunset. On the way flushed our nine Scoters. Saw a very large but & several smaller ones.

Black Duck
Very large, 1 ad

1889

Oct. 17

A beautiful morning, cloudless, the lake calm. By 10 A. M. a strong N. W. wind brought a heavy fall of clouds over the sky and the remainder of the day was chilly & gloomy, the sound from land last night.

Woodcock
gone.

Partridge
seen.

left Lakeside about 9 A. M. and rode first around the Sargent Cove. I landed at the Woodcock cove and beat it carefully but found nothing. Then we kept on along the west shore of the Inlet Cove. I fired a long flying shot at a Blue Jay but missed. He landed at the mouth of a little brook to lunch where a Grouse started and flew up the hillside rising high among the trees. I followed and finally discovered her perched on the horizontal branch of a huge hemlock about 40 ft. above the ground. He fell the first victim to the Damascus barrels of my little 20 gauge.

My first
Goshawk

Its next victim was a pine, a fine young Goshawk, the first I have ever killed. It came from some drift wood and alighted on the branch of a tall ash, pine paddled me slowly & silently to within 30 yds. & the Hawk fell dead as I pressed the trigger. He sat very erect and was a fine, daring looking fellow. A little further on a Surf Grouse swam out from the shore & after a few dives was shot. It was a very broken "cripple", very thin.

Wounded
Scatter shot

At the "gut" behind the Great Island I shot a Canada Jay flying. Not over 100 yds further on a Black Duck & Great Blue Heron started out of range. It is singular that the report had not alarmed them. On the little island where I once took a Sicivides americanus I discovered a Grouse perched among the branches of a birch & shot it. Another flew into a thicket of Spruces where I followed & killed it on the ground. On reaching camp Charley told us that a flock of about 25 Geese came into the lake at 6 P. M. & that the night of the 17th the mouth of the river carried at 12 A. M. to day.

Partridge
Hooting

Canada Geese
in the lake

1887
Oct. 18

Lake Umbagog, Maine

The sun rose clear but clouds quickly gathered and the remainder of the day was dark & cold with a high N. wind.

The Great Horned Owl came to the dead humlock nearly one
my tent some time before daylight and worked me by
his hooting. I have never heard him utter anything but
the hoo, hoo-hoo, hoo, hoo variation. His note at hand
sounds soft and mournful - almost like the cooing of a Dove.

I rose at six. While waiting for breakfast I observed
Don sniffing the air and looking eagerly up the side
of the knoll above our open camp. I ordered him on
when he drew "about 30 yards and pointed. Taking the
30 yards I followed and presently espied the head of
a Goose bobbing up and down behind a log. I shot
her once two more once, one going into a spruce where
he killed him with the second barrel. The other flying
out of sight.

A little later a Hawk which I think was a Peregrine Hawk
came flying in from the lake past the camp. I also
saw a high Redpoll Brunt in the birds one very tent. A
pair of Canada Jays visit our camp daily now.

After breakfast we started for Rapid River Jim taking
"Don" and the druff in his boat while I sailed the entire
distance in the Rowston canoe. On the way up since
to Cedar Stump we started some Gull-drake, I find a
boy that at one but missed. Landed and I walked
up the old carry road to where it joins the new. Saw
nothing to return & built a fire. Two Pine Grosbeaks
flying about. A large flock of White-winged Crossbills
chattering but invisible as usual, probably flying. Jim
finally returned with two Geese. He had seen some in all.

Rowed to Abel's Back towing the canoe a heavy sea
running. I went half over the top road but saw nothing.
Had our exciting sail back to camp the wind blowing a gale.

Bubo visits
our
camping ground

Partridge
visit this knoll
above the camp

flies past camp.
Redpoll.

Canada Jay
Trip to Rapid
River.

Gooseanders

Pine Grosbeaks
White W. Crossbills

Partridge

1889

Oct. 19

A warm sunny day with floating clouds and dense haze. Wind S. to S.W. - Moderate

Old Squaws
in
Lake
of
Holboell's
Island

Just after breakfast we discovered a flock of six Old Squaws in the Lake off B. Brook Cove. Putting the grass on my boat we started after them when Jim spied another flock of eight light-colored birds within a few hundred yards. We paddled out to them at once. Through my glass I could see that they were Grebes and one was unmistakably a Horned Grebe. The others looked no larger but appeared brown in color. We were now within 30 yds and concluding that they were all Horned Grebes I raised my head & began to talk to Jim. Hitherto all the birds in the flock had been floating idly on the calm water & preening themselves. At once up went seven long necks and to my surprise I recognized their owners as Red-necked Grebes. It was too late for a bunch shot as they scattered and began to swim. The next instant they flew. I knocked one over with each barrel getting both after several more shots in the water they made short dives and showed the whole head & neck as they came to the surface.

Old Squaws

We next tried the Old Squaws but they were as wild as Black Ducks. Four of the six were fine old drakes.

When they flew they joined a flock of about thirty more.

Butter-bird
Coots

Geese which we had not hitherto seen. We finally paddled to the latter near Metallus Id. & I flopped seven with four barrels (of my two guns) getting all after reshooting two or three. Six of the seven were young birds. There was not a black male in the whole flock. While picking them up I could hear at least two Black-bellied Plover whistling. Went down the Lyke Cove after them but in vain. Bunched & visited the famous Lyke Spring, a Whiting Dendroica

Yellow
Pigeon
Hypochrysa flitting about among the larches near it. Sent

1891

Sept. 11

him and then returned to the boat.

I found the company. Sailed for Head of the
 & fired a wildly long shot at him as he knitted past.
 Several Sheldrakes started at various places. Landed
 at a pretty sheltered spot for birds. "I went up at Head of the
 flock of Littorina both species mixed, a Ruby-crowned Ruby-crowned
 Kinglet & little canaries with them. Two Tree Toads Tree Toads
 flitting among the alders, both Brown birds.

Came back down the lake & tried the Old Quays
 again. No use. They flew at fully 300 yards. Returned
 to camp and I went out sailing in the little canoe Two Thrushes
 taking the 20 jump (Damascus barrels). Heard a bird making water-fowl
 a noise like a Red-shouldered Hawk when who-o, who-o, who-o in the water
 o. Sailed towards the place when a large bird rose &
 flew past me about 200 yards off. It flew like a Gannet with unknown
 extremely flapping & sailing & finally plunged down into
 the water in the middle of the lake. It looked dark brown
 & showed a conspicuous white speculum. Shortly after saw
 another which made the same noise. I cannot even guess
 what they can have been. They were larger than loons.

Sailed over to Beacon Point & took down the sail. Hawk
 The gun had set but it was still daylight when, nearly at Beacon's
 half a mile away, crowning the slender top of a dead ash Point
 on the shore of Bernard's Pond, I made out a Hawk Owl. about as
 Paddled to within 20 feet of the foot of the stub and shot him
 my choked barrel at him. He flew & my right barrel missed. find
 He went only about 100 yards & alighted near the top of another
 dead tree. I landed again got nearly under him & again
 shot the choked barrel. A handful of feathers floated down
 but the bird scalded off across the pond my second barrel
 failing to stop him. I followed & started him again in
 close second growth getting a near glimpse at him. Disgusted
 beyond measure I returned to camp in the twilight.

1889

Oct. 31 Clear, very cold in the early morning, warm at noon. Wind shifting into every quarter, light all day.

Outlet Breakfast at 7 o'clock. Off at about 8 1/2 M., rowing up to the marshes.

Snow Buntings well defined banks to Richardson's Carry. Snow Buntings &

Titlarks piping over the marshes. A Hooded Merganser flushed

from the river. At Moon Point a Buff-head swimming close

to the sunny side of the bank. Jim paddled me within

good shot (our boat was grassed) when I was foolish enough

to try to change guns & take the 20 gauge. The little Duck

saw the motion & rose when I missed with both barrels.

Next to Whale-back Cove. A *Junco alpina* seen wild from

the shore. A Black Duck rose out from the grass &

rose. I fired a long shot vainly. Saw a flock of about a

dozen Scoters flying towards Sunday Cove.

Turned back and doubling Pine Point rounded down into

Glaspy Cove. Two Horned Grebes seen, each near shore. In

the cove two Scoters apparently feeding close to the marsh.

One dove. I shot the other & found it to be a young Button-bill

apparently, not a wounded bird. Hearing a Grouse chatter we

landed and I at once saw a magnificent Ptarmigan strutting

among the driftwood his tail erect and spread like a fan.

Shot him when others began to chatter & stalk along among

the bushes. In less than five minutes I had killed six,

all sitting, in six shots. They were all we could find. Four

were ♀♀ over a young ♂. I distinctly heard one of them utter

a low coo-coo-coo-coo several times. A flock of about forty

Snow Buntings slighted in the grass. Large flocks of

Red-polls & White-winged Crossbills heard flying over.

Returned to camp to dinner. Went out after Ducks at sunset.

Heard two Great-Horned Owls hooting & saw a Small Owl,

perhaps a Short-eared, flying near Moss's Carry. Two Wilson's Snipe rose from the edge of Leonard's Pond in the twilight.

1889

Jul. 22

Lake Umbagog, Maine.

Clear, very cold at sunrise, then warmer with steady S.W. wind

Ran to 120. While waiting for breakfast saw a fine adult Buffle-head & Buffle-head floating on the calm surface of the Lake opposite Duck Island our camp. Jim paddled me out but just before we started two Whistlers joined in and of course started him long before we were within gun range.

Just after breakfast a pair of Buffle-heads, the ♂ a superb pair of adult & perhaps the same just mentioned, lighted in the corner just north of camp. I went over land to the water's edge but they rowed across to the Middle Rock shore and began diving there. Accordingly I returned & Jim paddled me across the mouth of the cove. Boarding just inside the Rock I went through the woods and by sneaking thru bushes where the birds were under water got within good range. I fired as they rowed together killing the adult ♂. The other bird down, quite by chance, just as I pressed the trigger & I had to fire the other barrel at him after he came to the surface. On my way through the woods I passed within a few yards of two grouse. After killing the ducks I went after them but only found one which was among dense bushes & went off unshot at.

We next rowed down the Lake to the Hayward farm where we landed & I walked around the entire opening. Saw only one grouse which Don pointed & I shot. Came on a Porcupine feeding on grass, apparently, & photographed him. Saw a Goos-hawk chase a Robin into some low willows where he overtook & killed his bird. The screams of the poor Robin lasted some a minute. I went in of course & flushed the Hawk but missed a hard snap shot. He carried off his prey whose feathers showed the ground.

Saw many Whistlers to day three of four & then adult ♂. Whistler Red-shake also numerous. Heard a deer in Black H. Cove. Deer. Saw two Black Ducks in Tyler Cove.

1889

Oct. 23 Cloudless with strong N. W. wind. It snowed a little last night and afterwards cleared off very cold. The meadows and edges of the river and barks were frozen and the ice as well as snow lasted all day even in places partly exposed to the sun. In short it has been by far the coldest day we have yet had.

Canada Jays After watching the three Canada Jays that we have banded at camp & taking several photographs of them I started off with Jim at about 8 a.m. He rowed to the Outlet & paddled down river. He had gone only a short distance when we saw a Duck descend on set wings & alight in the middle of the river. It was about 40 yds. ahead & I shot it. It proved to be a young Surf Scoter.

Surf Scoter
alights in
Andrews Bay
River

Leonard's P. Saw three Ducks enter the Outlet of Leonard's Pond & landing I tried to stalk them. Could not find them but discovered a superb adult ♂ Gooseander diving near the opposite shore of the island. Returned to the boat & tried to paddle across to the island but a number of Ducks rose and went out. Six Hooded Mergansers came back past us but I wanted the Gooseander & did not shoot. He stayed in the water but a few moments later was gone. Tried to paddle to two young Goldeneyes asleep on a mud bank but they awoke & flew. Saw four Ducks alight below & tried another Six Hooded Stalk. Crossed the island & found my birds, Six Hooded Mergansers, Mergansers, three of them adult males in full plumage. It was sometime before I recognized them for they kept their faces close. They followed the opposite shore diving incessantly. I watched them one an hour but they would not cross to my side. Saw an adult ♂ Bufflehead flying over the pond.

Next went to Great Meadows; nothing there. Thence to Curtis Meadow. 24 Black Ducks feeding in the usual place at the bend. Went off wild. A Hooded Merganser at the Outlet Thence to Mill Meadows. Near the upper end shot a fine large Fox. He was trotting leisurely along the edge of the woods.

Shoot a
Fox in
Mill Meadows

1887

Lake Umbagog, Maine

Sept. 24

Went down lake up to 10:30. Left that in about 10:30. and
at 11:00. By old boat right the wooden's. Then came
from this morning.

For the first time a pair swimming a pair of birds and White-winged
double. Have regularly found one or two of it since 7:30. By Wassell's
on this morning & then during the afternoon. It is the
top of a grassy mound I killed both at one shot (a ♂ & ♀).

At 11:00. I went out at 11:00. M. entering the Outlet and
having the view of Black-bellied Curlew which then Hooded
Merganser were found within fair shot but at tremendous speed. Merganser
I did not think that I had to keep my eye on them. The
Hooded Merganser being over the water in the lake.

Went to Wassell's Pond. As we passed it I saw a Hooded Merganser
large birds swimming and not in large water. They were not Wassell's
the birds were not. I took the swimming feathers. The
one on the breast water & paddled towards them. One left
the others and swam straight for us coming within

shot. I shot it. The others scattered & dove not a
day. They swam nearly as agile divers as Loons need
after chasing some of them we found to join it up

While paddling up to the flock I saw a trout that
must have weighed 10 lbs. It was close to the shore
within 10 yds. of us. It came to the side of the pond
I did not try to shoot it but it was a good one.

During the day I walked up to the Old Merganser
Wassell's Pond and then followed the latter up to the
lake. I was absolutely certain that a Blue Jay and a Small
flock of Wassell's. Although the morning was so fine and
the sun still & the sea was the water was not entirely
light. But when the sun came & took a nap on the
sea for the last time to Wassell's Pond, I had a great
view of everything around it as I walked. The Wassell's
Wassell's Pond.

(Oct. 24)

White-wing
Crossbills.

Pied-bills.

Pine Grosbeak

Rapid River.

Whistlers

Six Hooded

Mergansers,

three of them

adult males

... of about 12 Whistlers with one adult ♂ among them and a flock of six Hooded Mergansers, three of them adult ♂♂, doubtless the same birds seen in Leonard's Pond yesterday. Had fine success in stalk them by using a small net of line but went as I felt sure of them I heard one give a series of back followed by a rolling his eyes. I could see a big old bird swimming within my range but the bushes in the way were so thick that I dared not risk a shot. A moment later I saw the flock out in the middle of the river with necks stretched up and soon after they flew to rest on the banks. Their pinions of light & hearing must be extraordinary. The duck I saw near me had his crest fully expanded.

The Whistlers then flew up. We then wound up past the fine Whistling two Mergansers & several Goldeneyes but nothing in water.

I kill a Hawk Owl when passing Moon Point from discovery. He is 6-8 in Moon Pt, perched on the tip of a slender but stout dead tree. The bird on the flock of four. He was able to land when it flew, coming directly to me and alighting within 100 yds. I walked nearly to within that having by me cover & making great crashing as I broke through the ice among the grass. It flew again but only a few yds alighting on a rather tall stub. I walked up within 30 yds. and firing the choked barrel of the Fox gun had the satisfaction of seeing it fall dead. A fine specimen larger than my first.

1889

Lake Umbagog, Maine

Oct. 25

Clear with light S.E. wind. Hard frost last night.

Just after breakfast heard Pine Grosbeaks whistling around the camp. Went in search of them & came upon four all within 100 yds of me. Heard a cove of Pine Buntings.

At 10 a.m. Went first to Leonard's Pond. 2 Huddrakes & 1 Brown Hooded Merganser there. Fired a long flying shot at the latter but missed. Passing out by Moose Point saw a superb Shrike. As he flew up from the grass & alighted on a root he looked so white that I took him at first for a Snow Bunting.

Rowed from Moose Point to Rapid River. On the way started a flock of nine Scaup Ducks (7. canards, I think). They rose very wild and we did not try to get a shot at them after they alighted.

Reaching the mouth of the river I took a station on the west bank & sent Jim up with the boat to drive the birds down. First came a flock of 10 Hooded Mergansers, doubtless the same seen yesterday. They passed one one too high for a shot. After them came some Golden-eyes also too high. Finally a high Huddrake came down before the wind flying very fast & passing within 15 yds. of me. I shot both barrels and made a clean miss with each.

While Jim was tramping through the woods after Grouse (of which he shot two) I spent the afternoon lying in wait on the bank for the arrival of the birds. I did not see any more of them.

Started back for camp at dusk. Just as we were leaving the landing a Grouse came skimming across the river & plunged down into a thicket of yew. As I approached I could hear his rustling among the leaves. I went in but failed to find him. Afterwards Jim tried it and started him nearly under foot. Probably he had killed three for the night. I used the little canoe to-day Jim going in his own boat.

Pine Grosbeaks

Pine Buntings

Goldfinch

Goosander

Hooded Merganser

A fine

Northern Shrike

Greater Scaup

Rapid River

The ship

Hooded Merganser

Seen again

Golden Eyes

Goosander

Partridge

going to

roost in

bed of yew.

1877

Oct. 26

Clouds all day clearing at sunset. Scarcely a breath of wind. Warm.

Before breakfast this morning a flock of about 25 Lesser

Redpolls came into the birches near camp and within three shots
Pine Grosbeaks I secured eight, two of them adult males. Also heard Pine Grosbeaks

White-winged Crossbills & a flock of White-winged Crossbills in the distance.

Tripe up

Started off in the boat at about 9 a.m. going through

Megalloway R.

Moll's Carry and thence up the Megalloway. As we passed

A Late Crow

Moll's Rock a solitary Crow started from a stub & flew across

Hooded

the Lake. Just after we had entered the river four Mercuries

Mercuries

flew through the Carry & out into the Lake.

"

For the first two or three miles up the Megalloway we

"

saw nothing save four Mercuries, then in our flock, one

single bird. They kept flying on ahead of us in their

usual fashion.

White-wing

Crossbills

A little below Horse-Shoe Pond saw a flock of about 20

White-winged Crossbills alight in some spruces on the left

bank. Banded and shot two both very long shots as the

birds were perched on tall dead pines. The flock kept

dashing through the trees from place to place frequently

alighting but I could not get a sight at any of them in

the spruces.

Pulpit Rock

Landed at Pulpit Rock for lunch. Heard a Woodpecker tapping

I shot

in heavy spruce timber on the hillside & going to the place

three Picoides

found a ♀ *Picoides arcticus* which I shot at. She flew a

2 *P. arcticus*

short distance & alighted then turned head down & hung by one

1 *P. americanus*

foot. I was about to take her off the tree when I heard another

woodpecker tapping a few rods off. Looking I discovered a fine

♂ *Picoides americanus* working up the trunk of a large spruce.

& quickly shot him. I recognized him the first glance.

afterwards shot a ♂ *P. arcticus* near the Rock as we were

eating lunch. He came from across the river, calling

blue, blue as he flew, and alighted on a tall slender fir.

187,
(Oct. 26)

Lake Umbagog, Maine.

Although killed dead by the shot I fired at him he
clung to the tree, apparently by his bill, & tenaciously that
I had to get Jim to cut it down.

After breakfast up to Little Pond Pond, so
Ducks in it. We took in the boat & paddled all around
sides of the cove. Found a dead Muskrat in the grass.

Just below this pond three young men were camping. They
were hunting muskrats, they said & had killed two. A
Grouse drummed near their camp last night or rather
this morning between 2 & 3 o'clock. They had found his
log & intended to shoot him to-night.

Went into Bear Brook on our way down but found it
frozen as far up as we could see.

Rowed down to the lake & went through Kearsaw's
Pond to Moose Point. Heard Ducks quacking in various
parts of the marsh but the water was so low we
could not get the boat in far. Saw one Black Duck
flying quacking loudly & then answering him from the
marsh. Muskrat to my mind was working & eating all day "combs"

The Megalloway was very peaceful and beautiful to-day.
A soft gray light over everything. Dead sticks were
broken only by the occasional crack of a squirrel, the
chirping of Chickadees or the screaming of Blue jays.
The latter were very numerous and noisy. They are
exceedingly shy here.

Saw two ~~hermit~~ Thrushes on the shore of Little Pond
Pond. Started a Grouse near Pulpit Rock Spring
& fired a trap shot at him but missed. Did
not get a shot at a Duck all day.

In the lake near the Cove saw two Horned Grebes
this morning. They were diving for food apparently.
The lake is now as low as in September 18th

Little Pond

Pond

Moose Point

at

middle

of

the

lake

Moose Point

at

middle

of

the

lake

at

middle

of

the

lake

Hermit Thrush

at

middle

of

the

lake

Horned Grebe

1889

Oct. 27

Cloudy with light rain at intervals. Clearing at times.

Spent the day in camp skinning birds. There were two

"Sea Ducks"

small flocks of "Sea Ducks" in the lake flying up &

the lake

down close to the water occasionally alighting near

the middle opposite our camp. One flock of 8 and

Old Squaws

min birds which seemed to be wholly black except the top of the head which looked white or whitish. They may have been Old Squaws but they appeared to be much larger.

" 28

A warm day with frequent heavy showers, low hanging clouds and S. to N.E. wind.

Broke camp to-day and went to Lakeside by steamer late in the afternoon. Caught two Canada Jays in a box and took them down with me. Saw no Ducks.

" 29

Cloudy with light rain nearly all day. Wind N.E. moderate. Spent the day at Lakeside packing. No observations.

" 30

Early morning cloudy with fine drizzling rain. Rest of day clearing then becoming foggy at intervals.

Left Lakeside for Bethel at 8 A.M. Just as the

stage was about to start immense numbers of

8 stars suddenly appeared flying high at first

finally sweeping down after many evolutions & alighting

in fine separate flocks. The largest of these contained

fully 500 birds. Steam boats put out in pursuit

of them but they were wild & began wheeling &

circling again. There were six Robins in the field

in front of the house.

Section

appear in

columns

numbers

alighting in

the lake

at 8 A.M.

Robins

Robins

Canada Jay

Snake

Crows

On the way to Bethel saw Robins in small numbers.

One Canada Jay just above the Hotel, a single Hawk

started from the roadside below the Hotel & two Gulls in

the road below the Hotel. Also three Crows in company.

1889

Miltonham & Belmont, Mass.

Nov. 25

Cloudy and warm but damp with light S.W. wind.

Off at 9:30 a.m. driving to the Warren place, taking Grop with me to hold the horse. I also took the Gordon setter puppy "Dandy", this being his first experience in the woods. I looked for Grouse and Quail in several likely places but saw none. The puppy behaved very well and hunted with some vigor & intelligence.

The chief object of my trip, however, was to look for Crossbills, Pine Grosbeaks & Redpolls all of which have been reported as about in some numbers.

On the hill behind the Warren place I heard a flock of Red Crossbills distinctly, twice, but failed to find them. In the dense young pitch pine on this hill were several Chickadees and Kinglets (*Troglodytes*) accompanied by a Catherina which I shot. In the red cedars in the pasture on the north slope were a number of Blue Jays. Crows cawing overhead at intervals, also struggling birds. Goldfinches heard flying. This note is more suggestive of summer than that of any other of our winter residents.

Meeting Grop at the lane we started on towards the Hagg place. Just beyond the willows came on a flock of about 50 Redpolls & killed him, all *linearis*. Three English Sparrows in the roadline I shot at them killing one & breaking the wing of another which took to a stone wall like a cat and escaped. Also shot a Catherina in a willow over the road.

Went to the Belmont willows. Beat Rock Meadows for Snipe but got only a wet foot for my pains getting one one of my rubber boots in a hole. The meadow absolutely desolate but at its eastern end in the delta a flock of fully 40 Hens of sparrows. I drove them on ahead up into Prospect St.

Several of them sang as loudly and freely as in spring.

Next and last I tried the cedar woods on the crest of the hill. Two Flickers and a few Chickadees & Kinglets were

1889

(Nov. 25)

all the birds I found there but in the flocks beyond the spring meadows to the north I came upon a large flock of Redpolls - fully 100 birds - feeding. I first shot into them at random killing four *Linaria*. They alighted again not far off. I then got nearly under them and picking out one of the largest killed it with the auxiliary. It proved to be a typical *A. rostrata*. These were four or five more equally big and doubtless of the same form.

During the day I did not see a single Robin or Junco. There was a Song Sparrow chirping in the meadow near the spring while I was after the Redpolls. I neither heard nor saw any Pine Grosbeaks. If they are really here I cannot imagine what they find to eat as there are literally no cedar or mountain ash berries this autumn. The Redpolls are well provided for as the gray birds have an abundant crop of seeds.

1889

Nov. 26

Belmont & Haltham, Mass.

Clean and cool (temp 28 at sunrise) with strong, dry N.W. wind.

Off at 9 A.M. driving to Prospect St. and spending the forenoon in or near the Cotton race. Found Redpolls numerous in the afternoon tract of birds near the head of this race. They were in smaller flocks than yesterday and shyer or more restless. I spent much time in trying to detect specimens of A. costata among them and believe that I really saw and, in fact, shot, one but it scaled off and dropped among some oaks where I could not find it. I picked out and shot three adult & hircia and sacrificed two or three young birds that looked large, on the chances of their proving to be rostrata. I used my 20 g. gun and in every case fired the amply at single birds. While following a flock of Redpolls I heard a Pine Grosbeak and answering its whistled call it down into a birch where I shot it. It was a ♀ and had the bill gummy with some kind of pitch.

There were a few Robins among the birches and I came on a little flock of four or six among scrub oaks where they kept flying down to a spring to drink. All were silent and reserved in manner acting like our small Hylocichla horreorum. They were very tame & evidently northern birds I thought.

In the cedar woods I saw two Citreuses and shot one of them. I lurched among some pitch pines near Arlington Heights. A large flock of Chickadees accompanied by a few Kinglets came about and inspected me curiously. Crows cawing in the distance. A flock of Red Crossbills whistling as they passed high overhead.

In one of the flocks of Redpolls were several Pine Siskins. At 2 P.M. returned to the buggy and drove to Wellington Camp. Saw a Downy Woodpecker on the way. Nothing in the camp but a flock of Chickadees & Kinglets.

Went to the Warren race entering from the swifter side and

1889

(Nov. 26)

going only through the old orchard to the edge of the
 bushes beyond. The sun was now nearly down to the
 horizon. A Flicker in the orchard very shy calling pe-ack
 and wo-e-e-roo. Some Chickadees with a Certhia which I
 shot. Two Sparrows in a bush swamp. More Redpolls, a small
 flock only briefly, gleaming thru the pines. Picked out a woy-
breasted ♂ & shot ~~him~~. Turning back through the orchard
 I spied a Shrike perched on the topmost spray of an
 elm. As I approached he flitted his tail uneasily, &
 finally, just before I got within range, started off
 over the open fields, swinging in long swift undulations
 until out of sight. Hearing a Snow Bunting I looked up
 and discovered an immense flock - fully 200 - stretched
 out in a broad band flying westward at a height of
 about 200 ft. The setting sun brought out their black &
 white coloring in sharp contrast against the blue sky. Where
 could they have been going?

Shrikes

Snow Buntings

I saw several small flocks of Junco along the roadside
 in or near cedars. Has the great autumnal flight passed?

1889
Nov. 30

Waltham & East Roxington, Mass.

Clear and cold with high N.W. wind. Ground frozen hard all day in the shade, in the sun thawing & muddy.

This being the last day of the "pen season" for Ruffed Grouse. ^{Grouse hunting} I made a trip after them starting at 9 A.M. and driving first to Sherman's Pond in Waltham. It was a cold drive, facing the keen wind and I saw nothing by the way save a few Tree Sparrows, Song Sparrows, three Crows, and a Downy Woodpecker. Reaching the pond I left George in charge of the horse and started in on the east shore. I had the pointer puppy "Pai" (son of my old "Dor") with me this being his first hunt. He proved too green and timid to be of any use keeping at heel most of the time and paying no attention whatever to the few Grouse I started.

My first bird rose among dense barberry bushes on a rise with bull-briers on the steep hillside sloping down to the pond. It did not come out in sight until fully fifty yards off when I fired a quick shot getting just one feather to show that my aim was not wholly bad. There were no small birds on this hill except a few Chickadees and Kinglets. The pond was wholly free from ice. A man working on its shore told me that few Ducks are seen there now in autumn but that last spring many Black Ducks alighted in the pond. It has changed little if at all in the last twenty years. The shore where I used to shoot one *Cir. decago* in 1868 is still an unbroken belt of woods with perhaps more bordering marsh than it used to have. There are no new buildings on or near the shores.

Returning to the buggy I drove over the high hill to the westward and near the cross roads beyond entered the woods on the left. The cover was exceedingly different, dense oak scrub with a tangle of blackberry bushes beneath. A little way in, however, I started a Grouse on the edge of a dense

1880

Nov. 10

road. It rose about 20 yards ahead and came directly at me rising first above the scrub which was here about 15 ft. high. I had a fairly open shot but a very awkward one firing my first barrel as the bird was coming "head on" at perhaps twenty yards, and cutting a whole handful of feathers from it but failing to stop it, then whirling and pulling the second trigger after it had passed probably missing "clean". I saw the bird scale nearly a quarter of a mile over the hill behind where I searched for it some time afterwards, in vain.

Next drove to the lone pine ground or, as I used to call it, Lexington house. In the big woods on the hill I started two more Grouse in dense cover on the edge of a springy run. One of them gave me a long deep shot which proved a miss.

Took a long tramp in this region going over all my old grounds. Small birds were exceedingly scarce. Almost one mixed flock of Chickadees & Titmice (*Parus*) accompanied by the inevitable ^{night} *Catbirds* and afterwards found a second *Catbird* alone in some open oak & maple woods. I also saw two Redpolls and heard a few others. Then with perhaps two Tree Sparrows complete the list.

During the drive home in the late afternoon we saw absolutely nothing but one or two Crows and a few Tree Sparrows.

Chickadees
Titmice

Catbirds

Marston's Mills, Mass.

1889

Dec. 4

Cloudy with strong N. E. wind and frequent snow squalls.

I came here yesterday by the 4.15 P. M. train from Boston bringing my 20 g. gun and the Gordon letter, puppy "Dandy" (fifteen months old) my chief object being to try the latter thoroughly on snail & huffed over. It is thirteen years since I last saw Sake. Baxter & his good wife but I found them little changed and Marston's Mills not at all changed. The same little quiet village with the woods, fields and swamps just as of yore.

At about 9 A. M. I started out crossing the road and entering the great woods behind the Hickley house. A strong, chill N. E. wind was blowing with every now & then a flurry of snow. It snowed last night also and the entire face of the country was white for the first time this year but the depth of the total fall did not exceed an inch, just enough to show tracks well.

Passing a moment across some vines to watch a mixed flock of Chickadees and Kinglets (*Troglodytes*) I entered an opening beyond, and skirted its border encouraging the dog to range among the oak scrub, as well as I could. He had not gone far when he ran plump over a Ruffed Grouse which lay very close under some huckleberry brush and, upon rising, came directly over my head. I shot at it after it passed me but missed. Following it the dog, after a long search, flushed it again showing no disposition to point although he huffed the ground eagerly where it lay. I again followed it and after a still longer search the puppy flushed it a third time from a cluster of ink berry bushes (*Ilex glabra*) in a swamp. This time I made a slight point on its track but

almost immediately started on into the bushes when it lay. I could not find it again, nor did I succeed in starting any more grouse although I worked over a good deal of ground.

During this tramp I saw nothing but ^{the} Chickadees and Kinglets just mentioned, a few Tree Sparrows, and a brown Eagle (Haliaeetus), the latter scaling over the woods.

In the afternoon I went out again with Bernard Henckley taking the road south to the Goodspeed opening. Found the tracks of a small bevy of Jack in the snow in a weed field but could not start them. The Jumpy showed some interest here sniffing the ground excitedly but not stopping. He is a wild ranger in the open but I can easily keep him in sight in dense cover.

This afternoon we saw a flock of 15 Otocoris and heard Redpolls (Acanthis) in the air.

1889
Dec. 5

Clear, still, and very warm & pleasant in the sun.

After breakfast I started out alone with "Dandy", going down behind the barn towards the river. In the swamp at the foot of the hill I found a flock of fully 50 Yellow-rumps (D. coronata) flitting about in the leafless tupelos and maples, occasionally visiting the pines on the neighboring sandy knolls. In the briar thickets along the edge of the salt marsh the Sparrows were abundant and Song Sparrows common, there or gone, & the latter often starting out at once as the dog invaded their retreat. In one of the great, grassy hills I started eight or ten Meadow Larks one of which I surprised under a bank and dropped at long range as it rose. The others crossed the river.

Beyond the boat house I came to an extensive thicket of wild rose, sumac & bayberry bushes growing along the foot of a bank on the very edge of the salt marshes. Here I found a flock of over 100 small birds most of them the Sparrows & Yellow-rumps (about equally divided in numbers) with a few Song Sparrows, two Robins one Swamp Sparrow and one Field Sparrow. The Sparrows and Yellow-rumps were eating bayberries and I suspect that the Field Sparrow & Robins were similarly engaged although I did not actually see them at it. The Song & Swamp Sparrows kept down among the grass and weeds ~~on~~ or near the ground. There were also several Colaptes flitting about the place. The Sparrows sang loudly & bravely at intervals and twice I heard a Song Sparrow practising in low, warbling tones.

After watching these birds for some time I advanced

towards the river driving most of the flock before me. On reaching the river I found Song Sparrows in numbers among the thickets and in a belt of sweet gale and cat-tail flags along the edge of the stream at least ten or a dozen Swamp Sparrows. The bushes swamps along the course of the brook as far as the village were simply alive with Yellow-rumps & Tree Sparrows. These swamps have a rather vigorous but low growth of tupelos with an undergrowth of swamp pink (*Asarum canadense*) *Andromeda ligustrina*, *Clethra*, *Rosa Carolina* (?) etc. overrun with such a profusion of wild grape and Smilax vines as to be practically impenetrable in many places.

Some of these thickets springs abound, gushing out of the ground every few rods, spreading about and ~~by their warmth~~ encouraging a growth of various semi-aquatic plants which are said to keep green all winter long.

Among some pines in a hollow near this swamp I found several Blue jays one of which I shot.

Returned to the house at 1.30 P.M. After lunch drove to the village and out on the Neck, with Capt. Baxter. Saw no birds of any interest, in fact none whatever except a few Crows & Chickadees.

is, rather warm day with frequent intervals of sunshine alternating with brief periods of cloudiness.

Starting at about 9 A.M. I walked down the road to the wood-ped opening, thence ~~around~~ through a succession of weed fields as far as the "shop", and back through the woods bordering the hills along the river.

"Dandy" worked better than heretofore but found us (except in one place where he "drew" for fifty yards or more along the edge of some oak & pine scrub) until we reached the big woods. Here, in an opening surrounded by young pines, he made a doubtful kind of point & before I could get to him, moved on flushing a Grouse from among the stems of a cluster of scrub oaks. He then sat down looking a little frightened & bewildered. As I approached two more Grouse flew from an adjoining cluster of oaks and I fired a long shot at ^{one} of them but missed. I then encouraged the puppy to investigate the spot whence they started and as soon as he approached it closely he made a really eminently and stained point.

Following the Grouse into some dense scrub I found that my pup had suddenly changed from a blundering, ignorant novice into an earnest and very cautious hunter. He roamed two birds long distances, drawing and pointing beautifully at frequent intervals. One he failed to overtake but the other got up unexpectedly among some thick young oaks giving me a rather hard cross shot. At the report the bird fell and began beating the ground with its wings in its death struggle. The dog then walked up to it cautiously and pointed dead very handsomely. I photographed him on the spot lying by the side of his first bird in a little opening where the sunlight streamed in on the

Dec. 6

leaf-covered ground. The Grouse was a very red bird, a
juv. young male in good plumage. I still preserve the skin.

After lunch at the house I went out again in the
direction of the river. The wind had changed into the
N.W. and blew fresh and cold over the black hills. A
few wild Meadow Larks and some Tree Sparrows were
the only birds I could find. At length I met Burnard
who offered to row me across the river to a salt marsh
where Meadow Larks congregate at evening to spend the
night. As we approached the place a flock of fully 13
rose from the marsh and crossed the river. We followed
and I landed and stalked them but they rose at
fully 80 yds. and I fired both barrels at them in
vain. Herring Gulls were flying about over the cubs
calling ca-ca-ca and clo-cue.

Returned to the house by land over the hills. As
I was skirting the woods when I saw the Grouse this
morning "Dandy" suddenly stopped and pointed on the
edge of some pines. Although fully 200 yds. ahead of me
he held his point until I reached and passed him when
a Grouse rose from among the pines. The dog was evidently
standing on the scent of its feet where it had been
feeding in a bed of Bear Berry (here called Partridge berry).

Dec. 7

Clear and a beautiful day.

Rose before daylight and took the 7.30 train from
W. Barnstable station for Boston, the Captain driving
me over. Saw a flock of juncos and heard a
Downy Woodpecker on the way.

1889

Dec. 11

Cloudy with warm rain in forenoon. Afternoon clearing with strong N. W. wind becoming cold and piercing towards sunset.

With Mr. W. Fayon took the 11.15 a. m. train for Fitchburg whence we drove to Ashby in the afternoon. The country was bleak and brown except in the more sheltered swamps & ravines where the mountain laurel formed dense masses of shining green foliage. The only birds observed during the entire drive of seven miles were two Crows and a House Sparrow all within about a mile N. of Fitchburg.

Ashby, Mass.

Dec. 12

Clear & cold the ground frozen hard all day & most of the ponds skimmed over. A high N. W. wind which died away at sunset.

Starting at about 9 a. m. we drove to Mt. Watatic returning late in the afternoon. On the way over we actually did not see a single bird or, indeed, anything living save one red squirrel. On the return drive we saw only a flock of Redpolls flying over some birches just as the sun was setting. The absence of the Sparrows & Chickadees is something I cannot account for. There were many alder swamps & weed patches suitable for the former & plenty of pines for the latter, all along the road at intervals.

At Watatic we stabled "Hiram" in a rickety old barn and then began the ascent of the mountain on the N. W. side. It proved a rough, tiresome & somewhat dangerous climb for the ledges were slippery with glass ice and there was no path through the dense spruce forest. The wind fairly howled in the trees and we were chilled through in spite of the violent exercise. We passed what seemed to be a den of the Canada Porcupine at the foot of a vertical ledge. There were several holes at the foot of the rock all more or less strewn with fresh dung and showing evident signs of occupancy. We looked closely for quills but found only grayish hair most nearly, it

Dec 1881

used to me, like that of a rabbit. Nevertheless the dung was not rich. Lycopodium & the latter contained undigested pieces of shrubby bark.

At about 1600 ft. in a sunny opening among scrubby spruces we started a Ruffed Grouse, the first and only bird which we saw on the mountain proper. It seemed incredible that there should not be at least a few Chickadees but we covered the evergreen forest area pretty thoroughly without hearing so much as a chirp.

Winding around the south-east slope we finally reached the summit where we had a remarkably fine view. We could see the houses on Arlington Heights distinctly. The wind, however, swept the bare peak with such force that we were glad to descend a few rods on the sunny & sheltered side where we lunched.

There being evidently no birds on the mountain itself we resolved to descend to the base and circle back through the more sheltered woods below. We were separated and I was forcing my way through some rather dense spruces in one of the lower pastures when I came suddenly on a flock of Pine Grosbeaks. I took the first I saw, a fine red ♂, for a Robin as it flitted across an opening but soon discovered my mistake & shot the bird. As I was wrapping him in paper the others returned and clustering in the top of a spruce began eating the terminal buds when I picked out another red bird & shot him also.

Rayon now overtook me and kept on towards our little joint flushing two Grouse along the edge of the big swamp where we heard the Contopus borealis last time. Then the Grouse rose from an open field near the swamp, the other among mountain laurel. Both were very wild.

Near the road we saw a Shrike, a very brown bird which suddenly appeared with a field mouse in his bill and alighting for a moment, flew again into some bushes where we lost him.

and the rain was not so much as
collected during the winter months. The
should be is somewhat mysterious for it is still as
well wooded and wooded as, and scarcely as, and
and kept them, Mt. Graylock in the distance.
On this trip, we afterwards found a rather
exceptionally rich and abundant bird winter bird area.

During the two days we spent at Ashby we saw
blue jays, as Woodpeckers of some species, and Hawks, and
a few others except the duck bird above mentioned.

On our return drive to Fitchburg the morning of
Dec. 14th we actually did not see a single bird
any species although the day was still and not at all
cold.

A single bushy sparrow was observed in the village
of Ashby, and one half a dozen.

Dec. 14 Ashby to North Adams

Cloudy and still. A snow storm began about
noon and lasted into the night.

Left Ashby at 8.30 A.M. and drove to Fitchburg
where we took the 9.51 train for North Adams. A
little west of Fitchburg we saw, from the car windows,
a large flock of Redpolls, flying. Another flock was
seen later. These with some five or six Crows were
the only birds noticed.

1887

Dec. 15, 1887, N. Adams, N. H.

Dec. 15

cloudy with brief intervals of sunshine & frequent snow-squalls.

We reached N. Adams yesterday at 1 P.M. and after Black Bears
making some purchases in the town drove to Baban Wilbur's & other Camps
in the Notch. A fur dealer in N. Adams told us that bears mammals
are still found in the town of Moose Mass. on the
Housac Mts. where a very fine specimen weighing 298 lbs.
was sent in the flesh only a few days ago. The hunters
^{usually} drive them into Vermont before killing them as there is
a bounty of \$5.00 in the latter state. Three have been
killed this autumn, two of them just across the Vermont
border. None have been seen on Graylock for upwards of
forty years. There are a few wild cats on both ranges
but no deer on either. Deer has ~~not~~ existed in Vermont
for nearly fifty years. Otters are very scarce but one was
seen in the river just below N. Adams last week.

When Fayon & I started forth this morning we found
the ground covered with about five inches of damp snow.
The spruces above the house were nearly as ^{solidly} white as the ground
and the hard-wood forests still higher up on the mountain
side pale pearl gray or bluish-white this color probably
resulting from a combination of the warm gray & brown
tints of the twigs with the thin covering of snow which
encrusted them.

Starting directly up the steep hillside we soon reached
the belt of pasture spruces. They were fairly loaded with
snows which bent the more slender lateral branches nearly
or quite to the ground forming arches and bowers under
which the earth was nearly bare. It was a scene
of bewildering beauty, this evergreen forest crusted with
glistening white crystals. Even the most delicate grasses
were loaded down, forming fern-like traceries. As we

pushed our way in among the trees the snow fell on us in showers whenever we touched a branch.

Our first bird, as on Mt. Watatic, was a Ruffed Grouse which sprang from under a spruce within a few yards of us and 'hittled off' up the mountain side. He afterwards started another from a similar shelter. In both places the ground under the spruces was thickly covered with tracks but neither bird had covered more than a few yards leaving its coming traceable.

We next met a little flock of five Chickadees apparently having a hard time to get a breakfast among the snow-encrusted conifers. Less than 200 yds. beyond them we suddenly heard the sharp, emphatic notes of Parus hudsonius and soon a single bird of this species flew from a grove of tall, old-growth spruces into the denser, more shrubby pasture growth. Here he kept closely concealed & we did not get another fair view of him. As we were following him ~~thence~~ we heard a Pine Grosbeak call and Maxon saw the bird, flying high overhead.

After this we heard or saw several more Parus atricapillus, two Sitta canadensis and a single Blue Jay.

We walked nearly to the Bellows Pipe at the head of the valley and returned along the cart path. Fox tracks were numerous especially about springy places & in the open pastures. Among the spruces we saw tracks of the red squirrel but none anywhere of rabbits although ~~there~~ two species (L. americanus & L. hyemalis) are said to occur in the spruce pastures.

The numerous noisy little brooks (called "gutters") which tumble down the mountain side literally every few rods were very beautiful to-day being arched over in places by snow or ice. We reached the house late in the afternoon.

1889

Dec. 16

Cloudless, the air frosty & bracing in early morning and at evening, peculiarly soft and balmy at midday. Snow thawing all day in the sun but perfectly "dry" in the shade. Absolutely calm, not so much as a breath of wind from sunrise to sunset.

Under the conditions just described it may be readily inferred that this day was a rare one for the season. The snow-laden trees, undisturbed by wind and but little affected by the sun, were quite as perfect as yesterday and much more effective in the strong, clear light with the cloudless blue sky overhead. I do not think I ever saw anything nearly as beautiful of the kind before. Words simply fail to give any idea of it.

Faxon and I started out at 9.30 a. m. (sunrise in the North) taking the cart path up the valley but soon diverging, he keeping on to the "Bellows Pipe" and beyond I turning to the right up into the pasture spruces. These, in the clear sunlight, were even more beautiful than yesterday - snow trees - every twig, every needle even, so perfectly incrustated that but little green showed through. It made my eyes ache to look at them yet I paused and looked and looked again, every few yards.

I had gone only a few rods when a Grouse suddenly began snickering within a few yards. I crept cautiously into the thick of spruces whence the sound issued but could neither see nor flush it. There was a mere dust of snow under the trees - not over an inch in fact and this was everywhere marked thickly with the bird's tracks showing that it had snuffled about a good deal within its limited domain. A Partridge leaps about on its own, from four to five inches only. The footprints are in a line, that is one nearly in front of another or nearly in front there being some slight shuffling. The lateral toes are put down nearly at right angles with the middle toe. The track resembles a Quail's as well as a Pigeon's. There was no indication

that the bird had obtained any food during its short
rambles.

On reaching the cluster of tall Spruces which we visited yesterday
I heard small birds chirping and soon discovered a mixed flock
outnumbering five Chickadees, two Nuthatches (*canadensis*) & a *Certhia*. I
shot one of each species when the report of my gun started some
Hudson Bay Chickadees to calling in the pasture Spruces outside. I
shot two of them and am very sure there was a third.

We ascended the mountain about 500 ft. higher & entered
the hardwood timber, yellow & paper birches, beeches, sugar maples
and basswood many of the trees very large & old with trunks
2 to 4 ft. in thickness and tops blasted. Some of the yellow birches
were nearly as large at the top as at the base, the lateral branches
long & stout, the bark exceedingly rough. In these woods I
found Chickadees, Red-bellied Nuthatches & White-bellied do. but
no Moosehens or Grays. Gray Squirrel tracks were numerous and I
saw one of the squirrels a fine large fellow sitting in a bush with
tail pressed tight against his back in the conventional taxider-
mists attitude. He fled to a tall hollow Beech as I approached.

Climbing still higher I entered a belt of old-growth Spruces
well up to the top of the ridge. They were large trees but with branches
nearly to the ground leaving, however, a clear space beneath so
that the eye could roam over the snow covered ground for a
hundred yards or more on every side. An old logging road
traversed these woods & I followed it nearly half a mile. The
sun was nearly down behind the ridge and the light under the
trees softened and subdued yet fairly strong. It was wonderfully
still - a breathing stillness broken only by the occasional chirp of
a Red Squirrel or the whining call of a Nuthatch (*canadensis*).
There were many of the latter feeding on the Spruce seeds, the seeds
of which floating down to the snow often first attracted my
attention to the bird at work above. The snow was everywhere marked
by the tracks of red squirrels, foxes & mice. I heard Pine Grosbeaks &
of *setula* (*S. leucotis*). I heard Wilson's again & next I found a *Myi. virens* calling
in the snow.

I had barely time to get my clothes, pack my trunk & take the last look at the forest before I reached at 11 P.M. Hudson Bay Camp, New Jersey & Henry Woodstock.

